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MILITARY ESSAYS
AND
RECOLLECTIONS

VOL. II.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



George B.
McClellan

M. T. Hancock

MILITARY ESSAYS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF
ILLINOIS, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. II.

Published by order of the Commandery

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1894

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TO MALL
ANARCHIA

Copyright,

FOR THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,

BY CHARLES W. DAVIS, *Recorder,*

A.D. 1894.

N O T E.

IN presenting this second volume of papers selected by the members of the Illinois Commandery from those that have been read at its regular meetings, the Committee would state that in arranging the same for publication they have grouped together, as well as practicable, in the early part of the volume papers relating to events of the Eastern armies, and these are followed with a group relating to operations in the West.

As the first volume of papers seemed to meet with cordial approval, the Committee have not ventured to make any change in the style or form of the book. The thanks of the Committee are tendered to the authors of the various papers for their considerate assistance in preparing them for the press.

CHARLES W. DAVIS,
WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS, }
ALFRED T. ANDREAS, } Committee.

MARCH, 1894.

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MILITARY ESSAYS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS.

JUNY. OF

CALIFORNIA

THE CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA AND DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

By EDWARD B. KNOX.

[Read March 4, 1885.]

THE bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter, the President's call for volunteers, and the hurrying forward of troops for the defence of the national capital following each other in rapid succession in April, 1861, aroused the entire North to the highest pitch of excitement and alarm. The troops arriving the first week or ten days were State militia, and were for the most part poorly equipped for active service. Owing to the scarcity of camp equipage, many of them were quartered in the Capitol and other public buildings.

On the Virginia side of the Potomac, troops from the neighboring counties of Fairfax, Loudoun, and Prince William, under the command of Colonel G. H. Terrett, of the "Provisional Army of Virginia," in all about five hundred men, were assembled at Alexandria, situated on the right bank of the Potomac, six miles below Washington.

The Ordinance of Secession, passed by the Virginia Convention on the 16th of April, was subject to ratifica-

tion by popular vote appointed to be taken on the 23d of May following. Respecting this provision, the Washington Administration awaited the action of the people before advancing its army beyond the Potomac. Meanwhile active preparations for war were vigorously pushed forward by the Confederate authorities. Troops from South Carolina and the Gulf States poured into Virginia, so that as the day approached for taking the vote it became manifest that the stipulation regarding ratification was destined to be a nullity. The result of the vote, it appears, was never made public.

In the latter part of April, the "Military Department of Washington" was formed, and General J. K. F. Mansfield placed in command. On May 23d, General Mansfield ordered preparations for an advance into Virginia. Instructions to the respective leaders were given with great secrecy, and before midnight the various commands were in readiness near the points of crossing to the Virginia side. The troops moved in three columns, as follows: —

By the Aqueduct: The Fifth, Twenty-eighth, and Sixty-ninth New York State Militia, one company of cavalry, and a section of artillery; Major W. H. Wood, U. S. Army, commanding.

By Long Bridge: District of Columbia Volunteers, a regiment of New Jersey troops, one company of cavalry, the Seventh, Twelfth, and Twenty-fifth New York State Militia, and a section of artillery; Colonel Heintzelman, U. S. Army, commanding. Also, the First Michigan infantry, one company of cavalry, and a section of artillery; Colonel O. B. Willcox commanding.

By Steamer: The New York Fire Zouaves (Eleventh New York State Volunteer Militia); Colonel E. E. Ellsworth commanding. The whole under Major General Charles W. Sandford, of the New York State Militia, who, however, did not assume command until the troops had crossed the river.

At two o'clock A. M. on the 24th the crossing began. The enemy had held possession of the Virginia end of Long Bridge for several days, but our advance guard surprised and drove them away before they could set fire to it. The troops crossed rapidly, and before daylight were in position, the right resting near the Aqueduct, the left at Alexandria, with long intervals unguarded. Colonel Willcox, immediately upon crossing, proceeded by the Washington turnpike toward Alexandria.

Colonel Ellsworth's orders were to act in concert with Willcox, the two commands to enter Alexandria simultaneously,—Willcox from the north of the town, and Ellsworth by the river front. They were to cut the telegraph wires, tear up the railroad tracks, and take military possession of the place.

Ellsworth's regiment was organized in the city of New York, and was recruited wholly, or nearly so, from the fire department of that city. Nearly every fire company was represented. The captains were selected by their comrades, who seemed to consider the only qualifications necessary for the office were the ability to do considerable "heavy swearing" and to put out fires. The Colonel was allowed to appoint the first lieutenants, which he did from his old company of Chicago Zouaves. This was the standing of the officers at the start; but many changes for the better were made soon after. Detailed accounts of every fire in New York were received within twenty-four hours after their occurrence, and were thoroughly discussed; and a second edition of every fight was had, resulting in the usual number of broken heads and black eyes. They were a reckless set of fellows, hard to discipline; but, with all their faults, they furnished first-rate material for soldiers, and with proper officers would have made one of the best regiments in the service. It was the first volunteer regiment to reach Washington, where it arrived on the 2d of May, *via* Annapolis (no troops at that time being allowed to pass through Baltimore), and a

week later it marched into Maryland and encamped on the "Eastern branch," about a mile below the navy yard, near Poolsville.

At "retreat," on the 23d, orders were given the regiment to prepare to move. Immediately all was bustle and confusion. At eleven o'clock, everything being in readiness, the regiment was formed in column of division *en masse*; and the Colonel, mounted and at the head of the column, addressed the men at some length regarding their duties on the morrow.

I shall never forget that scene. The night was peculiarly still and clear, not a leaf stirring, and the moon so full and lustrous that objects were visible at a great distance. The men stood immovable as statues, listening attentively to the words that fell from the lips of their commander, who, in a low, clear voice, explained to them, so far as he could consistently with instructions, the nature of the service they were expected to perform. He endeavored to impress upon their minds the great necessity of obedience. I can call to mind but little of what he said, but I remember distinctly these words: "I will never order one of you to go where I fear to lead;" also, "Don't fire without orders." And he added, "Now go to your tents, and remain quiet until called."

At two o'clock the "Baltimore" and "Mount Vernon" (the steamers chartered to take the regiment to Alexandria) appeared off the shore, under charge of Captain Dahlgren, of the navy, who announced their arrival, whereupon the men were marched by company to the river bank, and the embarkation began. Owing to the absence of wharf or landing-place, and the shallowness of the river at that point, the men were conveyed to the steamers in small boats, which consumed nearly two hours' time. At length all was in readiness, and just before dawn we slowly and silently steamed down the river, the "Mount Vernon" leading.

As we approached the place of landing, the United

States steamer "Pawnee" was discovered at anchor off the town, the ship being "cleared for action." At the same time a boat was seen to leave the vessel for the shore, filled with men, and bearing a flag of truce. This boat reached the wharf a few minutes before us. As we drew nearer, several Rebel sentinels were observed on shore, quietly walking their posts, apparently ignorant of our approach. Suddenly they discharged their pieces in the air and started away on the run, when some half-a-dozen men on our upper deck, in violation of orders, began a fusillade upon the retreating sentinels, which was promptly checked. The boat soon touched the wharf, and the regiment hastily landed and formed on Cameron Street in column of companies, my company (A) at the head, which rested at the intersection of Lee Street. During the formation, two companies were despatched to the Orange & Alexandria Railroad depot to take possession, cut off the retreat of the Rebels if possible, and tear up the track. These dispositions being made, the next matter of importance, it seems, was to cut off telegraphic communication with the interior. Leaving the regiment standing in the street, the Colonel, accompanied by two officers, a New York "Tribune" reporter, and a squad of four men under a sergeant, taken from the right of my company, started for the telegraph office, some two blocks distant.

Meanwhile Willcox's command had entered the town, marching along Washington Street. As the head of the column neared the railroad depot, a company of cavalry was discovered in front of the "Slave Pen," nearly opposite the depot, some of the men mounted, and others preparing to mount. The artillery was placed in position, and the cavalry, finding their retreat cut off by a company of zouaves approaching from the river front (one of the companies that had been sent to destroy the railroad tracks), obeyed the summons to surrender. They were confined in the "Slave Pen," under guard as prisoners

of war. This company was known as the "Fairfax Cavalry," numbering thirty-five men, and commanded by Captain Ball. These, I believe, were the only prisoners captured.

The occurrences leading up to Ellsworth's death, which I am about to relate, did not come under my own observation, but I give them as told to me, a few hours after the tragedy, by those of my company who were present. Just before reaching the telegraph office, Ellsworth espied a large Rebel flag hanging motionless from its staff above the roof of the Marshall House, a small hotel at the corner of King and Pitt streets, two blocks further on. Calling the attention of his party to it, he exclaimed : "Boys, we must have that flag."

Deferring their visit to the telegraph office, they pushed on to the hotel. Upon reaching the entrance, the Colonel, turning to the sergeant, directed him to hasten back to the regiment with orders for Company A to report there without a moment's delay. The party then entered the house. Near the door they were met by a man partially dressed, who, upon being questioned regarding the flag, answered, "I don't know anything about it; I'm only a boarder here." Without further parley, the Colonel, closely followed by the others, ran up the stairs to the upper story, or attic, whence by means of a ladder he reached the roof, cut the halliards, and the falling flag was captured. They at once began descending the stairs, Corporal Brownell leading, Ellsworth next, following with the flag. After proceeding about a dozen steps, a man suddenly appeared at the foot of the stairs and levelled a double-barrelled shot-gun at the Colonel's breast. Brownell attempted to thrust the gun aside with his bayonet, but the fellow's hand was firm, and he discharged one of the barrels straight to its aim : the slugs and buckshot with which it was loaded entered the Colonel's heart, killing him on the instant. He fell forward upon his face, his life-blood literally flooding the way. His assailant,

quick as a flash, turned to give the contents of the other barrel to Brownell ; but the zouave was too quick for him, sending a bullet through his head, at which he staggered backward, Brownell thrusting the bayonet through his body, the force of which sent him down the first half of the next flight of stairs to the landing, where he fell, face to the floor, his weapon beneath him. This man proved to be James P. Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, the same person met at the entrance who claimed to be only a boarder.

Bewildered at first by the suddenness of the assault, it took the little party some time to recover from the shock. The firing had aroused the sleeping guests of the house, many of whom emerged from their rooms into the passage-ways diverging from the place where the shooting occurred. Not knowing what was in store for them, the zouaves (seven in all) gathered together defensively, and, with their weapons at a "ready," threatened immediate death to any who attempted to approach. Finally, the inmates of the house were gathered into a room, and a guard placed over them. Turning their attention to the Colonel, they lifted his body gently from the floor and laid it on a bed in a room near by, the Rebel flag thrown over his feet. Meanwhile Company A arrived and halted in front of the house, the captain entering to ascertain why he was summoned. He shortly returned, and in a low tone, inaudible to the men, told me what had happened, and at his suggestion I ascended the stairs. Stepping over the body of Jackson, who still lay where he had fallen, I entered the room where all that was mortal of my beloved friend and commander lay silent in death. I will not attempt to describe my emotions while gazing upon that sad scene. I could scarcely credit my own senses. There lay one whom I had seen only a few minutes before full of life and the vigor of early manhood, cut down without a moment's warning by the hand of the assassin. His face wore a very natural expression, and, excepting its pallor, his coun-

tenance looked the same as in life. Soon after, the body was taken to the navy-yard, where it lay in state and was visited by thousands of people. The day following, the remains were removed to the White House at Washington, where funeral services were held, and thence, under proper military escort, they were conveyed to the railroad depot, where a train awaited, which took the body with its guard of honor to Mechanicsville, N. Y., for burial.

On the night preceding his death, Ellsworth wrote to his parents words so full of affection and patriotism that I should fail in doing justice to his memory if I withheld them. The letter reads as follows:—

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever *may* happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of to-morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-bye. God bless, protect, and care for you.

ELMER.

During the political campaign of 1860, Ellsworth made many speeches through the southern part of Illinois, and in the fall and winter he finished his law studies in Mr. Lincoln's office in Springfield, and was admitted to the bar. He was one of the party accompanying the President-elect on his journey to Washington, and had charge of the arrangements for the journey. On the

day after his death, Mr. Lincoln wrote the following letter of condolence:—

TO THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF COLONEL ELMER E. ELLSWORTH:

MY DEAR SIR AND MADAM,—In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here is scarcely less than that of your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have never been so suddenly darkened as in his fall. In size, in years, in youthful appearance a boy only, his power to command men was surprisingly great. This power, combined with fine intellect and indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as seemed to me, the best matured talent in that department I ever knew; and yet he was singularly modest and deferential in his social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period it was as intimate as the disparity of our ages and my engrossing engagements would permit. To me he appeared to have no indulgences or pastimes, and I never heard him utter an intemperate or profane word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The honors he labored for so laudably, and in the sad end gallantly gave up his life, he meant for them no less than for himself. In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address this tribute to the memory of my young friend and your brave and early-fallen child. May God give you the consolation that is beyond all earthly power.

Sincerely your friend in common affliction,

A. LINCOLN.

Ellsworth was scarcely twenty-four years of age at the time of his death. He was impetuous and headstrong, uneasy under restraint; yet, with a few months' service under the guidance of older and cooler heads, and his indomitable will and determination to succeed in anything he attempted, there seems good reason to believe that had his life been spared he would have achieved

a brilliant career. As an instructor and disciplinarian he had few equals. This he demonstrated with his company of Chicago Zouaves, which became so famous in its tour through the country the year previous. His death was the subject of general comment and universal sorrow, from the Chief Executive of the nation to the humblest citizen of the land. Some considered him rash, while others blamed him for leaving his command and doing that which should have been delegated to a sergeant. But let us consider for a moment some of the circumstances at that early period of the Rebellion. At that time we were all novices in the art of war. It seemed to be the popular idea that fighting the Secessionists meant generally a hand-to-hand conflict (many of the troops, in addition to the musket, were armed with revolvers and bowie-knives), and that the colonels should go in front of their regiments in the thickest of the fight and lead them on. This, too, seemed to be Ellsworth's idea ; for had he not repeatedly, and only a few hours before, told his men that he would never order one of them to go where he feared to lead ? Perhaps it occurred to him that the time had arrived to put this into practice. I will not undertake to say what thoughts were passing through his mind when he left the regiment and ascended the hotel roof to tear down the Rebel flag. Our war experience has taught us that his act was foolhardy and unmilitary. But supposing he had returned to the regiment uninjured, displaying the captured flag, who can doubt its good effect upon the men, and the confidence it would have inspired in them for their commander ? Who, aside from experienced officers, would have thought to criticise his conduct ? But fate decreed otherwise. He was the first officer to fall in the War of the Rebellion. His last resting-place — in the village graveyard of Mechanicsville, the home of his aged parents — is marked by a granite column erected to his memory by the State of New York and his comrades in arms. At the unveil-

ing of the monument in May, 1874, a poem written for the occasion was read, concluding as follows: —

“ Rest here amid the flowers of May,
Thou to fell treason fatal;
We plant this shaft, and thus would say,
The country’s not ungrateful.
To-day her spirit’s hovering here,
O more than flower of Sparta;
She names thee dearest of the dear,
Fair Freedom’s foremost martyr.”

WASHINGTON AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By ARBA N. WATERMAN.

[Read April 14, 1887.]

THOSE who have only seen the Washington of to-day can have but little idea of what it was anterior to the war. Now the most beautiful of American cities, with its superbly paved and shaded avenues, its beautiful parks and squares made brilliant with flowers and historic by monuments to departed heroes, it was then a waste in which were a few fine buildings, from one to another of whose portals those who had business and those who had curiosity straggled along over uneven sidewalks and cobblestone roads, disputing the way with cows and pigs, and overwhelmed with dust or bespattered with mud. Laid out by an eminent French engineer, who had the genius to perceive what the capital of a great nation should be, it had remained a city of magnificent distances and great expectations. Nevertheless, it was the nation's capital; and so, in a war that was to absorb the attention of the civilized world, its possession was of vital importance.

In the course of European wars submission has usually followed the capture of a nation's capital; the people, unable to defend their seat of government against the assaults of an enemy, have ordinarily felt compelled to accede to the demands of the foreign foe. In civil wars the possession of the capital is of still greater significance. Some government must, in the conflict of authority, be recognized as the legitimate one; and foreign powers naturally conclude that those possessed of the symbols

of authority, holding the custody of the national archives, records, and seat of government, have not only the better title, but display a greater strength and more likelihood of eventually being able to restore order by enforcing respect for and obedience to their commands.

At the outset of the war the major portion of the European powers were hostile to us ; and particularly was this the case with the nations with whom our relations were most intimate and who were capable of inflicting upon us the most harm. England and France waited only for a suitable excuse for recognizing the Southern Confederacy ; they delayed only for some occasion that would enable them to justify the breaking of the blockade, as a thing done in the interests of peace and commerce.

The capture of Washington would have been such an occasion, and would have been speedily followed by such armed intervention as would have given to the South the supplies she so sorely needed.

It was, therefore, throughout the war, of the most vital importance that Washington should not fall into the hands of the enemy. Great battles might be fought and lost, — they often are in wars, without materially affecting the final result ; campaigns might be indecisive, retrograde movements made ; but the capital must not fall. We were fighting for national existence, — to hold as one with us a portion of the people that had determined to separate themselves ; we insisted that such separation had not taken, and should not take, place ; that the world in dealing with this country should recognize and treat with the only power it had ever officially known. We insisted that the home, head, and dominion of this power was as it had ever been, and that we were yet a nation to be respected and feared as a power capable of defending itself against foreign foes without and domestic enemies within.

With the government a fugitive, and the flag of the Rebellion floating over the capital, such claim would have

been an idle pretence. The foreign ministers accredited to, and resident in, Washington would not have fled at the entrance of Lee's army; they would have remained, and would have been directed to treat with the victorious Rebels.

Generals in the field might not recognize this; their movements might be conducted regardless of it; but all the while there was, and it was necessary there should be, a central authority ever mindful of it, as of paramount importance. The wisdom of every order emanating from the War Department must be judged in the light of the entire situation,—of the armies upon the Potomac, the Mississippi, and the Cumberland, and the fleets at the Bermudas, at Nassau, and Portsmouth, as well as the soldiers whom the Emperor of the French and the government of England could land upon our shores.

It was fortunate that early in the struggle the War Department came under the control of a man who thought of nothing save military success; who was indifferent to fame, present or prospective; who never thought of rewarding private friends or punishing private enemies; who was willing for his country's sake to be reviled and hated, to stand as the scapegoat for imbecility and indecision, and to have no part in the glory of success. He was harsh, inconsiderate of the rights and feelings of others, disobligeing, passionate, rude, uncivil, unjust, for he had no time for that investigation from which alone justice can spring; but he was the embodiment of energy and the incarnation of patriotism. In his position, Edwin M. Stanton was as essential to our success as Lincoln and Grant were in theirs. He met and overcame the mighty hosts of stupidity, of corruption, of incapacity and irresolution. To all that malice could say of him, he replied not a word, and died as he lived, content that his only answer to all the slanders upon his name should be the one flag waving triumphant at Richmond and at Washington.

Washington as a military post has no natural strength. It is accessible to an enemy on all sides. A considerable portion of its inhabitants were in sympathy with the Rebellion, and would have welcomed with joy the advent of Rebel soldiery. The adjacent country was the home of thousands who served in the Rebel army, and whose fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts anxiously waited for the hour when the hated blue of the Yankees should no longer afflict them with its presence. These residents, peaceful and harmless as they seemed, were really a multitude of spies through whom the condition of the capital was always known to the enemy.

How hostile to the Union was the population by which Washington was surrounded, will be seen by a mention of what occurred upon the breaking out of hostilities. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men was issued April 15. Governor Burton of Delaware deferred making any response to this call until the 26th, and then replied that the laws of Delaware did not confer upon him any authority to comply with the requisition of the President. Governor Hicks of Maryland issued a proclamation assuring the people of his desire to preserve the honor and integrity of the State and to maintain peace within her limits, and wound up his address by informing the people that the opportunity would soon be afforded them, in an election for Members of Congress, to express their devotion to the Union or their desire to see it broken up. Mayor Brown of Baltimore issued a proclamation expressing his hearty concurrence in the views of the Governor, and especially his gratification at the assurance that no troops would be sent from Maryland to the soil of any other State.

On the evening of the 18th a great mass-meeting was held in Baltimore, at which it was declared that, no matter how many troops were sent to Washington, they would find themselves surrounded by such an army from Virginia and Maryland that escape would be impossible,

and that when the seventy-five thousand men intended for the invasion of the South should have polluted the soil with their touch, the South would exterminate and sweep them from the earth. On the 19th, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania soldiers, passing through Baltimore, were attacked by a mob, and the Pennsylvanians turned back. The same day the telegraph wires connecting Baltimore with the free States were cut, and the railroad bridges to the northward and westward burned.

A week followed, in which the profaning tread of soldiers of the Union in the streets of Baltimore was not permitted ; and it was not until the 25th that Northern soldiers, in a roundabout way, so as to avoid the rebellious city of Baltimore, were again permitted to reach Washington. Nor was it until May 13, twenty-four days after the assault upon the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania volunteers, that the uniform of Federal soldiers was again seen in the commercial capital of Maryland.

On the 21st of April, General Butler, despite the dismantled railroads, succeeded in entering Annapolis, where he was met by the Governor, with a protest against his landing there or at any place in Maryland, a special objection to his entering Annapolis being that the Legislature had been called to meet there the next week.

General Butler, whose power of saying one thing and meaning another was equalled only by the strabismus which enabled him to look the Governor straight in the eye while apparently gazing at the toes of his boots, made reply that if he could find transportation to Washington, he would vacate the capital prior to the session of the Legislature, and not be under the painful necessity of incommoding the city while the Legislature should be in session.

The failure of the administration to send a sufficient force and a capable officer to protect the Norfolk Navy Yard had resulted in its falling, on the 23d, into Rebel

hands. General Butler, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, with ten thousand men, was confronted by General Magruder with about an equal force. The invasion of the South had begun. General Butler's force was an army of invasion; and the troops operating under McClellan and Rosecrans in Western Virginia were clearly invaders, who had entered the domain of the Confederacy with the intent of suppressing rebellion and restoring the national authority.

The character given these invaders by the Southern leaders is shown by the following extract from a proclamation issued June 5: —

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTIES OF LOUDOUN, FAIRFAX, AND PRINCE WILLIAM: —

A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated.

All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is "Beauty and Booty." All that is dear to man, — your honor and that of your wives and daughters, — your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest. . . .

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Three days prior to this, General McDowell, commanding the Union forces, had issued a general order directing statements to be made by officers of all land occupied, crops taken or damaged, buildings occupied, trees cut down, and fencing destroyed, with an estimate of the value thereof, and the names of the owners, in order that compensation might be made to them.

In response to the call of the President, Congress had convened on the 4th of July. While all that was said by its members may not have been wise, the willingness displayed to do all that was possible to insure success, and the eagerness to learn what the needs of a great army were, and what its equipment and organization should be, were most manifest.

The principal Rebel army had been placed within a day's march of Washington; the capital was threatened by its presence; and if the national authority was to be maintained at all, it seemed as if foes actually menacing the seat of government should be dispersed. The army at Washington, under McDowell, was superior to that under Beauregard at Manassas; while that under Patterson, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, had nearly double the effective force of the confronting Rebel body under Johnston.

There was danger that in case of an advance from Washington, Beauregard might be reinforced by the troops under Johnston. McDowell felt confident of being able to beat the army of Beauregard, but not the united armies of Beauregard and Johnston. He was, however, assured by General Scott that Patterson would hold Johnston in check; and so, in obedience to a strong popular demand, and with the assurance that Johnston would have Patterson upon his heels, on the 16th of July the army moved out of the intrenchments and began the advance that was to end at Bull Run.

From the beginning of the movement the excitement in Washington was intense. Of its population not one in a thousand had ever seen a great army in motion or heard the sound of battle; there was a curiosity and an eagerness to witness what was to take place, that painfully showed how little the horde of civilians so anxious to get to the front knew about the real nature of a battle.

On the 16th and 17th the outlying Rebel forces retired before our advance; and on the 18th a sharp skirmish

occurred, in which sixty men were lost on each side. From the beginning of the movement on the 16th until a day after the battle fought on the 21st, the air was thick with rumors. Before every bar, on each street corner, in the corridors of all the hotels, at the Capitol, the White House, and the War Department, was the man who had seen the place where the Rebel picket-posts had been, who had handled knapsacks they had thrown away, and knew exactly in what direction they went. The story of how our forces advanced, the points they had reached and were aiming at, the position each regiment, and indeed every man whose name was known, now occupied, was told unceasingly. Everybody was giving and receiving information, because everybody had heard much, conjectured more, and was anxious to be told everything.

As for several days the Rebel outposts fell back, the impression prevailed that the entire Rebel army had retreated; and some wag said that Beauregard had sent for a thousand barrels of tar, into which his soldiers were to be dipped so that they would stick. Now to the great mass of people the matter of the war was so serious that they were incapable of understanding a joke about anything connected with it; and so this story soon became merely that the Rebel general had ordered a thousand barrels of tar, and the question was, "What is he going to do with it?" Indeed, the seriousness of everybody, especially the civilians—and there were very few soldiers to be seen—was noticeable. Even with crowds that were drinking, there was an absence of all bluster, of brag, and of hilarity; and yet there seemed to be universal confidence of success.

The cannonade in the skirmish of the 18th was plainly heard, and all day long on the 21st an undemonstrative throng stood in front of what is now the Treasury building, then just begun, listening to the distant guns that told of the progress of a great battle. About eight

o'clock persons who had seen something of the engagement began to come in. The accounts they gave indicated a substantial success of our arms. How little they had seen and really knew of the result, and how impossible it was for them to know what had transpired miles beyond the reach of their vision, we did not know, and we accepted the reports they made as absolute verity.

About eleven o'clock the Honorable Henry Wilson, then United States Senator from Massachusetts, came into Willard's. He had seen something of the battle, and all was going well when he left the field; but he could not tell as to the result, and only spoke hopefully. About this time the confident feeling that we had gained a victory gave way to a state of intense anxiety. The absence of any report from the War Department, whither hundreds went to learn what was known there, and the increasing number of Congressmen, correspondents, and civilians of all kinds, who had seen something, and had that to tell, but knew nothing more, served to make every one uncertain what to think, and almost wild to know the real truth.

Passing to and fro through the great throng were a few persons evidently in sympathy with the Rebels. They listened to what was said, made no comments save to each other, and would not have attracted the attention of any one not watching the crowd as well as waiting to hear from the battle.

About midnight a regiment marched across Pennsylvania Avenue, going in the direction of the front. We gave it hearty cheers, for we thought, "Well, if there's anything wrong, reinforcements are going forward, and all will be right." In about half an hour the regiment came marching back, and we were dumfounded. What did it all mean? Had we won or lost a battle? Did they know anything at the War Department? If so, why did they not tell?

Morning came, and with it, in the rain just beginning to fall, came numbers of jaded, weary, footsore, and lately badly frightened soldiers, full of tales of how their regiments had been cut to pieces and they alone had survived. For days the number of these increased ; they wandered about the streets ; they begged from door to door ; they added to the general confusion and alarm ; and thus disorganized, without orders, officers, or abiding-place, the military authorities permitted them to remain, until the foreign ministers had to call for guards to protect their residences from intrusion.

Some of the early fugitives halted not at Washington, but took the first train for the North. One of them, being met in New York, was asked how he happened to be there. "Why," he replied, "our Colonel told us to fall back, and I have never had any order to stop, so I have got back to New York."

That Beauregard, after the battle of Bull Run, could have taken the capital by direct assault, is not probable ; but that he might have crossed the Potomac, either above or below Washington, and by an invasion of Maryland have threatened both Baltimore and Washington, and perhaps captured both, was possible.

It is now known that the battle of Bull Run came near being a Union victory ; that it was one of the best-planned conflicts of the Rebellion, and was to the great portion of the Union soldiers a nowise discreditable affair. But for many months the country believed that our entire army had fled in most disgraceful rout. No Northern man could bear to hear Bull Run spoken of ; it was our sore spot, and to mention it was to touch us on the raw. A year afterward, Artemus Ward, the great humorist, declared that as an American citizen he should always be proud of the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run ; the people laughed, and Bull Run came to be a subject that could be calmly considered and judged.

Bull Run we now know was not in its ultimate results a calamity. We now realize that success at the beginning of the war would have left slavery substantially undisturbed, if not more strongly intrenched ; and by the uprising that followed that battle, we know that a great and free people cannot be stampeded or dismayed by the panic or the folly of a few, or by the misfortune or mistake of all.

MARCH OF THE CAVALRY FROM HARPER'S FERRY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.

By WILLIAM M. LUFF.

[Read January 13, 1887.]

THE Twelfth Illinois Cavalry Regiment, in which the writer was a lieutenant commanding a company, arrived at Harper's Ferry from Martinsburg, Va., on Friday, the 12th day of September, 1862, being a part of the command of Brigadier-General Julius White, whose march from Martinsburg to Harper's Ferry had been made upon the advice of General Wool, commanding the department.

The Eighth New York Cavalry, Colonel B. F. Davis, a squadron of the First Maryland Cavalry under command of Captain Charles H. Russell, the Seventh Squadron of Rhode Island Cavalry under Major Augustus W. Corliss, and a squadron of the First Maryland Potomac Home Brigade Cavalry under Captain H. A. Cole, were already at Harper's Ferry, forming part of the command of Colonel Dixon S. Miles, then in charge of the post.

General White, although superior in rank to Colonel Miles, for good reasons declined to take the command from that officer; but he was constantly and actively engaged in the most exposed situations, and did all that could be done for the defence of the place. At the time of General White's arrival the capture of Harper's Ferry by the enemy was a foregone conclusion, and it was not possible with the means at hand to prevent that result. The commendation which General White received from the Military Commission, organized to inquire into the

surrender, was well earned by gallant and arduous services rendered under the most trying circumstances. His conduct was approved by the Secretary of War and by Generals Grant and Sheridan.

When General White's command arrived at Harper's Ferry, the movement of General Lee's forces from Maryland into Virginia was in full progress. Jackson had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on the 11th, and had followed White closely. He arrived on the 13th, and took position near Bolivar Heights.

The Rebel General Walker was *en route* from a point in Maryland near the mouth of the Monocacy River, by way of Point of Rocks, to Loudoun Heights, and McLaws from Frederick City through Crampton's Gap, to Maryland Heights.

The movement of Lee for the capture of Harper's Ferry was ill-advised. He had but little to gain by the capture or dispersal of the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley and at Harper's Ferry; and while he might hope to replenish his supplies of food and material, this advantage would be more than counterbalanced by the wear and waste necessarily incident to the long marches of Jackson, Walker, and McLaws.

Had the Union forces in the Valley and at Harper's Ferry been under the control of a more active general, whose movements were not hampered and his efforts neutralized by the timorous policy of the government, they would have formed a serious obstacle to Lee's escape from McClellan's army; but, under the circumstances then existing, there was no necessity for Lee to clear these troops from his path in advance.

The losses of Jackson, Walker, and McLaws, from straggling, were very heavy; and the comparatively small forces with which these generals were able to take part in the battle of Antietam were worn and exhausted with long marches on scanty rations. Had Lee been able to fight this battle with his whole army in good condition,

the result might have been, and, so far as we can judge now, probably would have been, different.

On the 12th of September, the enemy, under McLaws, was in considerable force in Pleasant Valley on the eastern slope of Maryland Heights, and advancing up the Heights, skirmishing heavily with Colonel Ford's command.

General McClellan's army was then encamped near the line of the Monocacy.

On the 13th, about 10 o'clock A.M., Walker arrived at the foot of Loudoun Heights and began the ascent, meeting no opposition, as there was no Federal force there.

Jackson was now in position at Bolivar Heights, and McLaws was pressing our forces closely for the possession of Maryland Heights.

During these two days (the 12th and 13th) the cavalry was actively engaged in making reconnoissances and checking the advance of the enemy at various points; and Captain (afterward Major) Russell, of the First Maryland Cavalry — who became famous through all that region as "The Fighting Parson" — and his command, performed distinguished services. He ascended Maryland Heights with his squadron at daylight on the morning of the 13th, reported to Colonel Ford, dismounted his men, and, climbing the mountain, formed a strong skirmish line and fought resolutely, holding the enemy in check, until compelled to fall back when the Heights were abandoned.

The Seventh Squadron Rhode Island Cavalry was also on the Heights on the 12th and 13th, and took an active part in the defence.

On the evening of the 13th, Colonel Miles was extremely anxious to open communication with General McClellan, then believed to be near Frederick, and Captain Russell volunteered to make the attempt. He selected nine men from his command, and with these went through our line of pickets on the Virginia side of

the Potomac, marched up the river on that side, passing the enemy's pickets, and moved down toward the river, through the fields, until he came near Shepherdstown. He crossed the Potomac near the mouth of Antietam Creek, met and dashed past the enemy's pickets, and passed on, through by-roads, to South Mountain. There he met a picket of seventy-one of the enemy's infantry. He "got round them," as he forcibly expressed it, by taking a road through the woods, and went directly over South Mountain at Middletown. He there found General Reno, to whom he reported, and who gave him a fresh horse and directed him to report to General McClellan.

He reached the latter, in camp, near Frederick, about 9 A. M. on the 14th, and reported to him the situation at Harper's Ferry.

On the previous day (the 13th) General McClellan had come into possession of General Lee's order of the 9th (the famous Lost Despatch), giving full details of the movement on Harper's Ferry, and completely exposing Lee's plans and the positions of his forces for several days ensuing. How and to what extent General McClellan took advantage of this marvellous piece of good fortune has been already much discussed; and it is beyond the scope of this paper to criticise McClellan's action or inaction. Such an opportunity comes but once,—we will not say in a life-time,—it is without a parallel in history.

McClellan's despatch to General Halleck, on the 14th, said if Miles could hold out that day he could probably save him. Miles did hold out, but on the night of the 14th McClellan was as far from saving him as ever. He was, in fact, moving in another direction.

Maryland Heights were abandoned to the enemy at 3.30 P. M., September 13, and General McLaws immediately proceeded to get his batteries in position.

On the morning of the 14th Walker's command was on the summit of Loudoun Heights, and could be plainly seen signalling to Jackson on Bolivar Heights.

At 2 P. M., everything being in readiness for the attack, the batteries on Loudoun Heights opened fire, directing their attention chiefly to the cavalry camps on Bolivar Heights, these being the most conspicuous objects. Firing was at the same time begun from two pieces on Maryland Heights, and from batteries on the Shepherdstown road and the Charlestown turnpike.

The men of the Twelfth Illinois had been in the saddle since daylight, and were now resting. Horses were unsaddled, and officers and men were sitting about watching the enemy and discussing the situation, when suddenly a puff of smoke appeared on Loudoun Heights, and the next instant a shell came screaming into camp. It was followed by others in quick succession, and they soon came thick and fast. There was no time to ask for orders, and calling to the men to "Saddle up," the writer turned his attention to his own horse.

Being weak from recent illness, it was with great difficulty that he could saddle. When this was at last accomplished, and the writer had mounted, he was just in time to catch a dissolving view of the last of his troopers disappearing over the hill in the direction of Charlestown. The writer followed at speed, and soon overtook and formed his command.

There were but few casualties from the shelling on that day, for, although the aim of the enemy was very accurate, comparatively few of the shells exploded. This is accounted for by their being, many of them at least, percussion shells, which struck in soft sand. But the "noise and confusion" were great, and the constant screeching and occasional bursting of shells in close proximity made the cavalry very unhappy. As the men said, "It made them hunt their holes," and the difficulty was the holes were not "practicable for cavalry." There was no shelter worth mentioning, and after being shelled out of one position they would not be in another five minutes before the enemy would have their range and the shells begin to come again.

Had the cavalry then been capable of the "stand-up-fighting" on foot, which it afterward did on many a hard-fought field, it might have been of great service in the defence of the place. But most of the organizations had seen comparatively little hard service and had yet to win their spurs.

The situation was extremely depressing. Surrounded on all sides by the enemy, with no hope of succor or opportunity to make an adequate defence, and with the prospect of early capture or surrender, the minds of officers and men naturally turned toward escape. They had not been there long enough to become attached to the place, and the surroundings were far from pleasant.

Colonel Davis, of the Eighth New York Cavalry,¹ and Lieutenant-Colonel Hasbrouck Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry,² consulted as to the best means to be taken; and it is to these two bold spirits that the credit of the subsequent expedition is mainly due.

They called upon General White and laid their plan before him, asking his co-operation and his influence in obtaining the consent of Colonel Miles. General White cordially approved the plan, and arranged to meet the two officers at Colonel Miles's headquarters.

Colonel Miles was at first opposed to the movement, deeming it impracticable and involving too much risk; but after consulting with General White and other officers he finally promised his consent, if a practicable route could be found. Colonel B. F. Davis suggested going up the west side of the Potomac as far as Kearneysville, and then crossing the river at Shepherdstown; but Colonel Miles said there was extreme danger in going that way. It was then proposed to cross the Shenandoah near the point of confluence with the Potomac, and march down

¹ Afterward Brigadier-General. Killed at Beverly Ford, Va., June 9, 1863.

² Afterward Brigadier-General. Lost in the "Cambria," off the Irish coast, November, 1868.

the Potomac to Washington ; but upon exploring the ford it was found to be full of holes and dangerous to cross. Hence it was finally decided to cross the Potomac on the pontoon bridge to Maryland Heights, and endeavor to reach McClellan's army in that direction.

In accordance with this determination the following order was issued :—

HEADQUARTERS, HARPER'S FERRY, Sept. 14, 1862.

Special Order No. 120.

The cavalry force at this post, except detached orderlies, will make immediate preparations to leave here at eight o'clock to-night, without baggage-wagons, ambulances, or led horses, crossing the Potomac over the pontoon bridge, and taking the Sharpsburg road. The senior officer, Colonel Voss, will assume command of the whole, which will form the right at the quartermaster's office, the left up Shenandoah Street, without noise or loud command, in the following order : Cole's Cavalry, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, Eighth New York Cavalry, Seventh Squadron Rhode Island Cavalry, and First Maryland Cavalry. No other instructions can be given to the Commander than to force his way through the enemy's lines and join our own army.

By order of Colonel Miles.

H. C. REYNOLDS, Lieutenant and A. A. G.

General White was invited to join the column, but replied that while he would very gladly do so he considered it his duty to stay with his command.

A copy of Colonel Miles's order was sent, late in the afternoon, to each cavalry commander.

There was but little to do in the way of preparation. As soon as it was dark, and the enemy had ceased firing, supper was eaten, the little remaining forage was divided among the horses, and, in the lightest of "light marching order," the several commands moved silently down to the rendezvous and took their places in the column, which was ready to march at the appointed time.

The tents and baggage and the Twelfth Illinois brass

band were abandoned to the enemy. We missed the tents afterward, but managed to get along without the band.

The command numbered about fifteen hundred, officers and men, in good condition, well mounted and armed. The night was fine, but intensely dark.

Although the enemy was believed to be in strong force on the road chosen, and there were unknown dangers to be met in the darkness of night, it was an immense relief to be once more in motion with a chance for liberty. Hemmed in on all sides as they had been, harried by shot and shell without being able to strike back, and with the gloomiest forebodings of the future, the spirits of officers and men had been depressed to the point of despondency ; but all now recovered their cheerfulness, and pressed forward, full of hope and courage, and equal to any emergency.

The real situation was this : McLaws still occupied Maryland Heights, Lee was moving from Turner's Gap towards Sharpsburg, and Longstreet was at Hagerstown, with part of his command near Williamsport on the Potomac ; so that the enemy was in heavy force between Harper's Ferry and McClellan, as well as along the entire route taken by the cavalry as far as Williamsport. The battle of South Mountain, it will be remembered, had been fought on that day.

The command was formed in column of twos, and, with Lieutenant Green of the First Maryland Cavalry and Tom Noakes — a scout who had been for some months with General White's command in Virginia — as guides, began the march.

The bridge was necessarily crossed at a walk ; but each company on reaching the further shore took the gallop, and, turning to the left, passed between the canal and the high ground near the river, and then, turning to the right, took the road over the Heights toward Sharpsburg, closing up as rapidly as possible into column of fours.

The effect of thus increasing the speed of a portion of the column while the remainder was proceeding at a walk can be easily imagined. It was extremely difficult, in the darkness, to keep touch, as one may say (for it was impossible to see), with the preceding company. The only clew was the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of sabres ; and the direction of these sounds was not easy to determine.

The result of this manœuvre came nigh proving disastrous. As Company D of the Twelfth Illinois came off the bridge, it missed the rear of the preceding company, turned to the right instead of to the left, and, marching down the road toward Sandy Hook, soon struck the enemy's pickets. The captain was convinced he had made a mistake, and, turning hastily to the right about, he returned to the bridge in time to take his place in the column.

The command still held to the gallop, although the road was steep and rocky. For a company commander to keep within sight or sound of the flying column in his front, without running away from his own command, was no easy task. It was a killing pace, and very hard work to keep up.

The command pushed on to a point near Sharpsburg, which was reached about 10 P. M., without drawing rein. A Rebel picket was encountered at the base of the mountain, but its challenge was unheeded, and the few shots fired were without effect.

On nearing Sharpsburg, it was thought we were in the vicinity of McClellan's army, and orders were given to reply to any challenge that might be made. The night had now become starlight, and as we approached the town, several cavalry videttes were discovered in the road. To the challenge, "Who comes there?" the answer was, "Friends to the Union." This reply was evidently unsatisfactory, for the pickets immediately fired upon us, but again without effect.

A charge was ordered and promptly executed, driving the pickets and their reserve into and through the principal street of Sharpsburg on the road toward Hagerstown. Here the command was moving slowly northward, when the darkness was suddenly illumined by a sheet of flame, and the stillness broken by a rattling volley of musketry. The discharge was harmless, but it was evident that the enemy was present in considerable force, as the commotion in their camp, the commands of their officers, and the rumbling of artillery wheels could be distinctly heard. A citizen also informed an officer of the Eighth New York that the column was "going right into Lee's army."

A hurried consultation was held between the officers and guides, and it was decided to turn back and try another road. The movement was quickly executed, the Twelfth Illinois, guided by Noakes, taking the advance, and leaving Sharpsburg by a road running to the left, or westward, toward Falling Waters on the Potomac.

We were not going anywhere in particular, and it was hoped the country in this direction would prove more open and unobstructed, and better "adapted to manœuvring cavalry," than that toward Hagerstown.

The enemy had now gotten their artillery in position, and sent a few shells after us as we moved out of the village. It was necessary to avoid the main roads, which were in possession of the enemy; but Noakes, who was familiar with every foot of ground in the neighborhood, found a circuitous path through lanes and by-roads, woods and fields. So the column marched steadily and silently, threading its way between the camps of the sleeping foe, until it emerged at a point on the Hagerstown and Williamsport turnpike about two miles from Williamsport. The march from Sharpsburg to this point had been made mainly at a walk, and was without incident.

The writer had often heard, with incredulity, of sleeping in the saddle; but on this part of the march a great

many of the men, worn out by constant duty for a week previous, slept as they rode. One would awake, and, finding he had lost his place in the column, regain it, only to go to sleep again and repeat the process.

It was now just in the gray of morning. The bivouac fires of a large camp of the enemy, near Williamsport, and not more than a mile distant, were plainly visible, and sounds of men astir were distinctly heard.

As the advance of the column approached the pike, the rumbling of wheels in the distance toward Hagerstown was heard. The sound indicated the approach of artillery or wagons. It was an anxious moment ; but Colonel Davis (Eighth New York) and Lieutenant-Colonel Davis (Twelfth Illinois), who were at the head of the column, were equal to the occasion. They promptly decided to surprise the enemy and capture the guns or wagons, whichever they should prove to be.

The Eighth New York was immediately formed in line facing the road on the north side, the Twelfth Illinois in the same order south of the road, the Maryland and Rhode Island cavalry being held in reserve ; while Colonel Davis (Eighth New York), with a squadron of his regiment, advanced and took possession of the road so as to intercept the enemy, who was apparently moving toward Williamsport. All was done in silence, and it was still too dark for our troops, concealed in the timber which skirted the road, to be seen.

The approaching column proved to be a train of army wagons (ninety-seven in number), loaded principally with ammunition and escorted by infantry, — four or five men accompanying each wagon, with a detachment of cavalry in the rear.

When the head of the train came up it was halted, and the guard ordered to surrender, which it did without a shot being fired on either side.

Captain William Frisbie (Eighth New York Cavalry) was then ordered to take the train, turn it on the Green-

castle pike, and run it through to that place at the rate of eight miles an hour.

The Captain says this was the hardest order he ever received. After riding all night in a strange country, he had no idea where he was, knowing only that he was somewhere on the north side of the Potomac ; and Greencastle was a place he had never heard of before. He naturally, and, as he says, "innocently," asked Colonel Davis the road, and was peremptorily ordered to "Find it, and be off, without delay !" The Marylanders fortunately furnished him a guide, and Greencastle proved to be about twelve miles distant, in a northerly direction, with a good road nearly all the way.

While Captain Frisbie was holding the train and disarming the prisoners, the Rebel officer in charge of the escort came up and demanded of the teamster, in no gentle tones, by what authority he stopped the train. The teamster pointed to his captor, with the remark, "The woods are full of Yanks !" The Rebel officer had the temerity to turn upon the Captain and roughly demand *his* authority. The Captain replied, "By the authority of an officer of the United States Army !" The Rebel put his hand on his revolver ; but seeing the force by which he was surrounded, was convinced that resistance was hopeless, and in his turn surrendered, and joined his comrades in the corner of the fence. The train was immediately started forward, the foremost wagons being turned to the right, driven a short distance over a dirt road to the Greencastle turnpike, and then driven northward on that road at a rapid rate.

As each wagon successively reached the point where Colonel Davis was posted, it shared the fate of its predecessors. Its escort was noiselessly captured, and, with scarcely another halt or check of the column, the whole train was transferred to the Greencastle road and travelling northward faster than a wagon train ever moved before.

The capture was effected so quietly that after the foremost wagons had been taken and turned toward Greencastle the escorts of the remainder were in complete ignorance of what had taken place until they reached the point where the change of direction was made, and they too passed into the service of the United States Army. A change of governments was probably never more quietly or speedily effected.

Many of the drivers rebelled against driving into captivity; but with a trooper on each side with drawn revolver, they had little opportunity to hesitate. Several wagons were purposely ditched by their drivers, but these were promptly set on fire and destroyed.

After the whole train had passed, and was on the road to Greencastle, the cavalry formed in its rear to prevent recapture. The Rebel cavalry escort had not before ventured to attack; but being reinforced, they now several times charged the rear of our column,—without effect, however, as they were in each instance met and driven back.

The affair seems easy now; but this may be said of many cavalry exploits in which boldness and good conduct insured success. If it had been managed with less skill,—if a blunder had been made either in plan or execution,—the Rebel camp near Williamsport would have been alarmed in time to prevent the capture of the whole or a great part of the train.

As the sun rose, bright and warm, the scene upon the pike was very enlivening. The long train of heavily loaded wagons rumbling over the hard smooth road as rapidly as they could be urged forward, enveloped by throngs of cavalry-men with a solid column in their rear, the clouds of dust, the cracking of whips, the cries of the drivers, and the shouts of officers and men, formed a striking contrast to the long march in the silence and darkness of the previous night.

The command reached Greencastle at 10 A. M. of the

15th, with the captured train, about two hundred prisoners, and a large drove of beef cattle. It was welcomed by the citizens of Pennsylvania with the utmost enthusiasm. They were in a state of great excitement and apprehension, caused by the near approach of the Rebels, and the cavalry were joyfully hailed as their deliverers from the threatened danger. Long before reaching Greencastle, the people thronged the road, handing up fruit, cakes, and pies to the soldiers. Every house in the town and vicinity was thrown open to officers and men, and loads of the choicest provisions were taken to the camps.

At one large farmhouse, where the writer breakfasted sumptuously next morning, he was informed by his host that he had given breakfast that day to one hundred men. These attentions were very acceptable and highly appreciated, for all were worn out with hard marching, and the command was without rations, excepting the captured cattle and flour.

The distance marched was estimated at between fifty and sixty miles, the route taken being very circuitous; and it may well be believed that the command arrived at Greencastle in an exhausted condition, especially the horses, which were unfit to move for several days.

The captured train proved to be the reserve ammunition train of General Longstreet, and its loss seriously crippled that distinguished officer in the operations then imminent against the Army of the Potomac. Indeed, it has been stated on good authority that the news of the escape of this column of cavalry from Harper's Ferry, and of the capture of this train, induced the War Department to order General McClellan to make an immediate attack on Lee's army.

The intelligence was communicated in the following despatch from General Wool, dated Baltimore, September 15, 1862:—

MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK, General-in-Chief: The following despatch has been received from Colonel A. Voss, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, dated Greencastle, Pa., September 15. "Harper's Ferry is from all sides invested, by a force estimated at thirty thousand. By order of Colonel Miles, I left it last evening at eight o'clock, with the cavalry, fifteen hundred strong, to cut my way through enemy's lines. I succeeded in reaching this place about nine this morning, having passed the enemy's lines about three miles northward from Williamsport, and capturing a wagon train of over sixty wagons loaded with ammunition, and six hundred and seventy-five prisoners. Colonel Miles intends to hold the Ferry, but is anxiously looking for reinforcements."

No cannonading heard to-day. If cavalry are fit for service, I will order them to General McClellan. Colonel Davis says his regiment is used up, and as he has lost everything, asks where he shall go to refit. As soon as I learn their condition I will give them orders accordingly.

This expedition and its success well illustrate the powers and uses of cavalry. To move rapidly to a distant point, and strike a sudden blow where it is least expected, is its peculiar function. The Rebels were, as they supposed, in secure occupation of a peaceful country, with no enemy within twenty miles, and this particular cavalry force was understood to be safely locked up in Harper's Ferry, thirty miles away. Surprising results may often be accomplished with cavalry, by proper effort; and the result of this enterprise was surprising alike to those engaged in it, and to those who felt the force of the blow.

The Military Commission, sitting in Washington in September and October, 1862, referring to this affair, said: "The commission regard this escape of the cavalry as being worthy of great commendation to the officers conducting the same."

General Walker, of the Confederate army, in his article on "Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg," in the "Century" for June, 1886, speaking of Colonel B. F. Davis, says:

"This enterprising young officer crossed his cavalry to the Maryland side of the Potomac, and followed the road on the berm side of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, leading north to Sharpsburg. Mention of this very meritorious action is made in neither Federal nor Confederate accounts of the capture of Harper's Ferry that have fallen under my notice. Davis not only escaped capture, but passed through Sharpsburg at daylight of the 15th, and in crossing the Hagerstown and Williamsport road he destroyed the greater part of Longstreet's reserve ordnance trains."

General Walker is in error as to the time of the cavalry's reaching Sharpsburg, which, we have seen, was about 10 P. M. of the 14th.

It is true that there is no official report of this affair, but the facts above given are taken from the most authentic sources, official and otherwise; and it is hoped enough has been written to rescue the action from oblivion, and to show that among the immortals who "fit and ran away," the "Harper's Ferry skedaddlers" are entitled to a place.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON.

[Read May 1, 1883.]

THIS is the anniversary week of the battle of Chancellorsville. Twenty years ago this evening, Stonewall Jackson made his famous attack upon the right wing of the Army of the Potomac ; twenty years ago this evening, he fell. It is not difficult to recall the events of those twilight hours : the sudden onslaught and flight ; the excitement and confusion ; the noise of battle ; the hurrying forward of reinforcements ; the massing of artillery to stay the victorious charge and prevent an overwhelming defeat ; grateful night at last calling a truce,

“ And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.”

But I will not anticipate the story of the battle.

In the spring of 1863, a pleasant ride of a few hours from Washington by steamboat down the Potomac River, passing Mount Vernon on the way, would bring you to within a short distance from the town of Fredericksburg, situated on the banks of the Rappahannock River. The course of the Rappahannock is from the northwest to the southeast, and it empties into Chesapeake Bay. The hostile armies were encamped in full view of one another, upon the range of hills half a mile or more back of the river on either side, and running parallel with it.

On January 25, 1863, General Hooker succeeded General Burnside as commander of the Army of the Potomac ; and on the following day this characteristic letter was addressed to the new commander by President Lincoln :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 26, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL HOOKER:

GENERAL,—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe that you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm ; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong, both to the country and to a most meritorious officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it of you, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command ; only those generals who can succeed, can set up as dictators ; and what I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you with all the determination of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it will do for all commanders ; I much fear the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn against you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army, while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness ! beware of rashness ! but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

But the President and the country were doomed to bitter disappointment.

From our encampments on Stafford Heights, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, the bright camp-fires

of the enemy, and the scenes of the terrible encounters under Burnside at and around Fredericksburg, were daily presented to our sight. During this period, with the exception of the futile movement on the right, which is now known as the "mud march," the army remained quiet. The pickets stationed on either bank of the river, at this point about four hundred or five hundred feet wide, were within hailing distance of each other, and their apparel and countenances could be easily distinguished. By the comity which existed, there was no firing from either side. One could ride or walk down to the banks with perfect security ; sometimes "Johnnie Reb," as he was called, would rig up a little raft, and, loading it with tobacco, would start it, with sails and rudder set, for the other shore. When the precious freight was unloaded, the craft, burdened with coffee and salt, would be headed by "Yank" in an opposite direction, where it would be received with loud expressions of thanks. In this and other ways the asperities of the war were mollified.

While the army was quiet, as far as relates to movements against the enemy, it was very active in company, regimental, and brigade drills.

On one occasion President Lincoln visited the field, and a review of the whole army was ordered. I remember very well the marked contrast which the President, mounted, and dressed in a black suit and silk hat, as he rode rapidly from corps to corps, presented to General Hooker and the general brilliant appearance of the scene. One day was devoted to reviewing the cavalry ; between eleven and thirteen thousand mounted men were collected together, presenting a splendid appearance. A sight of such rare occurrence brought together an immense body of spectators from the different commands ; and it was only equalled by the attendance at the review of the infantry two days afterward. This exceeded the celebrated one of McClellan's, at Bailey's Cross Roads, by more than forty thousand men. It was estimated that

the whole number of troops which passed the President was about seventy thousand. The sight, as regiment after regiment, with battle-torn colors, came up, keeping correct time to the music and saluting the President, was a magnificent one. The equipments were in the best condition. The men were well clothed, and in the best of spirits after their long rest.

As the time passed on, and the weather improved, arrangements were made for an advance. The army was in splendid condition, numbering about one hundred and thirty-two thousand men, of which about thirteen thousand were cavalry. The opposing Confederates numbered sixty thousand, including about three thousand cavalry.

Of the three plans of attack,—the direct upon the hills of Fredericksburg, or upon either flank,—Hooker decided to march around the enemy's left flank, leaving a portion of the army in front to conceal the real movement. On April 26, 1863, Hooker issued orders for the Eleventh Corps (Howard's) and the Twelfth (Slocum's) to begin their march at sunrise on the following morning, and encamp at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock, about twenty-seven miles distant, on our right from Fredericksburg; the Fifth Corps (Meade's) was to follow the Eleventh and Twelfth; the Second Corps (Couch's) was directed to move with two divisions to Banks' Ford, while one brigade and one battery were to continue on to the United States Ford. Directions were also given not to expose the camps to the view of the enemy. It was earnestly urged that the movement be made secretly, and that the officers and men be restrained from making any show or appearance upon the river, beyond the necessities of picket duty; the building of large fires to burn the camp rubbish was prohibited. The instructions also provided that if there were any two years' men that were deemed unreliable in consequence of the near expiration of their term of service, they were to be left behind. The utmost vigilance was enjoined to prevent any communications

across the river, and houses and persons in the vicinity were directed to be guarded and watched.

On the 27th of April, orders were issued to the Sixth Corps (Sedgwick's), the First (Reynolds's), and the Third (Sickles's) to put themselves in position to cross the river at Franklin's Crossing and at Pollock's Mill,—the first ford being a mile and a half, and the second about three miles below Fredericksburg. The corps were directed to be in position by half-past three on the morning of the 29th of April.

On the 28th, General Butterfield, Hooker's chief-of-staff, who remained at headquarters, telegraphed to Hooker, then with the advanced corps on our right, that, in consequence of the high wind, Professor Lowe could not ascend with his balloon for the purpose of making the customary observations. During the day the rain fell slowly and steadily; and the chief-of-staff, in his report of the day's proceedings, knowing the great efforts which had been made to achieve success, pathetically added, "I should feel almost heartbroken if we were baffled again by the storm." The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps successfully crossed at Kelly's Ford on the night of the 28th, the enemy's pickets retreating after a single shot. The next day they passed on and crossed the Rapidan River, a fork of the Rappahannock, at Germanna Ford. Here about one hundred and twenty-five men, who were posted at the mill or below the dam, were captured.

Slocum, in reporting the fording of the river at Germanna, says: "This ford is a very difficult one at all times, the current being very rapid, the bed of the river uneven and very rocky, and the water in many places being at least four feet in depth. Not only the officers, but every soldier, seemed to appreciate the necessity of speedily getting a position on the opposite bank. They seemed to vie with one another in the eagerness to execute the orders. The fact that from nearly every regiment one or more men were swept down the river by the rapid cur-

rent, and were only saved from drowning by cavalrymen and boatmen stationed below the ford for the purpose of rescuing such as might lose their footing, did not seem in the slightest degree to diminish their ardor." After fording the river, the Twelfth Corps passed on and reached the Wilderness, and, with occasional skirmishes with cavalry only, reached Chancellorsville at two o'clock.

The Eleventh Corps was well closed up, and both corps went into camp, Slocum facing east and south, his left resting on Chancellorsville, and Howard on his right, facing south, and slightly turning to the west. Meade, with the Fifth Corps, after crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, filed to the left, and proceeded along the right bank of the river to its junction with the Rappahannock, in parallel columns with Slocum and Howard. These successful movements compelled the enemy to withdraw from the United States Ford, so that Couch's corps crossed without difficulty, and bivouacked near Chancellorsville about nine o'clock that evening. Meade reached Chancellorsville about eleven on the morning of the 30th, some time in advance of Slocum, his right resting on Chancellorsville, facing east and northeast, and his left near the river.

That same evening Hooker established his headquarters at Chancellorsville. During the day he telegraphed to General Dix, at Fortress Monroe, that the "enemy had not a single man to spare; he has his hands full here, rely on this; I can say no more;" and on the evening of that day, in general orders to the army, he said: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction the commanding General announces to the army that the preparations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Hooker forgot the injunction of Ahab, King of Israel, to Benhadad, King of Syria. "Tell him," he said, "let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

The place designated as Chancellorsville consisted simply of one large three-story brick building, built in the form of an L, with a veranda, supported by brick columns, in front of a portion of the house. Five or six large elm-trees added dignity to the place; besides the family mansion, there were the usual stables, and buildings for slaves. The name of the place was taken from its owner and occupant. Twenty years ago, it was an imposing structure, and the home of wealth and culture; to-day it is greatly changed; a large portion of it has been destroyed by fire, and evidences of decay are everywhere seen. On the west wall of the house — being the side facing in the direction from which Jackson made his attack upon the Eleventh Corps — there can now be seen five or six shells and solid shot, partially imbedded therein.

The old Chancellor House faces south, and immediately in its front, and on the west side, there were a few small clearings; but generally the country was covered with a dense, thick forest of oak and pine, in which it was difficult to move or manoeuvre troops.

The road over which Slocum and Howard moved was, a year afterward, followed by Grant, as he moved to the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House.

Chancellorsville was a very important point. From it ran the Plank Road and Turnpike Road; four miles distant these united, and formed a main connection to Fredericksburg, about ten miles distant. It was directly in the rear of the Confederate army, and from it ran also other roads to Banks' Ford, United States Ford, and Ely's Ford.

It has generally been thought that a mistake was made by Hooker in halting at Chancellorsville. Three or four miles farther on, the country was more open and cleared of woods, and afforded an excellent position for a line of battle; a sharp bend of the river materially reduced the distance from the Turnpike to the Rappahannock. An advance of three or four miles that afternoon by Slocum,

Meade, and Howard would have uncovered Banks' Ford, thus reducing the distance of the main army from Sedgwick to only about six miles.

We have seen that Meade, with the head of his column, was at Chancellorsville at eleven in the morning, and Slocum at two o'clock in the afternoon. There does not appear to have been any considerable force to oppose the advance, nor any good reason why it was not made. When it was attempted the next day (May 1st), in the afternoon the enemy had arrived.

Hooker wrote to Slocum, April 28 : " If your cavalry is well advanced from Chancellorsville, you will be able to ascertain whether or not the enemy is detaching forces from Fredericksburg to resist your advances ; if not in any considerable force, the General desires that you advance at all hazards, gaining the position on the Plank Road, and uncovering Banks' Ford, which is also defended by a brigade of Rebel infantry. If the enemy should be greatly reinforced, you will then select a strong position, and compel them to attack you on your own ground ; you will have nearly forty thousand men, which is more than they can spare to send against you."

General Warren, Chief of Engineers, then on the staff of Hooker, thus reported : " On the morning of May 1st I went out three miles on the Turnpike to reconnoitre, and as far as I went I found the road good and broad. The country along the road for the first miles is wooded on both sides, and generally so to the left of it, except some clear fields nearly on the river ; to the right of the road it is rather more open, and in places the clearing extended across from the road to the Plank Road. I found the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry picketing the road three miles, and all were in sight of the enemy's breastworks, then across the road, which was as far as I could get."

While these preparations were going on in front of Chancellorsville, the Sixth and First Corps, after consid-

erable opposition, had crossed the Rappahannock River on pontoon bridges, below Fredericksburg, and the evening of the 30th found them both on the south side of the river, with the enemy on the Bowling Green, about a mile from and parallel with the river. The position of Lee's army remained unchanged until the 29th, when Lee was informed by telegraph from Culpepper that large bodies of Federals were moving toward Chancellorsville.

At midnight on the 29th, Anderson's division of Lee's army moved toward Chancellorsville from Fredericksburg, and intrenched at Tabernacle Church, about four or five miles from Hooker's headquarters, and about a mile from our advanced cavalry pickets on the Turnpike Road.

In the address of Fitzhugh Lee, recently delivered to the Army of Northern Virginia, he stated: "In conversation with a Confederate officer at Lexington, on February 16, 1868, General R. E. Lee said, in regard to Chancellorsville, that Jackson at first preferred to attack Sedgwick's corps in the plain at Fredericksburg, but he told him he felt that it was as impracticable as it was at the first battle of Fredericksburg; it was hard to get at the enemy, and harder to get away, on account of the artillery on the north banks, if we drove them into the river. 'But,' said he to Jackson, 'if you think it can be done, I will give you orders for it.' Jackson then asked to be allowed to examine the ground, and did so during the afternoon, and at night came to Lee and said he thought he, Lee, was right; it would be inexpedient to attack them. 'Move, then,' said Lee, 'at dawn to-morrow [May 1] up to Anderson,' who had been previously ordered to proceed toward Chancellorsville; 'and the next time I saw Jackson,' said General Lee, 'was the next day, when he was on the skirmish line driving the enemy's skirmishers around Chancellorsville.'"

By this time, Lee was satisfied that the real movement was on his left. McLaw's division had also been ordered

to join Anderson. The head of Jackson's column, after a rapid march of about fifteen miles, reached Anderson between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st.

If, therefore, Hooker had continued his advance on the afternoon of the 30th, or at sunrise of the 1st, he would have encountered but little opposition. Banks' Ford would have been uncovered, and his position would have been established in a comparatively open country, permitting movements to be made from one position of the field to another without very much difficulty.

On May 1st, about 11 A. M., the Fifth, Second, and Twelfth Corps advanced to form line of battle about two miles from Chancellorsville; a portion of the Fifth Corps marched on the river road for Banks' Ford, and another portion (Sykes's division) upon the Turnpike; the Twelfth advanced on the Plank Road, and the Eleventh was to follow the Twelfth and mass about a mile in its rear. After Sykes's division had proceeded about a mile and a half, the enemy were met; efforts were made to connect with Griffin on the left, and with Slocum on the right, but they were unsuccessful.

Notwithstanding the woods were dense, yet the Plank Road was distant from the Turnpike only about half a mile, and it seems strange that the left of Slocum could not be found. In the mean time, the enemy manœuvred for two hours, and turned Sykes's flank. No call seems to have been made upon the Second Corps to come up to the support of Sykes until orders were given to him, as well as to Slocum and Meade, to suspend the advance and return to the position occupied in the morning. At this time Hancock came up and enabled Sykes to withdraw.

The movements to withdraw were not understood in the army. The soldiers were in the best of spirits, and eager to press on. The withdrawal and occupation of the position of the previous night gave rise to uncertainty. Warren says he was in favor of advancing, and urged it with more zeal than convincing argument.

Orders were given to put the lines in condition of defence, and all during the night the pioneers were at work,—trees were felled, abatis constructed, and intrenchments thrown up.

Word reached Washington next morning, by a letter from General Van Alen, that Hooker was intrenched at Chancellorsville; and Stanton, annoyed at the report, pertinently asked of Hooker by telegram, "Can't you give Van Alen's sword something to do, so that he will have less time for the pen?"

It is difficult to reconcile the different reasons given for the withdrawal. In his despatch to Butterfield, and his orders to corps commanders, issued that afternoon, Hooker expressed the hope that the enemy would be emboldened to attack him, adding, "I have a strong position, and if his communications are cut, he must attack me."

As late as a quarter before nine that evening, he telegraphed, "I think the enemy, in his desperation, will be compelled to attack me on my own ground." Some time after the battle, however, before the Congressional Committee, in his account and explanation for the withdrawal, he said: "The passage was narrow; I was told that I could not draw troops through it fast enough to resist the advance of General Lee; I was apprehensive of being whipped in detail: accordingly, orders were given for the troops in advance to withdraw, and establish themselves on the line they had just left, and to hold themselves in readiness to receive the enemy." General Lee, in his report, commenting on Hooker's position, said: "The enemy had assumed a position that was naturally strong, surrounded on all sides with a dense forest, filled with tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breast-works of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, so as to form an almost impenetrable abatis; his artillery swept the few narrow roads by which his position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent works."

Hooker's left at this time faced east, his left and right centre east and south, his right south, slightly turning at the extreme right toward the west, and resting in the air. The line has been compared to the letters C and V, the apex being just beyond the Chancellor House.

During the afternoon Sickles's command arrived, having been ordered up from Sedgwick, and went into position at the left of Howard and the right of Slocum. At midnight Hooker sent to Reynolds to send his men to Chancellorsville. Sedgwick was accordingly left alone below Fredericksburg.

In the enemy's line, active preparations and earnest deliberations were taking place for the morrow. Fitzhugh Lee gives such an interesting account of the conversation between Lee and Jackson, and the movement of the latter, that I am tempted to quote liberally from his address. He says : —

"The problem presented to General Lee on the night of May 1st was to decide how best to attack Hooker's camp on the morning of May 2d; time was an important element, for near Fredericksburg, in his rear, was Sedgwick, largely outnumbering the Confederate force in his front under Early. During the afternoon, General Lee wished to attack from his right, and cut Hooker off from the United States Ford, preventing his communication with Sedgwick, and rode down himself and examined the lands all the way to the river, but found no place where he could do so. Returning at night, he found Jackson, and asked him if he knew of any place to attack. Jackson said, 'No.' Lee said, 'Then we must get around to the Federal right.' Jackson said he had been inquiring about roads, and Stewart came up then and said he would go down and see what he could learn about roads; he soon returned with the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacey, who said a circuit could be made around by the Wilderness Tavern, and a young man living in the county, and then in the cavalry, was sent for to act as guide. Ah, what an earnest talk Lee and Jackson had on the night of May 1st! At sunset, they took their seats on a log to the right, or north, side of the Plank Road, and a little

distant from the wood. Jackson spoke to Lee about what he had seen and heard during the advance, and commented upon the promptness with which the enemy had appeared to abandon his movements toward Fredericksburg, and the ease with which he had been driven back to Chancellorsville, and concluded by expressing an opinion very decidedly, repeating it more than once, that the enemy would recross the Rappahannock before morning. After telling Jackson that he hoped that his opinion might prove to be correct, Lee added, 'But, General, we must get ready to attack the enemy if we should find him here tomorrow, and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank.' General Lee then took up the map and pointed out to Jackson the general direction of his route to the Furnace and the Brock Roads. Some conversation took place as to the importance of endeavoring to conceal the movements from the enemy, and as to the existence of roads farther to the enemy's right, by which General Jackson might pass so as not to be exposed to observation and attack. The general line of Jackson's route was pointed out, and the necessity of celerity and secrecy was enjoined upon him. The conversation was a lengthy one, and at the conclusion of it Lee said to Jackson that before he moved in the morning, if he should have any doubt as to whether the enemy was still in position, he could send a couple of guns to a spot near by and open fire upon the enemy's position, which would speedily settle the question."

Captain Smith, of General Jackson's staff, whom I met at Fredericksburg a few weeks since, said that he and the rest of the staff had bivouacked in the woods, and about the middle of the night he awoke and saw Lee and Jackson seated and bending over a camp-fire which had almost died out; they were then planning for the flank attack; at daybreak, the column was on the march.

At sunrise, Hooker rode along the lines, receiving hearty cheers from the men. A few changes were made in the disposition of the troops. As early as eight o'clock in the morning, Birney reported to Sickles that a continuous column of infantry trains and ambulances was passing his front to the right. The woods concealed this

command, except at one opening, and a section of Clark's battery was brought up, shelling the column, and compelling it to seek another road. Sickles said the column was observed for three hours, and indicated either a retreat or an attack upon the right flank. The report of this movement was at once sent to Hooker and Howard, and the former issued the following order to Generals Slocum and Howard, at 9.30 A. M.:—

"The disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy; if he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency; the right of your line does not appear to be strong enough; no artificial defences worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the General's opinion, as well posted as might be. We have good reasons to suppose the enemy is moving to our right; please advance your pickets, for the purpose of observation, as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach."

At noon, Sickles was ordered to advance cautiously toward the road followed by the enemy, and harass the movement as much as possible.

With the exception of the capture of about three hundred prisoners, and an interchange of shots between the artillery, nothing was accomplished. The final orders to attack came too late, for at that time Jackson's column had passed out of sight.

At army headquarters, it was thought that Jackson was retreating; and as late as ten minutes past 4 P. M. a despatch was sent to Butterfield that the enemy was fleeing, trying to save his trains, and two of Sickles's divisions were among them.

With the exception of the movement on the part of

Sickles, the army remained quiet throughout the day. Why nothing was done, no one seemed to know.

General Devens, commanding a division on the extreme right of the army, only two regiments of which were to the right of the Turnpike Road, reported a large column moving rapidly toward the right; he did not know whether it was in retreat, or marching for a flank attack. After this, scouts came in and reported the same fact. Cavalry reconnoissances were made, but pushed out no farther than to find the cavalry pickets of the enemy, when they retired, and reported, a quarter of an hour before the attack was made, that no enemy at all were in front. Carl Schurz, commanding the division to the left of Devens, says: "Our right wing stood completely in the air, with nothing to lean upon, not even a strong echelon, and with no reliable cavalry to make reconnoissances,—and that, too, in a forest thick enough not to permit any view of the front, flank, or rear, but not thick enough to prevent the approach of the enemy's troops. Our right was at the mercy of the enemy, who was at perfect liberty to walk around us through a large gap between von Gilsa's right and the cavalry forces on the Rapidan. General McLean, whose brigade was to the left of the extreme right brigade, faced south; while Jackson's attack came from the west." In his report, he says: "The sketch of our position will show how little we expected an attack upon our flank or rear;" and he adds, "All was quiet during the day until about six o'clock." No satisfactory theory can be found for the negligence and the culpable — almost criminal — carelessness allowed on the right, except upon the belief that the enemy was in retreat; and this will not excuse it, for a vigorous attack by Sickles, or a good look-out in advance on the Turnpike Road, would have discovered the true situation.

In the centre and on our left, Lee kept up considerable firing, for the purpose of diverting Hooker, and preventing him from interfering with Jackson, and an advance at any

time during the day by our superior forces upon the lines under Lee could not but have been successful.

While the right of the army was in fancied security, Jackson was rapidly pushing on.

Fitzhugh Lee gives this graphic description of the view which Jackson and he had of the Federal army :—

“ Upon reaching the Plank Road, some five miles west of Chancellorsville, my command was halted, and, while waiting for Jackson to come up, I made a personal reconnaissance to locate the right for Jackson’s attack. With one staff officer, I rode across and beyond the Plank Road, in the direction of the old Turnpike, pursuing a path through the woods, momentarily expecting to find evidence of the enemy’s presence.

“ Seeing a wooded hill in the distance, I determined, if possible, to get upon its top, as it promised a view of the adjacent country ; cautiously I ascended its side, reaching a point upon its summit without molestation. What a sight presented itself to me ! Below, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal line of battle. I was in rear of Howard’s right. They were in line of defence, with abatis in front, and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in a part of the line. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, smoking, probably engaged here and there in games of cards and other amusements, indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In rear of them were other parties, driving up and slaughtering beeves. The remembrance of the scene is as clear as it was sixteen years ago.

“ So impressed was I with my discovery that I rode rapidly back to the point on the Plank Road where I had left my cavalry, and back down the road Jackson was moving, when I met Stonewall himself. ‘ General,’ said I, ‘ if you will ride with me, halting your column here out of sight, I will show you the enemy’s right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the old Turnpike, instead of down the Plank Road, the enemy’s line being taken in reverse. Bring only one courier, as you will be in view from the top of the hill.’ Jackson assented, and I rapidly conducted him to the point of observation. There had been no change in the picture. I watched him closely, as he gazed upon Howard’s troops. It

was then about 2 P. M. His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up a sad face; his expression was one of intense interest; his face was colored slightly with the sense of approaching battle, and radiant at the success of his flank movement.

"To the remarks made to him while the unconscious line of blue was pointed out, he did not reply once during the five minutes he was on the hill; and yet his lips were moving. From what I have read and heard of Jackson since that day, I know now what he was doing then; while talking to the great God of Battles, how could he hear what a poor cavalry-man was saying?

"Tell General Rhodes," said he, suddenly whirling his horse toward the courier, "to move across the old Plank Road, halting when he gets to the old Turnpike, and I will join him there."

"One more look upon the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motions of his horse, over whose head it seemed, good rider as he was, he would certainly go.

"Alas! I had looked upon him for the last time."

When Rhodes's division reached the intersection of the old Turnpike,—on which, about two miles beyond, was the Wilderness Tavern, occupied by Grant as his headquarters in the Battle of the Wilderness,—he filed to the right. This was between three and four o'clock. Moving west for about a mile, along the wide, straight, and wooded road, directly for Chancellorsville, he deployed on either side of the road, continuing to advance until within three or four hundred yards of our right. All the movements were made as quietly as possible; a strong line of the best-drilled skirmishers was placed in advance and on either flank. At about six o'clock all was in readiness. Captain Smith told me that Jackson, with his watch in his hand, remained silent for a minute or two, then quietly said, "General Rhodes, you will make your advance." In a moment, the bugle of the skirmish line sounded the signal for advance; the bugles on the flank

responded simultaneously ; there was a shout and a rush, and the enemy were in the rear and on the flank of the Eleventh Corps. Artillery pushed up and enfiladed the lines facing south. General Doubleday says : "The first notice our troops had of the enemy's approach came from the deer, rabbits, and other animals of the forest, driven from their coverts by the advance." Captain Smith said that butchers, with their sleeves rolled up and their arms bloody from killing beeves for rations, were taken prisoners. All reports indicate that the attack was so impetuous that the regiments broke in great confusion, finally causing a panic. The commanding officer of the Twenty fourth Pennsylvania says : "The first we ever knew of the enemy, was that our men, while sitting on their knapsacks ready to spring to their arms, were shot from the rear and from the flank. A surprise in broad daylight, the first ever heard of in any war, was so complete that the men had not even time to take their arms before they were thrown into the wildest confusion."

Sickles says : "The fugitives of the Eleventh Corps swarmed from the woods and swept frantically over the clear fields in which my artillery was packed. The exulting enemy at their heels mingled yells with their volleys, and in the confusion which followed, it seemed as if cannon, caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were suddenly thrown. In a few moments after the right was struck, the whole corps was doubled up along the road ; and in the open fields and through the woods there was a confused mass of men, artillery, and wagons, all rushing toward Chancellorsville. Vigorous attempts were made to stop the tide of the fugitives, but with no avail."

The enemy, elated with their success, obeyed the injunction of their commander, who, it is said, rode from one part of the line to the other, quietly saying, " Press on, men ! press on !" and was repeatedly seen lifting up his hand and eyes toward Heaven, and moving his lips as

if giving thanks for the success which was crowning his efforts. Fortunately, some of the regiments of the routed corps retained their formation, and as they fell back they fired volleys upon the advancing lines, checking them for a few minutes. Schurz says: "The Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, flanked on both sides and exposed to a terrible fire, maintained the unequal contest for a considerable time. This young regiment, alone and unsupported, firmly held the ground where I had placed it for about twenty minutes, nor did it fall back until I ordered it to do so; and there is hardly an officer in the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin who has not at least received a bullet through his clothes." Colonel Hecker, of the Eighty-second Illinois, fell wounded from his horse, holding the colors of his regiment in his hands, and giving an order to charge bayonets. Many other gallant deeds were done by the officers and men, and the enemy were impeded in their onward march.

In the mean time Warren, Pleasonton, Sickles, Berry, and chief-of-artillery Best, of the Twelfth Corps, were active in making arrangements to meet Jackson. Pleasonton, who had been with Sickles, hastened to the scene of danger, and ordered the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry to proceed at a gallop and attack the Rebels and check the attack, at any cost, until infantry and artillery could be got in readiness for them. Pleasonton says: "The service was splendidly performed, but with heavy loss, and we gained some fifteen minutes to bring Martin's battery into service. Martin's guns were served with great difficulty. Carriages and wagons, horses without wagons, and panic-stricken infantry were rushing through and through the battery, overturning guns and limbers, smashing caissons, and trampling horse-holders under them." A half-mile west of the Chancellor House, Best massed thirty-four pieces of artillery, the right resting on the road, and the left a little beyond a residence then known as Fairview, and now marked only by a broken chimney.

In walking over this portion of the field a few weeks since, I counted exactly thirty-four half-moon intrenchments, which had been thrown up to protect these pieces. The rains of twenty years had partially washed them away, but the number as counted was subsequently found to correspond with the number of guns massed by Captain Best, as stated in his report.

Standing at Fairview, on a bright afternoon, amid such scenes and associations, where no living thing was seen save the lazy flight of the crows, and no sound heard except their "caw, caw," one's sensation can better be imagined than described; to soldiers there is no necessity of attempting it, they will understand and appreciate the feeling, without saying more.

Berry's division, which had been held in reserve at Chancellorsville, was ordered by Hooker—its old commander—to take position across the road in front of the artillery. Hay's brigade formed on its right. Upon the execution of these and other movements, a tremendous firing of artillery and infantry was kept up, with occasional intervals, till near ten o'clock. Best says: "I was obliged to fire over the heads of our infantry, for our forces were ranged in a parallel line about five hundred yards in front; it was an operation of great delicacy, this cannonade of the thirty-four guns over the heads of our men; but it was a matter of necessity, and was perfectly and fully executed."

Pleasanton, posted to the left of Berry, in the rear of Sickles's right, says: "Fortunately, I succeeded, before the advancing column of the enemy came in sight, in placing twenty-two pieces of artillery in position, double-shotted with canister, and bearing on the direction the Rebels were pursuing. To support these forces, I had two small squadrons of cavalry ready to charge upon any attempt made to take our guns. My position was on the extreme right of the Eleventh Corps; and as it recoiled from the fierce onset of the Rebels through and over my

guns, it was soon apparent we must meet the shock. In rear of the Eleventh Corps, the Rebels came on rapidly, but now in silence, and with that skill and adroitness they often displayed to gain their object. The only color visible was an American flag with the centre battalion. To clear up this doubt, my aid, Lieutenant Thomson, of the First New York Cavalry, rode to within one hundred yards of them, when they called out to him, 'We are friends; come on!' and he was induced to go fifty yards closer, when the whole line in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry, dropped the American color, and displayed eight or ten Rebel battle-flags. He escaped unhurt, and I then ordered all the guns to fire as they were advancing. This terrible discharge staggered them, and threw the heads of their columns back on the woods, from which they opened a tremendous fire of musketry, bringing up fresh forces constantly, and striving to advance as fast as they were swept back by our guns. It was now dark, and their presence could only be ascertained by the flash of their muskets, from which a continuous stream of fire was seen nearly encircling us, and gradually extending to our right to cut us off from the army. This was at last checked by our guns, and the Rebels withdrew. Such was the fight at the head of Scott's Run. Artillery against infantry at three hundred yards ; the infantry in the woods, the artillery in the clearing. War presents many anomalies, but few so curious and strange in its results as this."

Around Hooker's headquarters, as might be imagined, there was great confusion. The road leading to the United States Ford was crowded with fugitives. At nine o'clock the advance of the enemy was about a mile from headquarters. In the rapid following up of the Eleventh Corps by Rhodes's division, as narrated to me by Captain Smith, no attempt had been made, as it would have been useless, to preserve a regular line of battle ; the men had pressed on in groups, and had been greatly scattered.

Rhodes saw Jackson, and reported to him the condition of his command; he stated that he did not know how far his flanks extended, and suggested that he should withdraw to re-form, and that Hill should come up and take his place. Jackson consented reluctantly, as he wished to push on farther to Hooker's right, and cut him off from the United States Ford.

While Hill was filing into position, Jackson, ambitious, restless, and eager, with several of his staff and couriers, rode to the front, now in the woods to the right of the road, to discover the Federal position. It was found only two hundred or three hundred yards distant. Upon returning, Hill's men, who had taken position to the right of the road, hearing the sound, as they supposed, of advancing Federal cavalry, fired several volleys. Jackson was wounded in his right arm. Two officers of the Signal Corps, accompanying him, were killed, and others of his escort wounded. Jackson then attempted to cross the road, and before he again penetrated many feet into the woods, the infantry line, resting its right on the road, fired a volley. Two shots took effect in the left arm of Jackson; the reins dropped from his useless hands; his horse rushed through the woods, the limbs of the trees scratching his face and bending him backward. The only remaining unwounded officer of the staff hastened to him, and caught him just as he was about to fall. A rough, square stone, with no inscription on it, but marked by relic-hunters, stands to-day by the side of the lonely road in the dense woods to mark this spot. During this time, the firing of the artillery was terrific, and raked the road and woods.

General Hill, next in command, quickly came up, and was leaning over Jackson to hear his orders, when he too was shot, and the command devolved upon Rhodes, who, in turn, feeling a distrust of himself, transferred the command to General Stuart, the cavalry chief.

During this time, the Federal skirmishers were advan-

cing, and two were captured by an officer of Hill's staff within a few feet of where Jackson lay. Jackson had fallen in front of his own line, and, fearing a farther advance of the Federals, a stretcher was hastily procured and the General placed upon it. The escort had proceeded but a short distance when the bearer on the right of Captain Smith was shot down; another quickly stepped in his place and prevented the body from falling. In another moment he too was killed, and the body fell from the stretcher four or five feet to the ground, the General giving utterance to exclamations of pain. The firing continued with such violence that all lay down and hugged the earth, until a cessation enabled them to bear the General to an ambulance, when he was removed to the Rev. Dr. Lacey's house, two or three miles distant, where his arm was amputated. In a week he died from pneumonia. Thus breathed his last this great soldier and misguided man! He was Lee's best lieutenant, and his death was deeply mourned throughout the Confederate army and the South. It will be noticed that after Jackson's death, Lee never attempted another flank movement.

The vacillation exhibited by Hooker from the time he reached Chancellorsville was increased by the rout of the Eleventh Corps. The dash, resolution, confidence, and promptness which had hitherto characterized him when a division and a corps commander were lost; he seemed to be almost helpless, and unequal to the emergency. At nine o'clock in the evening, he sent word to Sedgwick to take up his line on the Chancellorsville road and attack and destroy any forces he met with. He also added that he, Sedgwick, would probably fall upon the rear of Lee's forces, and that between them they would use Lee up.

Sedgwick received this order about eleven o'clock that night, and at once advanced his command on the Bowling Green road, and then marched by the flank toward

Fredericksburg. The progress was necessarily slow ; the night was dark, and although the order was frequently given to brush away the enemy's pickets, the head of the column was delayed at Hazel Run by a sharp skirmish, as well as at other places along the route. It was just at break of day that the advance reached the rear of Fredericksburg. A negro who came into the lines reported the heights occupied, and that the enemy were cutting the canal to flood the roads. In our front were Marye's Heights, the scene of the attack of Summer and Couch under Burnside. Several regiments were at once thrown to the front, and this movement discovered the enemy in force.

The town was perfectly quiet ; not a person was to be seen on the streets, and the windows and blinds were closed. It had the appearance of a deserted village. The marks of the fierce cannonade to which the town had been exposed in the previous December were everywhere visible. By this time Warren, having left Hooker's headquarters at 10.30 the previous evening, and ridden all night, arrived. Before he left Hooker, it had been determined to leave a sufficient force in front of the right wing of the enemy to hold our breastworks, and the whole of the rest of our forces was to be thrown upon his left, under Stuart, at dawn of day. But Hooker again changed his opinion, and ordered Sickles, who was well to the front, and whose right was exposed by the break of the Eleventh Corps, to fall back.

Stuart had, however, determined to attack. He wished to connect his right with Lee's left, then several miles distant ; and as soon as the morning fog lifted, fighting commenced. The battle raged with great fury for several hours, the enemy steadily pushing back Sickles and a part of Slocum, until a new line was taken up by the whole army, north of the Chancellor House, from one to two miles in rear of the original position. Stuart and Lee were again united, and now felt irresistible.

During this attack, Hooker was injured by the fall of a portion of the column supporting the veranda of the Chancellor House, which had been struck by a solid ball. The command of the army then fell upon Couch, who was unwilling to assume the responsibility, and who, as he says, simply acted as an executive officer to General Hooker in fulfilling his instructions, which were to draw in the front and make some new dispositions.

Sickles was also wounded; and the gallant Berry, who had done so much to stay the attack of Jackson the night before, fell in the thickest of the fight. Crosby, of Battery F, of the Fourth United States Artillery, was killed about nine o'clock A. M. by a musket-ball, while firing his guns. Best, chief of artillery of the Twelfth Corps, wrote of him on May 10th : " My pen almost refuses to record his untimely death ; young, ambitious, highly educated, efficient as an artillery officer, unexceptionable in his habits, a Christian, practising as he believed. The service lost an officer of great value, and it seems yet a dream that his gallant heart is hushed forever."

During the morning, the most earnest appeals were made by Sickles and Slocum to Hooker for ammunition and reinforcements, but they were in vain. Hooker is said to have replied that he could not make soldiers or ammunition ; and yet the Fifth, First, and a portion of the Second Corps, comprising nearly forty thousand men, were but a short distance off, and had scarcely fired a shot. Hancock behaved magnificently, as he always did, and by his vigorous stand around the Chancellor House, fighting in three different directions at the same time, enabled Sickles to withdraw, — not, however, without considerable loss.

The following telegrams from Rufus Ingalls to Butterfield, written upon the field, give some idea of the desperate character of the fighting, and of the excitement that prevailed at headquarters. The first telegram is dated May 3, 8.45 A. M. " The most terrible conflict has raged

since daylight. Enemy in great force in our front and on the right, but at this moment we are repulsing him on all sides. Carnage is fearful. Our trains are all safe, and we shall be victorious."

The second is the same date, at 12.45 P. M. "I think we have had the most terrible battle ever witnessed on earth. I think our victory will be certain; but the General told me he would say nothing to Washington, except that he was doing well. In an hour or two the matter will be a fixed fact. I believe the enemy is in flight now, but we are not sure."

The third was on the same day, at 8.45 evening: "We can say nothing at present about forage and subsistence; if we succeed, we shall at once march to Fredericksburg. If we fail, we must try soon to reach our depots. The question must soon resolve itself."

On May 4th, at 12 M., Ingalls telegraphed to Captain Rankin, remaining at the old headquarters of the army: "Do not come up here yourself; perhaps no one had better come just yet. Keep quiet. Do not make any excitement. We are in great trouble, but we shall fight it out. Do not communicate with Washington on the subject."

As soon as it was practicable, and as secretly as possible, Sedgwick — in compliance with the orders received during the night, to advance toward Chancellorsville — prepared to attack the Heights. Gibbon, who had been left on the north bank of the river, crossed shortly after Sedgwick had captured the town, and moved to the right; but his advance was stopped by the canal in his front, over which it was impossible to lay bridges, in face of the fire from the artillery and infantry lining the hill.

Sedgwick's attack was made in two columns formed upon the Plank and Telegraph Roads, supported by a line of infantry upon the left of the Plank Road. As the columns moved out of the town, the batteries on the hill at once opened, and the troops suffered considerably. As they steadily pressed on, the fire became more destructive,

and the leading regiment of one of the columns lost out of four hundred men, one hundred and sixty in killed and wounded.

The advance, both of the columns and line, continued in most gallant style, and in less than twenty minutes the attack was over. The Third Division, directly in front of Marye's Heights, lost over six hundred in killed and wounded, and the loss to the corps was about one thousand.

At the base of the hill, along the stone wall, a hand-to-hand conflict took place. The enemy was soon over-powered, and several hundred prisoners were taken, besides several pieces of artillery. Upon reaching the summit of the hill, passing through the grounds of the Marye residence, the plain was seen to be alive with fleeing soldiers, and artillery and wagon-trains on a gallop. I hurried back to Sedgwick, who was giving directions to Brooks and Howe to come up, and reported the condition of affairs, and suggested it was a splendid opportunity for the use of cavalry. With regret, he replied he did not have a man. The carrying of the Heights had completely divided the Rebel line, throwing either flank with much confusion on opposite roads, and it seemed as if a regiment of cavalry could not only have captured many prisoners and material, but also have cleared the way for the Sixth Corps almost up to the rear of Lee's army.

At Gettysburg, the absence of cavalry was deplored by the Confederates; at Marye's Heights, the Sixth Corps experienced similar feelings.

As soon as Brooks came up, he proceeded to advance on either side of the road, followed by Newton and Howe. The enemy in the mean time had united their forces, and delayed the rapid advance by frequent stands, retiring from hill to hill, and opening with artillery. This continued for three or four miles, until Salem Church was reached. The church, a red-brick structure, was upon a ridge in the woods at the left of the road, and to-day it bears many scars of battle.

At this point, the troops which had been counter-marched by Lee (who at once abandoned his preparations to renew the attack upon Hooker when he heard that the Heights had been captured by Sedgwick) were in position, and prepared vigorously to contest any further advance. Brooks on the left of the road, and Newton on the right, made several assaults. The fighting was very severe in the woods. The crest of the ridge was gained, and once it was thought it could be held ; but the enemy in superior numbers pressed on, and the ground and the church were left in their possession.

The contest did not last long, but nearly fifteen hundred men were lost in killed and wounded. That night the soldiers slept on their arms.

It was understood throughout the Sixth Corps that as soon as it was engaged with the enemy, Hooker would immediately attack in his front. All during the day the sound of Hooker's guns was earnestly listened for (no sound would have been more welcome), but nothing was heard either upon that or the day following. The axe and spade were used more than the guns. The feeling became widely prevalent that the Sixth Corps would be obliged to take care of itself. Hooker's failure became generally known, and it was thought that no help could be expected from him. Subsequent events proved the truth of the opinion. Hooker failed to assume the offensive; his energies seemed paralyzed.

Lee that night withdrew all his troops from the front of Hooker, with the exception of Jackson's late command, of about nineteen thousand men, and marched against Sedgwick. Still Hooker remained on the defensive. Works were thrown up by the Rebels along the Salem Church Ridge, and their right extended until Marye's Heights were again in their possession.

Sedgwick's position, as finally established, was in the shape of a horseshoe, both flanks resting on the river covering Banks' Ford. This line of battle was between

five and six miles in length. Attempts were made to communicate with Banks' Ford, to direct the laying of pontoon bridges; but for some time detached bodies of the enemy frustrated them. My late friend and companion, Colonel Farrar,—then on the staff of Sedgwick, and whom I there met for the first time while carrying a message of this character,—was captured, and taken to Richmond.

The 4th of May dragged along wearily; the day was hot, and Sedgwick's position was most critical. Skirmishing continued all day. Lee was in our front, in person, with a force a fourth larger than Sedgwick's, and an attack was momentarily expected. The greatest vigilance was exercised by Sedgwick and his command.

Hooker sent word to Sedgwick to look well to the safety of his corps, and to fall back either upon Fredericksburg or recross at Banks' Ford; he also added that he could not relieve him, as he (Hooker) was in a position in which he hoped to be attacked, and that Sedgwick was too far away for him to direct his operations.

At six o'clock, the enemy attacked our extreme left, to cut off the corps from Banks' Ford; but Howe maintained his position till nightfall, when the whole corps was successfully withdrawn to Banks' Ford, and the long suspense of the day was over.

As the skirmish line was being withdrawn, the enemy discovered the movement, and followed closely, yelling and firing; some of the scouts advanced almost to the bridges, and threw up several rockets to mark our position; when almost immediately the Rebel artillery opened, shelling both troops and bridges. During the night, the corps, by direction of Hooker, recrossed the river, and took position to meet the enemy should they—as at the time it was thought they would—cross to the north side to renew their attack, or attempt to destroy our depots of supplies.

Sedgwick gives the following figures as the result of

the operation of his corps : The losses, in killed, wounded, and captured, were 4,925. The corps captured five battle-flags and fifteen pieces of artillery, nine of which were brought off, the others falling into the hands of the enemy upon the subsequent reoccupation of Fredericksburg; fourteen hundred prisoners were also taken, including many officers of rank.

After listening to vain boasting and self-glorification, and witnessing incompetency, failure, and defeat, it is pleasant to turn to the modest demeanor and brilliant achievement of that true soldier, patriot, and gentleman, John Sedgwick.

But little remains to add of the further operations of the right wing. On the night of the 4th it was decided to recross the river, although in the council of war a majority of the corps commanders voted against the proposition. It was felt that no battle had been fought, and that it would be a disgrace to return. Hooker's word, however, was supreme, and the command was given ; the lines were again contracted, the flanks resting on the Rapidan and Rappahannock.

Owing to a violent storm, there was a marked rise in the river, and it was feared that the pontoon bridges would be swept away. Fortunately, however, no such disaster occurred ; and after the usual delays, confusion, and blockades incident to such a movement, the army went into camp in the woods on the north bank, no counter demonstrations having been made by the enemy.

THE FIRST GUN AT GETTYSBURG.

By JOHN L. BEVERIDGE.

[Read February 8, 1885.]

FOR four years, from Bull Run to Appomattox, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia confronted each other.

The great battles between these two armies were sequences of flank movements, resulting in disaster and retreat to the aggressive party,—except when the Army of the Potomac, under Grant, moved by the left flank, through the Wilderness, by Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Five Forks, to Appomattox, to receive the arms and battle-flags of the Army of Northern Virginia.

McClellan's movements to Yorktown, Lee's to Antietam, Burnside's to Fredericksburg, Hooker's to Chancellorsville, and Lee's to Gettysburg, were alike disastrous, resulting in bloody, indecisive battles, and retreat to the flanking party.

From December to June, 1863, the two armies watched each other from opposite banks of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. On June 1, the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Lee, numbered about 89,000 effective men, comprising 72,000 infantry, in three corps,—first, Longstreet's; second, Ewell's (Jackson's old corps); and third, A. P. Hill's; 5,000 artillery, with 268 guns; and 12,000 cavalry, in seven brigades, under General Stuart.

The Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Hooker, numbered about 105,000 effective men, comprising 84,000 infantry, in seven corps,—first, Reynolds's; second, Hancock's; third, Sickles's; fifth, Meade's (after-

ward Sykes's); sixth, Sedgwick's; eleventh, Howard's; and twelfth, Slocum's: 8,000 artillery, with 352 guns; and 13,000 cavalry, under General Pleasanton, in three divisions,—first, Buford's; second, Gregg's; and third, Kilpatrick's.

In the organization of the cavalry arm of the service, in the spring of 1863, the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, of which the writer was a field officer, was assigned to the right of the line,—the first regiment of the First Brigade of the First Division of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac,—a distinguished honor to the regiment and the State, merited by the gallant services of the one and the patriotic devotion of the other.

Lee, before commencing his second invasion, to conceal his movements and protect his right flank, stationed his cavalry in the open and comparatively level country in the triangle formed by the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers and the Blue Ridge Mountains. His line of march was back of the Wilderness, under the protection of the wooded hills along the two named rivers, through Culpeper, thence north under the cover of the foot-hills, crossing the mountains at Front Royal, and down Shenandoah Valley to the Potomac. No better route could have been selected to conceal the movements of his army.

On June 3, Longstreet broke camp, and arrived at Culpeper on the 7th; Ewell followed on the 4th and 5th, arriving at Culpeper on the 9th. In the mean time Hill deployed his corps along the entire line lately occupied by the Confederates, and made every demonstration to deceive our forces.

The movement of troops along the defences attracted Hooker's attention. On the morning of June 6, he crossed one division of Sedgwick's corps over the river below Fredericksburg, to feel of the enemy. The display of force provoked by this division inclined Sedgwick to believe that Lee's whole army was still behind its defences. Hooker, however, was suspicious; and on the

7th he ordered his cavalry up the river to make a reconnaissance in force toward Culpeper.

On June 9, Hooker's cavalry crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's and Beverly fords. Two severe engagements ensued, one at Brandy Station, and one at Beverly Ford. At the latter place, Pleasonton captured Stuart's headquarters and a despatch from Longstreet advising Stuart of the arrival of his corps at Culpeper. This despatch reaching Hooker on the 10th, he ordered Sickles's corps to occupy the left bank of the river, between Rappahannock Station and Beverly Ford; and the day following, he sent Reynolds's corps to Bealeton, and Howard's corps to Catlett's Station. Hooker supposed Ewell was still lying behind the Wilderness, when in fact he had left Culpeper on the 10th, and, crossing the Blue Ridge into the valley on the evening of the 13th, was in striking distance of Winchester, unknown to General Milroy, who occupied the town with seven thousand troops.

Thus Lee's army—Hill's corps at Fredericksburg, Longstreet's at Culpeper, thirty-five miles away, and Ewell's at Winchester, sixty-five miles farther north—occupied a line of a hundred miles. His enemy's ignorance was Lee's safety. So well had Lee concealed his movements, that Hooker had no positive knowledge of them, nor had the authorities at Washington any suspicion,—at least, they never intimated any danger to Milroy. On June 12, Hooker was advised of Ewell's corps passing through Springville, across the head-waters of the Rappahannock, on its route north. On the morning of the 13th, Hooker faced his army to the right about, with orders to concentrate at Fairfax and Manassas.

Hill, seeing Hooker's camp deserted, on the morning of the 13th started to join Longstreet at Culpeper.

On June 15, the Army of the Potomac was concentrated on the railroad between Manassas and Fairfax, with Pleasonton on the left flank watching Stuart. Lee,

with two corps, was at Culpeper, his cavalry on his right flank watching Pleasanton ; and Ewell, having captured Winchester and driven Milroy's broken forces back upon Harper's Ferry, was on the banks of the Potomac, opposite Williamsport.

Lee, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, advanced northward on the route of Ewell. His cavalry crossed the Rappahannock, with instructions to move along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, covering all the gaps in the mountains. This movement of his cavalry would protect his right flank, control the mountain gaps, and enable him to debouch his army, at any opportune moment, upon the eastern plain, threaten Washington, and attack Hooker in an unguarded hour. Hooker, with his cavalry on his left flank, also advanced northward, keeping pace with Lee, covering Washington, occupying favorable positions for battle, and keeping his several corps within easy supporting distances. Stuart and Pleasanton had several sharp and brilliant engagements ; but Northern valor prevailed, and drove Stuart's horsemen back through Ashby's Gap, to take shelter behind Hill's infantry ; and Pleasanton covered all the gaps down to the Potomac River, thus securing to the Union army peaceful possession of Loudoun County.

Ewell, on the south side of the Potomac, awaiting support, had crossed Rhodes's division on the 17th at Williamsport, and sent Jenkins's cavalry brigade forward as far as Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Longstreet having arrived at Winchester, Ewell on the 20th crossed Johnson's division at Sharpsburg, and on the 21st Early's division at Shepherdstown. With Rhodes's and Johnson's divisions he advanced on the 22d to Hagerstown, on the 23d to Greencastle, on the 24th to Chambersburg ; resting his command here one day, he resumed his march on the 26th, and on the 27th arrived at Carlisle. On June 28 he made preparations to advance and capture Harrisburg. Jenkins, with his cavalry and a field battery, moved for-

ward to the Susquehanna, and threw solid shot across the river into that city.

Early's division, after crossing the Potomac, kept to the right of Ewell's column, along the western base of South Mountain,—a necessary movement, in the absence of cavalry to protect Ewell's advance. Early marched his division to Cavetown, opposite Hagerstown; rounded the mountains to Waynesboro', opposite Greencastle; and then marched to Greenwood, opposite Chambersburg. On the 25th, while his division was resting at Greenwood, Early visited his corps commander at Chambersburg for consultation and orders. On the morning of the 26th he changed his line of march to the right, marched over the mountains, down the pike through Cashtown, and in the evening entered Gettysburg, where he rested for the night, having dislodged a force of a thousand militia. The next day he marched to Berlin. On June 26 he arrived at York, with orders to burn the bridge over the Susquehanna at Wrightsville. He conceived the bold idea, however, of seizing the bridge, crossing the river, and marching up the eastern bank to assist Ewell in the capture of Harrisburg. The Pennsylvania State troops guarding the bridge, fearing such a movement, fulfilled Lee's order by burning the bridge for Early.

On the 24th, Hill crossed the Potomac at Shepards-town, and on the 25th Longstreet crossed at Williams-port, and both corps followed rapidly in the line of Ewell's march. On June 28, Lee's headquarters was with these two corps, at Chambersburg.

On June 23, Hooker, advised of Ewell's advance to Hagerstown, at once despatched the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, under the command of Reynolds, to occupy the left bank of the Potomac and cover Washington. Reynolds stationed his three corps around Poolesville, Maryland. On June 25, Hooker, advised of Hill's crossing the Potomac at Shepardstown, ordered his entire army over the river, and Reynolds's command advanced

to Middletown, and took possession of the gaps in South Mountain. On June 26 Slocum's corps crossed, and moved up the river to Knoxville, three miles below Harper's Ferry, where General French was in command with twelve thousand troops. The Third and Fifth Corps crossed the same day, and the Sixth on the morning of the 27th; and these three corps proceeded to Frederick City. On June 28, Hooker's headquarters, with three corps, was at Frederick City; Slocum's at Knoxville; and Reynolds's, with three corps, at Middletown. Kilpatrick's division of cavalry covered the advance centre; Gregg's, the right rear; and Buford's Third Brigade (General Merritt's) was on its march to Mechanicstown, to guard the road leading through the gap to Cavetown and Hagerstown, while his First and Second Brigades were at Middletown, *en route* to cover the left flank of the Army of the Potomac.

Hooker's plan of campaign was to unite the troops at Harper's Ferry with the Twelfth Corps under command of Slocum, to cross them at Shepardstown into the Cumberland Valley, and at the same time to pass Reynolds's three corps over South Mountain into the valley at Boonesboro'; and with these combined forces — about fifty-five thousand strong — under the command of Reynolds, to strike Lee's communications, cut off his supply of ammunition, and drive him north to meet the forces organizing and advancing to defend Pennsylvania; while he, with the other portion of his army and the troops that could be spared from Baltimore and the defences of Washington — full ninety thousand in all, — would march north, on the east side of the mountains, at an opportune time and place attack Lee's right flank, and by the co-operation of all the forces, in front, flank, and rear, crush the Army of Northern Virginia and put an end to the Rebellion. He had gone so far with his plan as to order the war material at Harper's Ferry removed, and to telegraph to Washington for approval. For some

reason, his action and plan were not approved. It may have been the dislike of Hooker felt by Halleck,—a man whose prejudices surpassed his patriotism, and whose official egotism was superior to his military genius. It is unfortunate that wise plans are ever thwarted by human hate, and valuable lives are ever sacrificed to army jealousies. It may have been that the earnest importunities of the citizens of Baltimore and Philadelphia, calling for protection, withheld the President's approval, and determined a different line of action. Whatever may have been the reason, President Lincoln was induced to violate one of his oft-repeated maxims: "Never swap horses in the middle of the stream."

The Army of the Potomac, on the march, in presence of the enemy, expecting battle, changed commanders. General Joseph Hooker—"Fighting Joe"—gave place to General George G. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg.

On the evening of this day—June 28—Lee, whose objective point was Philadelphia, was first advised of the crossing of the Army of the Potomac into Maryland. He saw his danger. Fearing just what Hooker had planned, he determined at once to change his line of march to the right, to head his army for Baltimore, and, by menacing that city, to compel his adversary to withdraw from his rear and meet him in front, upon a battlefield of his own selection. For this purpose he despatched instructions, on the night of the 28th, to his lieutenants to concentrate all their forces, without delay, to the front at Gettysburg.

In the mean time, Stuart, with the larger part of his cavalry, was on his great raid around the Army of the Potomac,—a raid of no significance, and of great disadvantage to Lee. Advancing in a hostile country, where all were averse to advise him of Hooker's movements, and open to attack on all sides, Lee needed all his cavalry to gather information and to cover his front, flanks, and rear. There seemed to have been some misunderstanding between Stuart and his chief, which led to the embar-

rassment of both; and this embarrassment was increased by the ignorance of each other's movements and by the ever-changing position of the enemy.

Stuart started on his raid on the 25th, passed through Haymarket, to the rear of the Union army, through Centreville, Fairfax Station, in front of the defences of Washington, and arrived at Old Gainesville, on the Potomac, the 27th, shortly after Sedgwick's corps had left that place to cross the river above, at Edwards's Ferry. Supposing Hooker's army to be south of the Potomac, Stuart crossed the river, with the intention of passing in Hooker's front, moving along the eastern slope of the mountains, putting himself in communication with Lee, and then marching rapidly to join Early on the Susquehanna. On June 28, having captured a supply train, he was marching up through Maryland, by the way of Rockville, to find, to his astonishment, the Army of the Potomac on his left flank and in his advance. On June 29, he encountered Kilpatrick's division at Hanover. Being routed, he moved toward York to join Early. Finding Early had left, he pushed rapidly across the country to Carlisle, to join Ewell. Finding Ewell had left for Gettysburg, by a forced march he arrived at Gettysburg on July 2,—too late, and his men and horses too jaded and worn, to be of much service on that battlefield.

An old soldier can conceive with what delight the Confederates marched through the richest portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, occupying their thrifty towns, and levying contributions on farmers, manufacturers, and merchants; and one can hardly conceive the terror that seized the inhabitants along their line of march, and the consternation of the citizens of Baltimore, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia.

Friday night, June 26, the First and Second Brigades of Buford's cavalry division encamped near Leesburg, Virginia. The First Brigade, under command of Colonel

William Gamble, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, comprised the Eighth Illinois under my command, the Eighth New York, and detachments of the Twelfth Illinois and Third Indiana, with Calef's battery of six guns. The Second Brigade, under command of Colonel Thomas C. Devin, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, comprised the Fourth New York, Sixth New York, Ninth New York, Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and a detachment of the Third Virginia.

Saturday, June 27, we crossed the Potomac on pontoons at Edwards's Ferry,—near Ball's Bluff, where General Baker, of Oregon, formerly of Illinois, was killed in October, 1861,—marched northward across the Monocacy River, and encamped at the foot of the Catoctin Range of the Blue Ridge, a short distance above the Point of Rocks. We were in Maryland,—“My Maryland,”—yet on loyal soil.

Excepting a brief diversion into Maryland in the autumn of 1862, for twenty long and weary months we had been fighting, camping, marching, and counter-marching on the “sacred,” slave-accursed, and God-for-saken soil of Old Virginia. Desolation and death marked the track of both armies. The country that had been laid waste was now nearly deserted. The few remaining inhabitants gave no recognition of our presence. Hostile, sullen, and bitter, they regarded us as invaders of their soil, despoilers of their homes, slayers of their sons, and enemies to them and their sacred rights.

On Sunday, June 28, we mounted early, and, under a summer Sabbath morning sun, shining alike upon lands at peace and at war, upon kneeling worshippers and mounted troopers, rode up the eastern slope of the Catoctin Range. From the summit, a magnificent prospect met our view. What a glorious transition! It was like Moses and Aaron turning their back upon forty years of wandering in the wilderness, and ascending Mount Pisgah to catch a glimpse of the promised Canaan. It was coming from a land despoiled by war to a land

enriched by the arts of peace, from scenes of want and devastation to fields of fruitfulness and plenty. Above, the firmament was as bright as the glory of God. Beneath, with its groves, its streams, its homes, and its fields of grain of every tint, from deepest green to golden hue, smiled the valley,—the sleeping beauty of “My Maryland.”

Like returning warriors waving their victorious banners, we wended our way down the mountain-side and along the valley, amid peaceful homes and fields of ripening wheat. We marched through the village of Jefferson amid the cheers of church-goers, and before midday arrived at Middletown, where we dismounted.

Advice of the change of commanders reached us Sunday afternoon, while resting at Middletown. We mounted our horses and marched on, with hearts as brave and hands as ready to do battle under the new leadership as under the old.

Sunday night we encamped at the foot of South Mountain. On Monday, June 29, we passed through the gap, down the western slope to Boonsboro', turned north along the base of the mountain, through Cavetown and Smithsburg, recrossed the mountain at Monterey, and passed down the eastern slope to Fountaintdale, where we encamped. This day's march was the most delightful of all my army life. The day was perfect; the roads were good. We passed over the mountains twice, and had charming views. We marched through a rich, highly cultivated country, and by the homes of our own people. Everywhere they welcomed us; they cheered, shouted, sang, swung their hats, waved their handkerchiefs, and hung out the Stripes and Stars. The highways were lined with cherry-trees laden with ripened fruit,—to us, however, “forbidden fruit.” The order “not to break ranks” was imperative. Yet the boys, without breaking orders, did sometimes bend the line of march to receive from the hands of the kind people all manner of good gifts.

On Tuesday, June 30, our command marched early, on the direct route, by way of Fairfield, toward Gettysburg. The fog was very dense. On nearing Fairfield, the advance guard ran upon a detachment of the enemy. Shots were interchanged. Under orders not to bring on an engagement, and not caring to fight in a thick fog, Buford countermarched his division and took the road southeast to Emmittsburg.

Passing Reynolds's corps, encamped at Emmittsburg, on the afternoon of June 30, the First and Second brigades of Buford's division of cavalry, the Eighth Illinois in advance, marched up the road from Emmittsburg to Gettysburg. The First Brigade, — Gamble's, — turning to the left and to the west, moved out on the Chambersburg pike about half a mile, and went into camp on both sides of the pike, in the little valley west of Seminary Ridge. The Second Brigade — Devins's — encamped to the north and right of the First Brigade. About four hundred feet north of the pike, and running parallel thereto, was a railroad track, graded, with deep cuts through the ridges. In the rear was Seminary Ridge, covered with oak timber, extending north bearing west about one mile, and terminating in an elevation known as Oak Hill. Back of Seminary Ridge lay Gettysburg; back of Gettysburg, and to the south, rose Cemetery Hill, with its white marble slabs, marking the resting-places of its dead, gleaming and glistening in the sunlight. In the front, to the left, was McPherson's Woods, — a narrow strip of timber, running about a hundred rods down to Willoughby's Run, and skirting the borders of that stream to the south. To the north, south, and west, the country was open, stretching away in a succession of ridges, two miles westward to Marsh Creek.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon. The sunlight danced on the hill-tops and dallied with the foliage of the plain. The green landscape was dotted, here and there, with patches of grain, yellowing for the harvest. The

cattle were feeding lazily in the fields. Peace, and the prosperity that accompanies peace, reigned. All was quiet and still. There was no sound or sign of war, save the bugle-call, the trappings of the horses, the accoutrements of the men, and the guns of the artillery. Yet, knowing an armed foe — a brave, bold, daring, determined, desperate enemy — was in our front, a few miles to the west, every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise.

The Eighth New York sent a picket-force down through McPherson's Woods to the southwest. The Eighth Illinois sent a squadron out on the Chambersburg pike two miles, and picketed the ridge east of Marsh Creek, posting an advance picket on the pike at a blacksmith's shop near the bridge over Marsh Creek. The Twelfth Illinois and Third Indiana picketed the ridge to the right of the Eighth Illinois picket line. Devins's brigade picketed in our front, east of Willoughby's Run, and to the north.

The afternoon waned ; the sun sank below the western hills ; twilight came on apace ; the stars came out ; the moon shed her soft radiance over mountain and valley ; "taps" sounded. Thus picketed, thus bivouacked, beneath our own skies, on our own soil, with a sense of security and a feeling of homeness, thinking of loved ones, breathing praise and prayer to Him who had blessed us and our arms, we lay down upon the greensward, pillow-ing our heads on our saddles, to rest and to sleep,—little dreaming the morrow would usher in a battle, terrible and sanguinary, that would determine the destiny of the Republic and fix the fate of human liberty on the earth.

The morning dawned ; the sun rose in splendor over the eastern hills ; no cloud dimmed the sky ; no fog obscured the valley. "Reveille" sounded ; the camp was astir ; men prepared and partook of the morning meal ; horses were fed and groomed, arms cleaned and burnished.

Many troopers and officers had gone up to Gettysburg to see the people of that city. For eighteen months we

had camped, marched, countermarched, and fought in the enemy's country. Nowhere had friends welcomed us ; everywhere had foes confronted us. All Gettysburg, all loyal Pennsylvanians, were that morning our kith and kin. Once again we were among friends.

About eight o'clock, Captain Daniel W. Buck, in command of the Eighth Illinois picket squadron, sent word that the enemy was advancing in force in two columns. Finding no superior officer in camp, the major commanding the Eighth Illinois ordered another squadron to the front in support of the picket line, and sent orderlies up town to give the alarm. "Boots and saddles" was sounded, then "To horse," and the brigade stood ready to mount, when Buford and Gamble rode hastily into camp. The brigade mounted, and moved forward into line of battle along the ridge in our immediate front ; the Third Indiana on the right, north of the railroad cut ; the Twelfth Illinois between the cut and the pike ; Calef's battery, two guns north of the pike, two guns in the pike, and two guns south of the pike ; the Eighth Illinois to the left of the battery ; and the Eighth New York to the left and rear, under the cover of McPherson's Woods. Devins's brigade formed on our right and rear to the north. Thus formed in line of battle, we waited the approach of the enemy, ready to do and to die for our country.

In the early morn, our pickets on the ridge east of Marsh Creek had observed a cloud of dust rising at the foot of the mountains, over Cashtown, seven miles away. This cloud came nearer and nearer, as Heth's division of Hill's corps, six thousand strong, marched down the pike toward Gettysburg town. As the enemy in gray neared the stone bridge across Marsh Creek, an officer, riding at the head of his column, halted by the stone coping to allow his men to pass. Lieutenant Marcellus E. Jones, of Wheaton, Illinois, in command of the Eighth Illinois picket-line, standing in the pike, took the carbine of Sergeant Shafer, raised it to his shoulder, aimed at the

officer sitting on his horse, and fired "the first gun at Gettysburg."

Just over the fence from the Chambersburg pike, in a private dooryard, on the summit of the ridge, about seven hundred feet east of Marsh Creek, and three miles from Gettysburg, stands a simple stone, quarried and cut at Napierville, Illinois, five feet high, eighteen inches square at the base, and nine inches square at the top. On one face of the stone is inscribed, "First shot at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, 7.30 A. M.;" on another, "Fired by Captain M. E. Jones, with Sergeant Shafer's carbine, Co. E, Eighth Regiment Illinois Cavalry;" on the third, "Erected by Captain Jones, Lieutenant Riddler, and Sergeant Shafer;" and on the fourth, "Erected 1886." To indicate the spot where the first gun was fired at Gettysburg, these three veterans, actors and eyewitnesses of the events written in rock, nearly a quarter of a century after the events happened, purchased the ground and erected thereon their memorial. This stone, beyond the domain of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, far removed from the many monuments erected on Gettysburg field, stands alone, a solitary and silent witness, to tell the true story of the opening of the great and decisive battle of the war, on the morning of July 1, 1863.

Archer's Tennessee brigade crossed the bridge, deployed skirmishers south of the pike, and advanced. Davis's brigade crossed next, deployed skirmishers north of the pike, and advanced. Brockenbrough's and Pettigrew's brigades followed.

As soon as the skirmishers had deployed, firing began all along the skirmish line. Our pickets, returning the fire, fell back slowly upon the reserve; then, dismounting, they sent their horses to the rear, and, fighting on foot, bravely resisted and retarded the advance of the enemy.

When Buford formed his line, Calef's battery opened

fire, to encourage our boys and tell the advancing hosts that Union troops were prepared to resist any farther invasion of Northern soil. Presently, through a depression of the ridge to the northwest, a mile away, beyond Willoughby's Run, we saw Davis's Confederate brigade advancing in column. Upon the head of this column Calef trained his guns. Next, we saw in our immediate front the boys of the Eighth Illinois, with the led horses, coming over the ridge west of Willoughby's Run, about three-fourths of a mile away, then a line of smoke along and beyond the crest of the hill, then our pickets, then another line of smoke, then the enemy's skirmishers ; then twelve guns wheel into line, unlimber, and open fire ; and then Archer's brigade in line of battle, rising above the hill, marching up to and past the guns. The guns ceased firing till the brigade dropped below the range ; then they opened fire again.

The pickets and skirmishers were down near Willoughby's Run. Archer's brigade had advanced half-way down the hill-side. The moment was critical, — two guns to one, three men to one. We could easily fall back and elude pursuit ; but we were not there to retreat, nor was it our habit to retreat.

Reynolds's corps had encamped the night before on Marsh Creek, four miles south and west of Gettysburg. The corps was on the march, and, following the sound of our guns, was hastening to our relief. Looking to the left rear, we saw Wadsworth's division of the First Corps, led by Reynolds and Wadsworth in person, coming across the meadow on the double-quick. Cutler's brigade came into our rear, its right resting on the pike, and dropped to the ground for breath and protection. Wadsworth led two regiments across the pike to meet Davis's brigade, — the Twelfth Illinois and Third Indiana retiring toward Seminary Ridge.

The Iron Brigade — Meredith's — came up to our left, passed into McPherson's Woods, and, while advancing,

formed in line, the right in the edge of the timber, with the left swinging rapidly around toward Willoughby's Run. To uncover Cutler's front, the Eighth Illinois filed to the left, in rear of the Iron Brigade, and took position to the left and rear of the Eighth New York, near Seminary Ridge. Cutler, with three regiments and the Second Maine Battery, advanced to the ridge, and, without halting, moved rapidly forward through the open ground to the next ridge, on which stands McPherson's house, and opened fire.

In the mean time Archer's brigade had descended the hill, and was crossing Willoughby's Run. To escape Cutler's galling fire, the enemy moved quickly to the right into McPherson's Woods, where it unexpectedly encountered the Iron Brigade. With Meredith in his front and on his right flank, and Cutler on his left flank, after a desperate struggle and great loss on both sides, Archer and a thousand of his men surrendered as prisoners of war, and his broken and depleted lines were driven back across Willoughby's Run.

North of the pike, Davis charged fiercely upon Wadsworth before he had got his regiments into position, and forced him back. Reinforced by the Sixth Wisconsin, Twelfth Illinois, and Third Indiana, Wadsworth checked the onslaught, charged the enemy in his turn, captured a regiment coming down the railroad cut, and drove Davis's brigade back across the Run.

About ten o'clock, General Reynolds, cheering on his men, was killed in the edge of McPherson's Woods. A monument marks the spot where he fell. On his death, General Doubleday, who had arrived on the field in advance of his division, assumed command.

General Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, encamped the night of June 30 near Emmitsburg, on the march to Gettysburg. Hearing the guns, he hastened forward with his staff, and arriving on the field about eleven o'clock, after the enemy had been repulsed, assumed com-

mand. Doubleday took command of the First Corps, and, the entire corps having come up, he proceeded to reform the line. The Iron Brigade remained in the woods. Cutler retained his position across the pike and railroad cut. Biddle's brigade took position under the ridge south of McPherson's Woods. Doubleday's division was stationed to the north and rear, and Robinson's division was held in reserve.

Buford stationed the Twelfth Illinois and Third Indiana, dismounted, behind the fence and rocks on Seminary Ridge; one section of Calef's battery, supported by the Eighth New York Cavalry, at the southeast point of McPherson's Woods; and ordered the Eighth Illinois out to the southwest, on the Hagerstown road, to watch the enemy in that quarter. The Eighth Illinois occupied an orchard south of the road, near the timber, and sent a squadron through the timber into the open ground beyond.

About noon General Schurz came up with the Eleventh Corps. He ordered the Second (Steinwehr's) Division to occupy Cemetery Hill, and led the First and Third divisions through the town to the open country on the north, where he formed them in line, facing north, his right resting near the county poor-house.

On the morning of June 30, just as Ewell was starting for Harrisburg, he received Lee's orders to concentrate without delay at Gettysburg, and sent Johnson's division with his train down through the mountains to the Chambersburg pike, near Greenwood, and, with Rhodes's division, marched direct from Carlisle to Gettysburg. On the night of June 30, he encamped near Heidlersburgh, about twelve miles north of Gettysburg.

Early, receiving his orders later, started in hot haste from York, and by a forced and late march encamped that night about five miles northeast of Heidlersburgh and fifteen miles from Gettysburg.

On the morning of July 1, Ewell, hearing the sound of

battle, pushed forward, and about one o'clock announced his presence by opening his guns on Doubleday's right, from Oak Hill. The appearance of the enemy in that quarter necessitated a change in the Federal lines. Doubleday extended his line to the north, with the right refused. Schurz advanced his line, its right resting on Rock Creek, facing northwest, but unfortunately left an opening of a quarter of a mile between his left and Doubleday's right.

In the mean time Heth had re-formed his line, and Pendar's division of Hill's corps had arrived on the field. Rhodes's division of Ewell's corps — five brigades — had come up and formed in brigade column. About four o'clock Heth vigorously attacked Doubleday's centre. Ewell drove three brigades of Rhodes's division like a wedge into the opening between Schurz and Doubleday's lines. Barlow, in command of Schurz's right division, thinking he could swing his division around and strike Rhodes's column on the flank, gave the proper order and began the movement, when there happened one of those unexpected and inopportune things that turn the tide of battle. Early, coming down from the northeast, struck Barlow's right flank, doubled it up, and, Barlow wounded, his division gave way. The third division of the Eleventh Corps, in which was the Eighty-second Illinois Infantry, supporting Wheeler's battery, struggled desperately to hold its position against the combined attack of Early on its right and Rhodes on its left flank, but was finally compelled to fall back through the town to Cemetery Hill. The Eighty-second Infantry, covering the retreat of Wheeler's battery through the town, suffered severely from the fire of the enemy down the cross streets. Doubleday's right, after a desperate resistance, fell back; then his centre, and then his left; and withdrew through the town to Cemetery Hill.

About six o'clock, Colonel Gamble ordered the Eighth Illinois Cavalry to retire toward Cemetery Hill, making as

much show as possible. Recalling the squadron on picket to the west of the woods, without waiting its return, the officer in command moved the regiment into the open fields to the southeast, threw down the fences, and formed his regiment in column of squadrons.

About this time, Lane's brigade of Pendar's division, which had formed under cover of the woods skirting Willoughby's Run, emerged from the timber south of McPherson's Woods, in echelon from left to right, his last regiment coming out of the woods near the orchard by the Hagerstown Road, with the Eighth Illinois picket squadron hanging upon its flank. From our position we saw Doubleday's right falling back, then his centre, and then the Iron Brigade coming out from McPherson's Woods. Biddle's brigade, lying under the ridge, was watching the fight to the north, unconscious of Lane's advance, and unseen by Lane's brigade as it moved steadily forward. Noting Biddle's peril, the officer in command of the Eighth Illinois made a feint for his rescue. He ordered his regiment forward in column of squadrons, and increased its gait to a trot, as if to charge upon Lane's right. Lane's right regiment halted, changed front, and fired a volley; Biddle's brigade rose to its feet, advanced to the summit of the ridge, fired, and retired across the field toward Seminary Ridge. Lane's brigade reached the ridge and fired, when Biddle's brigade halted, faced about, fired, and then continued its retreat. The Twelfth Illinois and Third Indiana dismounted behind the fence and stone wall, covered the infantry, and the Eighth Illinois its left flank, on its withdrawal to Cemetery Hill.

Joined by Colonel Gamble and by the other regiments of the brigade, we crossed the Emmitsburg road and went into camp down on a branch of Rock Creek, covering the left flank of the army, and the infantry slept among the tombs on Cemetery Hill. Slocum's corps had come up, Hancock's was not far away, and we lay down

to sleep, with a sense of relief and a feeling of security. The battle of the morning was in our favor; the battle of the evening against us; the enemy occupied the town; we occupied Cemetery Hill, the key to the position. For one day we held the enemy in check, and gave time for the Army of the Potomac to concentrate at Gettysburg.

The day's work was done,—equalled only on the second day in heroism, and surpassed in carnage and death by the fierce struggle around Culp's Hill, up Cemetery Hill, at the Bloody Angle, in the Peach Orchard, through the Wheat Field, around the Loop, down through Devil's Den, along Death's Valley, and up and around Little Round-top; and on the third day, by Pickett's grand charge across the open fields upon the Union centre, in face of one hundred and fifty guns and fifty thousand muskets.

The battle was fought; the victory was won. The Nation lived. There on Gettysburg field the wave of the Rebellion culminated. A clump of trees, fenced in by an iron railing, marks the spot where Armistead fell, and where Cushing, disembowelled, fired his last shot,—where the tidal wave dashed against the ridges and rocks, broke, and receded, never more to rise again.

THE OPENING HOURS IN THE WILDERNESS IN 1864.

By SARTELL PRENTICE.

[Read January 10, 1889.]

IT is a happy characteristic of humanity that the gift of memory, which carries forward into the present the incidents of the past, always mellows the trials of the past, and thereby emphasizes its pleasures.

A trip abroad, or an extended journey, is always more enjoyable in retrospect than in immediate passing, because with the passage of time, the discomforts which at the moment overbalanced enjoyments have been softened and partially forgotten, and, by their forgetting, the pleasurable incidents and surprises have taken larger place, and consequently have given tone and color to our recollections.

In like manner, to us old soldiers, the four and twenty years that have almost passed since we pushed our sabres home into restful scabbards have toned and colored our recollections of the war ; have dwarfed its trials and exalted its glories ; have minimized its sufferings and multiplied its pleasures. They have caused us to forget the fatigues of march and combat that were exhausting at the time ; but all the more distinct in our memories, by reason of such forgettings, stand out in the soft glory of Southern sun certain days when, after march and battle, with thrill of victory yet upon us, we rested, and with those around us who had been proven strong and brave, and some of them grand in the quick tests of emergency, we talked not much, but in thought we lived over and over again the days just passed, and with every nerve and instinct of our being we enjoyed the present memories of marches past and fighting done.

We have to-day almost forgotten the sweltering heat of a sun that seemed remorseless, beneath which, often with set teeth and sullen step, we trudged long marches ; and the dust that almost smothered us, and that, hanging in the air above and about the marching column, for mile after mile marked its course ; and the thirst that made our very footsteps thirsty ; and the nights on picket, when sleep claimed us for its own, and could not have us, because duty and danger forced our eyelids to stay open, and our wits to keep alert. We have almost forgotten these ; but we have not forgotten how sweeter and more refreshing than any nectar was the thirst-sweetened water of campaigning days.

We remember to-day almost with envy the sturdy appetite that made palatable and enjoyable even salt pork and hard-tack ; the soundness and readiness with which we slept during the scant and broken hours when sleep was granted ; and the vigor, high spirits, and virile health which the out-door life and manly doing of campaigning days gave to us. We remember but dimly to-day the benumbing feeling and gripping heartache with which, with *zip* and *thud* of bullet ringing in our ears, and whistle and song of shot and explosion of shell about us, we saw friend after friend struck down, and our lines melting away as if by sorcery. But we remember, not dimly, the exultant energy with which our cheers responded to Rebel yells, and the thrill with which a "charge home" was made ; ay, and we remember, as of a yesterday, the watchfulness and controlled energy with which the low-voiced "Steady ! steady ! steady, men !" ever recurred in moment of battle, like a refrain let loose by the contact of forces.

Yes, war is a curse, and its incidents are tragedies ; and yet, how has the kindly gift of memory softened to us the one, and mellowed the others, until we old soldiers can meet and talk of war days almost as our grandsires talked of the "good old days" when they were young !

The opening hours of a new campaign! Who of us can forget them? Or the sober thoughts of home and of dear ones, that pillow'd us during the early hours of the night preceding a new campaign,—thoughts of the separation from all we loved this new campaign might bring to us; of the sorrow and suffering it might bring to them. And then out of the depths would come the hope, born of experience, that this new campaign, like the old campaigns, might do to us no vital wrong; and thence, hope rising, would come the thought that perhaps—ah, perhaps—this new campaign might bring success, and a quick ending to the war; and perhaps would win for us a prized distinction; and then, with stirring thoughts of the coming morrow, how easily we sought and won the needed rest!

The morning of May 5, 1864, found the Army of the Potomac once more across the Rapidan River, in the Wilderness, and headed southward.

The winter had been exceptionally healthful; the strength of the army had been renewed by the return of thousands of those wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and by the addition of many new recruits; and in health, in spirits, and in discipline, the Army of the Potomac had been never in better form for strong and stubborn work. Inured by constant service through three long years' campaigning,—in battles oft, and fightings many,—it formed a body of trained soldiery whose power and readiness to do were limited only by the measure of mortal endurance and the ability of commanders to direct. Like a great machine of tried and tempered, well-adjusted parts, it was ready to be moved as one man willed, with the certainty of clock-work and the steadiness and force of veteran discipline.

Well for it, and well for us, was it that its parts were so truly tempered and so well adjusted; for ere yet that 5th of May should close, would be begun a battle, the like of which has no place in history, and the record of

which can be never told : a battle in a jungle, where trees and vines, hollows and hillocks, are so thickly placed that passage through is almost barred, and power of vision restricted to a "company's" front. Here can be no generalship, no supporting of columns, no touching of lines, but each battalion must depend upon and care for itself.

In "The Wilderness," from the very characteristics of the ground, a battle must be what the battle of Shiloh by chance was,—a succession of separate and undirected, unsupporting contests of regiment with regiment; a battle in which Nature multiplied the strength of defence, and made vantage of numbers of no avail.

And what was this "Wilderness," whose physical characteristics played so important a part in the Virginia campaign of 1864?

"The Wilderness," once a garden-spot in favored Virginia,—one of its most fertile, productive, and choice of highly cultivated and valued sections, as land was cultivated and valued a hundred and fifty years ago, and later mined and worked for gold and silver,—had been in process of time exhausted, both as to soil and mines, and finally abandoned.

In natural course, Nature had picked up this exhausted and abandoned land, and planted it with lavish hand to a growth, that in time became immense, of tree and vine. And at this time, in 1864, when man again wished to occupy, and temporarily to possess, the land which a hundred years ago man had used and thrown away, Nature's obstacles hindered and hurt the invading thousands in such way as history tells no like of in all its hundreds of years of memory.

Marked on its north and east by the Rappidan and Rappahannock rivers, and reaching south almost to Spottsylvania, and west to Mine Run, it covered a tract about twenty miles by twelve; but its densest part, its heart of hearts, was about eight by six miles, with the Wilderness Tavern for its centre.



The early morning of Thursday, May 5, 1864, found the Army of the Potomac, one hundred and one thousand strong, in the Wilderness and under marching orders. The cavalry under Sheridan had already, in the early night, moved with two divisions some fifteen miles to the southeast, to Hamilton's Crossing, south of Fredericksburg, on a search for Stuart and his cavalry; and the remaining one division about the same distance to the southwest, to and beyond Shady Grove Church. The Fifth Corps, under Warren, was under orders to move from Old Wilderness Tavern, on the Orange Court-House Turnpike, by a wood-road, across to Parker's Store, on the Orange Court-House Plank-Road, and thence to extend its right toward the Sixth Corps at Old Wilderness Tavern; the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, to move from near Germanna Ford to Old Wilderness Tavern, and thence connect with the Fifth Corps on its left; and the Second Corps, under Hancock, from Chancellorsville (a name, by the way, notable for the battle of Chancellorsville there fought under General Hooker just one year before, which was lost because of its near vicinage to, and the entanglements of, the Wilderness), about six miles east of Old Wilderness Tavern, was to move to Shady Grove Church, and thence to extend its right towards the Fifth Corps at Parker's Store.

Lee's whereabouts were unknown. It was known, however, that at noon of the day before, May 4th, he had been still in his winter intrenchments on the Rapidan, near Mine Run, with an army of between sixty thousand and seventy thousand men, and was then still facing the encampments we had so lately left. He was supposed to be now either advancing to meet us (which was considered not probable), or he was hurrying toward Richmond, so as to place himself between our advance and the Confederate capital.

That Grant and Meade expected Lee, finding his flank turned and our army getting in between him and his

Capital, would adopt this latter course, and supposed him now to be pushing past our front and toward Richmond, I think is clearly indicated by the early bivouacking of the army in the very heart of the Wilderness, and by its quiet resting from early noon of Wednesday, May 4, when a three hours' further march by the Fifth Corps, and a five hours' further march by the Second and Sixth Corps, would have easily placed the army almost beyond the Wilderness, and on ground that was comparatively open, — on ground where a battle might have been begun that would not have been an accident, and where preponderance in numbers and in weight of artillery could have been utilized, and where such preponderance would have counterbalanced Lee's defensive advantages of position.

Again, the "Orders of March" for Thursday, May 5, indicate the same disbelief in Lee's hastening to meet us in the Wilderness. The sending of the cavalry away from our front and immediate flank, and off some fifteen miles to the southeast and southwest; the moving of the Second Corps upon a route every step of which led further away from supporting distance; and, finally, the actual movements on Thursday, May 5, after the presence of a Rebel force in front of the Fifth Corps was known, coupled with these prior indications, — make conclusive, I think, the evidence that a battle in the Wilderness was not expected and not prepared for (Badeau to the contrary, notwithstanding); that when the "Battle of the Wilderness," was forced on us, on the afternoon of May 5, it was a surprise, and one which the gallantry of our troops alone prevented from being a ruinous surprise.

It had been doubtless expected that the "Orders of March" for Thursday, May 5, would carry the army beyond the dense Wilderness, before Lee (who in the preceding November, in the so-called "Mine Run Campaign," had moved with exceeding deliberation and caution, and had taken twenty-four and thirty hours to reach points on the Orange Court-House Pike and Plank

Roads which now his advance reached in less than twelve hours), if he was actually advancing to meet us in the Wilderness, could approach our front; and on the other hand, if Lee were heading toward Richmond, as was thought to be more probable, it would enable us to intercept him, and to force him to an early battle, in which our vantage of numbers and superiority in artillery and cavalry would enable us to crush him.

As a matter of fact, Lee was near at hand. He had followed the rule of doing that which his adversary did not expect or wish; and with a boldness, a wisdom, and skill notably his own, he had, between noon and night of Wednesday, May 4, pushed his advance toward us—on the Orange Court-House Turnpike under Ewell, and on the Orange Court-House Plank Road under Hill—with such energy that Ewell's advance halted for the night at Locust Grove (Robertson's Tavern), only five miles west of Old Wilderness Tavern; while Hill's advance rested at Verdierville, seven miles from Parker's Store.

On Thursday morning, May 5, Ewell made an early start; and about six o'clock his advance (Johnson's division, less one brigade sent off to Spottswood on the Germanna Road), went into the woods on the north of the Turnpike Road, about two miles from the "Old Wilderness Tavern." His orders being to await Hill's coming up on the Plank Road (and to avoid, if possible, any general engagement until Longstreet, with the remainder of Lee's army, could be in support), Ewell simply rested in the woods upon the side of the road. About two hours later (eight o'clock), Hill's advance appeared at Parker's Store; and by ten o'clock he had one division in position across the Plank Road near Parker's Store.

Ewell's Second Division joined him about eleven o'clock,—as did also the brigade that had been sent toward Spottswood on the Germanna Road,—and took position behind his first; and his Third Division came up about two o'clock, during the lull that followed our first

attack. Hill's Second Division joined him on the Plank Road also about two o'clock.

The position of the enemy, then, on Thursday, May 5, was as follows: At six o'clock in the morning there was one division in front of Warren on the Orange Court-House Turnpike Road; at nine o'clock there was also one division on the Plank Road, near Parker's Store; at about eleven o'clock a second division, and about two o'clock, a third division joined Ewell on the Turnpike Road; and about the same hour (two o'clock), a second division joined the one previously in position on the Plank Road under Hill,—thus placing, at two o'clock, all of Ewell's corps and most of Hill's corps in Warren's front. More than two-thirds of Lee's entire force had assembled in our front and without our knowledge.

And now, as regards the movements of our troops preceding and at the opening of the Battle of the Wilderness, I must admit myself to be embarrassed by a varied wealth of descriptions, no one of which tallies with, or has helped to refresh, my recollections of May 5, 1864. So far as I can unravel a tangled skein, they combine and describe as parts of a united and well-planned whole, occurrences that were separated from each other by hours of time, and had no connection in plan or in execution.

There is in Washington no Official Report (but only a brief "Journal," that is little more than an "itinerary"), by General Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, or by either General Griffin or General Ayres, of the Battle of the Wilderness; and by Ayres' brigade of Griffin's division of Warren's corps, it was, as my recollection tells me, that the Battle of the Wilderness was opened; and by those officers the full facts were known, and by them should be of record.

It is a startling commentary upon the meaning and truthfulness of history, that a battle involving one hundred and sixty thousand fighting men, continuing (under several names, but all located in the Wilderness), with

scarcely lapse or rest for eight successive battling days, and involving aggregate losses of over fifty thousand men, should have no official, full, and authentic telling.

To the officers and men of the Fifth and Sixth Army Corps, of whose part in the Wilderness Campaign no official report is of record in Washington,—who bore their part gallantly and well through a succession of daily battlings, from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, from May 5 to June 3, through difficulties and labors and losses such as no advancing army was ever before called upon to meet and suffer, and through it all kept soldierly heart and ready courage,—to those officers and men a wrong has been done that cannot be expressed. For them, in coming years, no descendants can point to a page in history telling of that campaign, that does them justice, and is their due; for the so-called “history” that has been written, of the battles in the Wilderness, is fanciful,—is written with an after-thought, and credits those commanding at the cost of those commanded.

A certain measure of excuse exists for the absence of full and accurate reports of the battles in the Wilderness, and of those immediately following, in that during the first days and weeks of the campaign, and, indeed, until two months had passed and the army had settled in front of Petersburg, no official report could be made; the fighting was so constant and severe, the changes of position so well filled up the intervals in fighting for each brigade and corps, and the succession of regimental commanders was so continuous, and of brigade and division commanders so great, that when time offered, making possible the collecting of data for official reports, there were few present who knew ought of the battles in the early days of the campaign.

To speak of that I know, I may say that in my own brigade, in the Fifth Corps, not one of its regimental commanders who entered the Wilderness as such (and I think none of those second in command) reached Petersburg

with the army ; and in my regiment but one of sixteen officers who were with it on May 5, in the Wilderness, was left when Petersburg was reached. And what was true in my own brigade and regiment, I have no reason to believe was very different in other brigades and regiments of the Fifth Corps.

But during later months, these data for official reports were obtainable,—as shown by the fact that the full, detailed, and official reports of the Second Corps, of the Ninth Corps, of the Eighteenth Corps, and of the cavalry, the artillery, of the engineers, and of the hospital service, of the Army of the Potomac, during that Wilderness campaign, are of record in Washington,—and consequently the absence of the official reports of those officers who knew most of the moments and movements upon which the whole campaign was *pivoted* is worthy of note.

I have said that the descriptions published did not tally with or help to refresh my recollections of the movements of our troops preceding and opening the Battle of the Wilderness. Let us look at these descriptions for a moment, and see if their very lack of agreement with each other and their discrepancies do not indicate their imaginative character and little worth as “history.”

General Grant, in his Report of the Operations of the several Armies of the United States, dated Washington, July 22, 1865, says of the Wilderness :—

“Early on the 5th, the advance corps (the Fifth, Major-General G. K. Warren commanding) met and engaged the enemy outside his intrenchments near Mine Run.¹ The battle raged furiously all day, the whole army being brought into the fight as fast as the corps could be got upon the field.”

In his “Memoirs,” Grant varies his statement, and says :—

¹ Mine Run intrenchments, by the way, were some twenty miles distant from the Wilderness battlefield.

"At six o'clock, before reaching Parker's Store (on the Plank Road), Warren discovered the enemy. He sent word back, and was ordered to halt, and prepare to meet and attack him. Wright, with his division of Sedgwick's corps (Sixth), was ordered, by any road he could find, to join on to Warren's right; and Getty with his division, also of Sedgwick's corps, was ordered to move rapidly by Warren's rear and get on his left. This was the speediest way to reinforce Warren, who was confronting the enemy on both the Orange Plank and Turnpike Roads. . . . About nine o'clock Warren was ready, and attacked with favorable, though not decisive, results."

Thus, according to Grant's Report, *the whole army was engaged from early morning*, and the battle raged all day; while, according to his "Memoirs," *only the Fifth Corps and two divisions of the Sixth Corps were engaged*, and the fight began *at nine A. M.*

Badeau, in his Life of Grant, agrees generally, and in places textually, with Grant, though he makes noon, instead of nine A. M., the hour of the attack, and two divisions of the Fifth Corps, instead of the entire Fifth Corps with two divisions of the Sixth Corps, the attacking force. Of the forenoon, Badeau says picturesquely:

"Only the occasional spluttering of musketry betrayed the neighborhood of an enemy. At last the heavy boom of artillery was heard in front, then the sharp rattle of continuous infantry firing, and by noon Warren was engaged. . . . He attacked vigorously with Griffin's and Wadsworth's divisions," etc. (Badeau: Two divisions of Fifth Corps. Twelve M.)

General Humphrey, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, in his "Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865" (Scribner Series), says:—

"The enemy was discovered about seven o'clock on the Turnpike Road, and about eight o'clock on the Plank Road," and fixes the attack as by "Griffin's division," "about noon." (General Humphrey: One division Fifth Corps. About noon.)

The "Army and Navy Journal" (issue of May 14) says :—

"The enemy was discovered on both the Plank and the Turnpike Roads, and an attack was made about noon by Griffin's division." (One division Fifth Corps. About noon.)

Swinton, in his "History of the Army of the Potomac," and also in his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," says :—

"The enemy was discovered, early on the 5th, near Parker's Store (on the Plank Road), and attacked about noon on the Turnpike Road by Griffin's division." (Swinton: One division Fifth Corps. About noon.)

"Harper's Pictorial History of the War" says the enemy was discovered on the Turnpike Road, and attacked at an early hour "by Griffin's division." ("Harper's": One division Fifth Corps. Early hour.)

From these differing accounts we gather certain general facts as admitted,—namely, that the enemy was discovered in our front early on Thursday morning, May 5, and that he was attacked by troops under the general command of Warren; but whether by the entire Fifth Corps (supported by the entire army, or supported by two divisions of the Sixth Corps), at nine o'clock in the morning, as Grant states, or by two divisions, or by one division, of the Fifth Corps, supported or unsupported, about noon, as is variously stated by Humphrey, Badeau, Swinton, and the others, is not made clear; while my recollection is clear that the attack was made neither by an entire corps, nor even by an entire division, but was made by a single brigade, and not until after one o'clock in the afternoon. The attack should have been made in force (as Grant later recognized, and as in his Report and in his "Memoirs" he claimed it was made). Had it been so made, thousands of lives would have been saved, and the

campaign, and doubtless the war, would have been greatly shortened. Lacking an attack in force, the larger the force the better, and the smaller the attacking force the more unfortunate and the more murderous the results.

Certain other facts as to May 5 are established by the unanimous agreement of the different accounts; namely, that Hancock's Second Corps moved early on that morning from Chancellorsville toward Shady Grove Church, in accordance with previous "marching orders;" that about nine o'clock, when its advance was two miles beyond Todd's Tavern, and the corps was that much farther from the Wilderness Tavern than it had been in the early morning, Hancock received word from Meade that a body of the enemy had appeared in Warren's front, and he was directed to halt his corps and await further orders; and that for two hours or more Hancock lay near Todd's Tavern before being recalled. All accounts agree, too, in saying that no cavalry had been out in front of the Fifth Corps on the Turnpike Road since early on the 4th, or beyond Parker's Store on the Plank Road after five o'clock on the morning of the 5th; and also all accounts agree in the fact that the enemy were discovered on the Turnpike Road, and shortly after on the Plank Road, only when close at hand, and in the heart of the Wilderness.

The meaning of these admitted facts is, I think, clearly the same as that indicated by the "Order of March" for the 4th and 5th; namely, that the appearance of Lee in force in our front in the Wilderness was not expected, and was a surprise; and further, that it was a surprise so great as not to be credited, until the weight of Lee's reply to our attack enforced its truth.

And now let me recall, as best I can after more than twenty-four years have passed, the events which came under my observation, and I think immediately preceded and opened the Battle of the Wilderness, on Thursday, May 5, 1864.

On the night of May 4, I was on picket, and, with the detail from the Regular Brigade of Griffin's division, held that portion of the division picket-line which rested its left on the Turnpike Road,—the remainder of the division picket being to our right. I remember (indistinctly now, happily) the difficulty with which the picket line was established, the labor with which progress was made through the snarled and tangled mazes of root, tree, and vine, and the long time it took to place the line.

The night and early morning were quiet, and without disturbance of any kind ; and about half past five o'clock a staff officer brought out the welcome order to call in the picket. The field officer of the division picket was sitting with me at the time, and immediately started off for the main picket reserve, in order to have the volunteer portion of the picket called in.

About ten or fifteen minutes after he had gone off to the right, and while I was awaiting the return of that portion of the picket in our front, a staff officer came dashing up from the Turnpike, and hurriedly asked for the field officer of the picket ; and then, instead of following him, asked if I was in command of that reserve, and requested me to bring my men at once down to the Turnpike, stating that several general officers, whose names he mentioned but have been forgotten by me (excepting that neither was the name of either of the officers directly in command of us), were on the road a little way down, and that he had been sent to bring the nearest picket reserve he could find ; and he added that the enemy were appearing in our front.

In a very few moments we were across the field and on the Turnpike Road, down which we moved at double-quick. After proceeding perhaps one-fourth or one-third of a mile, we saw standing together, on the left of the road, a group of six or eight officers, among whom were several general officers. Who they were I do not know ; but one, who I believe was General Bartlett, commanding

a brigade in Griffin's division, came forward and spoke to me as we halted, said that it was just learned that a body of the enemy was in the wood at the side of the Turnpike, a little way in advance, and requested me to form a picket-line in the woods at our right, in a position which he would send a staff officer to point out, until such dispositions could be made as would indicate their character and drive them out.

If the placing of the picket line the night before had been difficult, the jungle through which we now had to struggle was almost impassable. The undergrowth was rank and heavy ; the trees, averaging three to five inches in diameter, and reaching up from twenty-five to forty feet, grew abundantly,—in places so thickly that a man must turn sideways to pass between them, and in other places standing eighteen inches or two feet apart ; and these trees, thus thickly massed, were often still further bound together by long creeping vines not larger than one's finger, and running their winding length, at varying heights, through thirty, fifty, or more feet of length.

How far into the jungle we went, I cannot say, but I presume some two hundred yards, before beginning to establish the picket-line. At length the picket-line was established,—the men ten feet apart, and not more than five of them well in view from any spot.

In our front was a rise in the ground, and just beyond it, and perhaps one hundred feet away, was the edge of a clearing,—the east edge of the open field upon the further side of which was massed the enemy ; a field upon whose cleared space some fifteen hundred men of Ayres' brigade were to rest that afternoon.

The morning was still, scarce a sound was heard, as the hours passed, that was not native to the woods ; not a sound of hostile encounter, no “ spluttering of musketry ” such as Badeau dreamed, or noise of “furious struggle through all the day,” as Grant reports. Indeed, in that dismal Wilderness, in which a bird had scarce heart to

peep, there was, through all that forenoon, something oppressive in the dim light and the strange quiet.

About ten o'clock a staff officer came out and said that General Warren and others believed there was nothing in our front but dismounted cavalry, that had been left there to delay our advance, and that two regiments were to march out onto the open field, fire one or two volleys, and then march back ; that it was expected the enemy would follow them, and if they did, the picket were to move forward onto the field, and form a skirmish line in rear of the retiring regiments.

About half an hour later we heard the two regiments marching onto the open field in our front ; we heard the orders as they halted, formed in line, and fired ; the two sharp volleys, and then a defiant three cheers and a "tiger;" and then we heard them marching back, like the King of France's army, "down the hill." But from the enemy we heard no sound ; the insult of the two little volleys and the challenge of the cheers passed unnoticed by them, and the regiments returned unmolested.

About half-past twelve o'clock another staff officer appeared ; he said an attack was about to be made upon the enemy in our front, and directed the picket-line to swing on its centre, so as to face north instead of west, and to rest its left upon the edge of the open field, thus making its line parallel with the Turnpike Road.

While moving, in order to establish the new picket-line, we met several of the regiments of Ayres' brigade, Griffin's division, moving by the flank, in echelon, toward the open field, for the coming attack ; and I remember wondering at the measure of steadiness and order with which their columns moved through such obstructions.

After establishing the new picket-line, I passed along its length and to its left, resting upon the rise of ground just by the edge of the open field. As I stepped forward into the clearing, I found just in front, in line of battle, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, it being on the

left of the brigade line. The officers and men all along the line were eager and enthusiastic, and evidently anticipated, without thought of dread, the first fight of the campaign.

The cleared field on which the battle opened, and which was repeatedly fought over during the remainder of the 5th and on the 6th, was about one thousand yards across from east to west, and about eight hundred yards wide between the Turnpike Road and the woods opposite. In front of Ayres' brigade, as it awaited the advance, the ground descended gently for perhaps one-third of the way across, and thence was about level, into the woods on the further side.

Finally, the order to advance is given, and Ayres' brigade — the strongest in numbers in the Fifth Corps, and one of the best disciplined in the army — moves quietly, steadily forward, at common time, and down the slope. The line is not quite exact as they first start, but by the time they reach the level ground and quicken the step, so much of the line as is in sight (for the right of the brigade was in the woods, and out of sight) was as accurate, and the movements as exact, as on parade. As they reached the centre of the open field, a line of fire began in their front, but nearly a brigade's length to their left, and swept along the edge of the wood, from where the wood touched the Turnpike, to and past the brigade front, slowly, beautifully in its machine-like regularity, file-firing, — past the brigade front, and lost itself, out of sight, and by sound way off, in the woods to its right.

By this fire very little, if any, damage was done, — the firing being too high, and many bullets passing over my head as I stood on the hill from which the brigade had started. After this volley, the brigade struck a double-quick and pushed on, the alignment continuing straight and true.

As the sound of the firing ceased in the wood on the

right, and the advance had three-quarters passed over the field, again that sheet of fire began upon the left, and with clock-work regularity file-firing moved slowly along the wood's edge and past the brigade front, and again lost itself in the distance, in the woods at the right; and this time the men fell, all along the front, in ones and twos. Again, just as the line, on the run, is about to enter the wood, begins that terrible clock-work fire on the left; and how grim and severe it seems now, in its slow, sure movement, and awful in its effect! The men fall in groups of eight and ten, and leave great gaps in the line, that, with a cheer and rush, tries to close up as it moves, and dashes into the wood and out of sight. And now, in the Wilderness's dark depths, the maddened skeleton of a gallant brigade dashes upon a line behind light breast-works, breaks through, and forces it back, and against a second, and in places through it, only to find a third line in position; and, as they fight hand to hand, the overlapping flanks of the two Rebel divisions in position swing round to gather in the remnant of the one brigade that had been sent to face an army.

It was all over in ten minutes; and Ayres' brigade of Griffin's division, that had moved forward thirty-seven hundred strong, counted barely two thousand men.

Bartlett's brigade of Griffin's division advanced on the left of the Turnpike about the same time that Ayres' brigade advanced on its right; but it did not advance at the same time,—its line did not connect, and it was under entirely separate and independent control. The two brigades did not advance as parts of one movement, or under one direction, supporting and depending on each other, but as two separate and disconnected bodies. Bartlett's brigade found nothing in its front but a strong skirmish line, and pushed on unchecked entirely past the flank of the massed divisions that were in our front, until it met Ewell's Third Division just coming up, and then it in turn met heavy loss, and was driven back by stress of numbers.

Bartlett's advance, while nearly the same in time of its commencement, gave no diversion or support to Ayres' charge; and the fact remains that the first attack made upon the enemy, and that which opened the battle of the Wilderness, was made by Ayres' brigade of Griffin's division, alone and unsupported, against two divisions of Ewell's corps.

The character of the force in our front was at length made clear beyond possibility of doubt. Following the return of Ayres' brigade, and the repulse by the Second Brigade of the Rebel attack that followed Ayres' First Brigade back, there was a lull for an hour or more, broken only by the "spluttering of musketry," which, as Badeau says, "betrayed the neighborhood of an enemy."

During this time, there was a hurried gathering and (because of locality) disconnected placing of troops; and messenger after messenger was sent with urgent calls for Hancock and Sedgwick with their corps to press forward with all haste.

By three o'clock the fight was on, and the rattle and crash of musketry was continuous, and on all sides; and from that hour until after dark it grew and deepened and extended. Neither plan, or direction, or support was possible; where nothing could be seen a hundred feet away, and movement only here and there could be unhindered, a colonel could not know of the whereabouts of all his regiment, and a general had no standing. It was a wild and disconnected battling of regiment with regiment, of company with company, without plan, or purpose, or knowledge of result.

Is it not clear that a battle in the Wilderness was not expected, was not prepared for?—that Grant and his army were surprised in the very heart of the Wilderness, where Nature's obstacles were more to be dreaded than mortal foes?

It is easy, with the wisdom given by aftersight, to criticise; and yet, realizing this, it still seems strange that,

knowing the Wilderness, and knowing Lee and Lee's army, *facile princeps* among the generals and armies of the Confederacy, it seems strange that Grant should have dared to be surprised by Lee in the Wilderness,—to have permitted it to be possible that he could be surprised just there.

And what was the effect upon the army and upon the campaign of this surprise in the jungle heart of the Wilderness?

Upon the army: that confusion, worse than that at Chancellorsville, and annihilation were averted only by eight days of incessant and dogged fighting, such as cannot be told; that final escape from the smothering Wilderness was purchased only at a cost of more than one-third of the army; and that when eight days were done, and passage through the Wilderness was accomplished, the army was left but the wreck—in numbers, in physical strength, and in morale—of that which eight days before had crossed the Rapidan.

Upon the campaign: the effect of that surprise was to render long and spiritless a campaign that should have been, and but for it might, have been,—as the Army of the Potomac had heart and will and strength to make it,—short, and full of fire and dash; to so weaken our army in its first eight days of fighting as led to losses aggregating two-thirds of its strength before six weeks had passed, or Cold Harbor been left behind; and to push off the war's end by half a year, with all thereby meant of untold suffering and loss.

THE DEFENCE OF WASHINGTON AGAINST EARLY'S ATTACK IN JULY, 1864

By MARTIN D. HARDIN.

[Read January 7, 1885]

AT the time General Early's troops appeared before Washington, in July, 1864, the defences of that city were about as complete as the engineers of our army were able to make them. If properly manned, it is highly improbable that they could have been carried by any force which could have been brought against them. In other words, those defences, if completely manned, could have been taken only by regular siege. They were within the military department of Washington, which was commanded by General C. C. Augur. They can best be understood by reference to the map as given herewith.

That part of the defences which was south of the Potomac was under the command of General G. A. De Russy. It is given only in outline, since it was not threatened by Early's army. However, some force had to be left in it to prevent a surprise by Mosby's command and other irregulars, who were operating on that front. I will give here the names and character of the principal forts and batteries in the line of defences *north* of the Potomac,—this being the part of the general defences of Washington directly threatened by Early's force.

Commencing on the left, near the river, they were: Fort Sumner, a large enclosed work; it stood out advanced from the main line, was very strong, situated on high ground; it covered the river road. There was no apprehension of losing it, except by the surprise of its defenders. Next in order, to the right came Forts Mansfield and Simmons,—small enclosed works; then Fort Bayard,

an enclosed work somewhat advanced from the main line. Then Fort Reno, a very large enclosed work; it was on high ground, and overlooked the country northwestwardly for several miles, westwardly to the Potomac, and north-easterly to the woods about one mile distant. It covered the Tennallytown and Rockville Turnpike,—the principal road leading from Washington toward the country through which Early made his approach. To the right of Fort Reno were Fort Kearny and batteries Rossell, Smead, and Terrill, covering the ground between Forts Reno and De Russy. The country along this part of the line was hilly and broken. It had been heavily timbered; this had been cut down, but there had grown up amongst the stumps much underbrush and briars. The next fort in order to the right was De Russy. The ground in front and on both sides of it was rough and hilly. The dense woods of this region had been felled, leaving stumps of the usual height when trees are cut down. These stumps afforded good shelter for sharpshooters, who from behind them did, on this occasion, greatly annoy the gunners in the adjacent fort and batteries. Fort De Russy was a small but very strong enclosed work, with good *chevaux de frise* and much slashed timber in its front. It covered several roads which led up Rock Creek from Washington and branched into the adjacent country. To the right and rear of Fort De Russy were a number of open batteries, designed to protect the military road which crosses Rock Creek at this point, and to strengthen this, the weakest part of the line. Rock Creek was fordable at the time of Early's appearance, but its banks were heavily wooded both inside and outside of the line of fortifications. The timber had been cleared only along the line and for about one mile in front of it.

Next to the right was Fort Stevens, a large enclosed work, situated on high ground; it overlooked the country to the north two or three miles, and to the woods to the northwest and northeast, one to two miles distant. It covered

the Seventh Street Turnpike, which leads from Washington to Silver Spring (Governor Blair's home). (A branch pike connects Silver Spring with Rockville.) The Tennallytown and Seventh Street turnpikes join at Rockville, and thence lead to Frederick, Maryland. Fort Stevens had a very commanding position. In case of a defence against a regular attack on this front, it would have played an important part. It became best known from its being the headquarters of all our troops on this part of the defences, and as designating an important part of the line which the enemy made some effort to carry, namely, that part lying between Forts Reno and Stevens.

To the right of Fort Stevens came Fort Slocum, a very large enclosed work, its guns overlooking the right front of Fort Stevens. Then Fort Totten: this fort had a very commanding position, and its guns took some part in the defence.

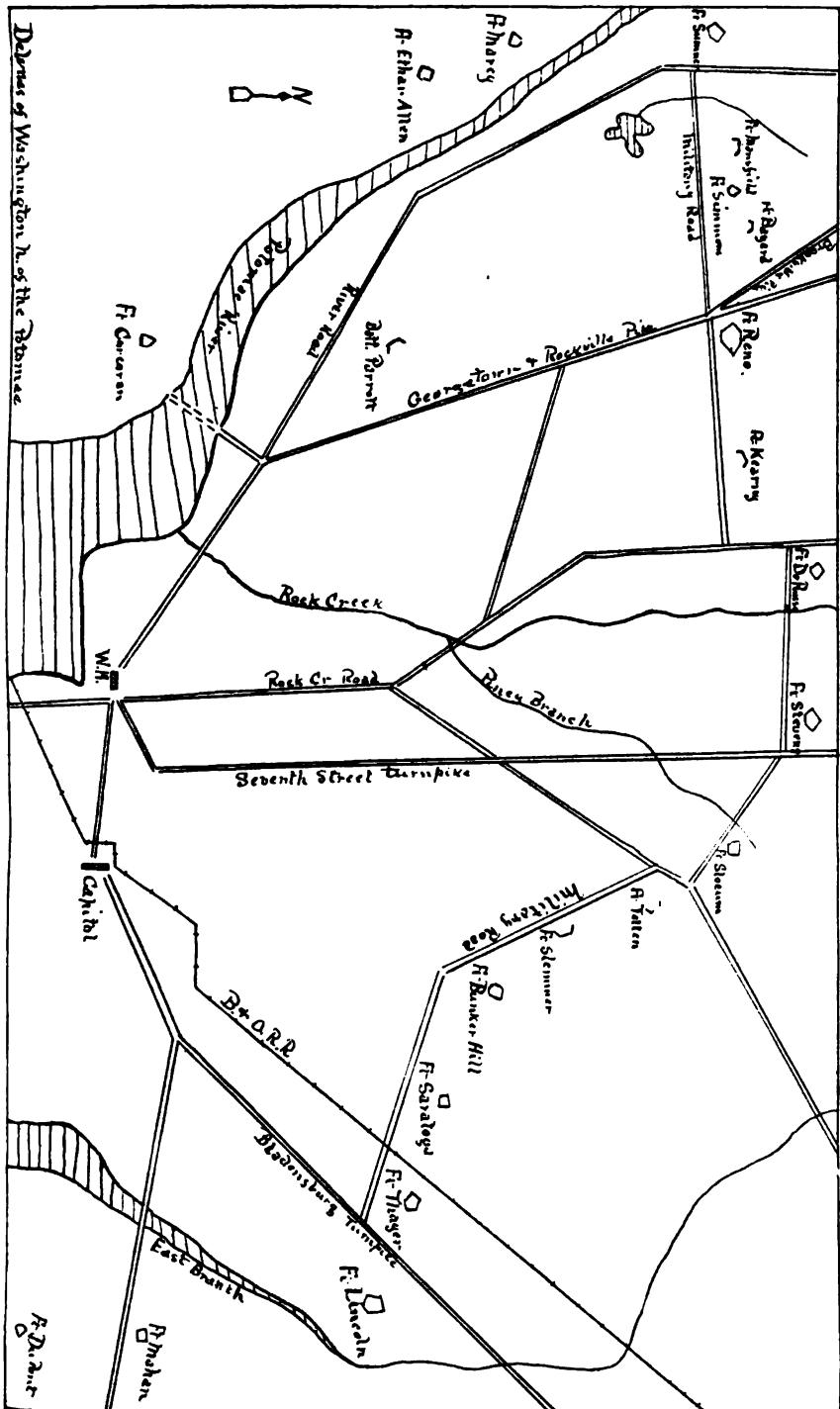
We will pass the numerous forts and batteries until we come to Fort Lincoln. This was a large enclosed work, having a very commanding position; it covered the Bladensburg Turnpike, which passes to the left of it, and the rough wooded country along the East Branch on its right. It will be seen, by examining the map, that a long interval occurs here, between Fort Lincoln and Fort Mahan. The Anacostia Creek, usually called the "East Branch," fills this interval. Fort Mahan was a small enclosed work, almost surrounded by brush and a young growth of oak-trees; it was more liable to be surprised than any fort on the line. It covered the upper bridge over East Branch.

The other forts along the East Branch do not particularly interest us; but we should remember that it was necessary to guard all of these forts against surprise, as each one of them commanded the Navy Yard, the Capitol, and the city of Washington generally. Forts Greble and Foote also commanded the river. Rifle-pits extended along the greater part of the whole line. *Chevaux de frise* were arranged in front of all the forts and batteries

between the Potomac on the north and the East Branch at Fort Lincoln.

General Early's army approached Washington from the battle-field of "Monocacy." That battle-field is on the Washington side of the Monocacy River, about eight miles from Frederick, Maryland, and about thirty-five from Fort Stevens. The army marched along the Washington and Frederick turnpikes to Rockville, leaving Breckenridge's corps between Rockville and Leesburg; the main body moved east to the Seventh Street turnpike, Early making his headquarters at Silver Spring, about two and a half miles from Fort Stevens. This fort (Stevens) is five and a quarter miles from the capital. Rockville is about seven miles from Fort Reno. Tennallytown is just in rear of Fort Reno. The Brookville Turnpike branches to the left from the Tennallytown and Rockville pike at Tennallytown. Rockville and Silver Springs are shown near the top of the map. Giesborough Point, where the cavalry depot (called Camp Stoneman) was situated, is on the Potomac near Fort Greble.

Sunday, July 10, 1864, the troops garrisoning the defences of Washington, designated as the Twenty-second Army Corps, commanded by General Augur, were: first, Hardin's division, distributed throughout the line north of the Potomac, and composed as follows: First Brigade, — Colonel J. M. Warner, of 1st Vermont Artillery, commanding. The line of defences from the Potomac near Fort Sumner to Rock Creek near Fort De Russy: the One Hundred and Fifty-first regiment of Ohio National Guards (one hundred days' men) about seven hundred and fifty muskets, Colonel Marble commanding regiment; two companies of light Volunteer Artillery, about one hundred and fifty men, and two companies of United States Artillery, about one hundred men. Second Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Haskin, United States Artillery, commanding. The line of defences from Rock Creek near Fort Stevens to Anacostia Creek near Fort Lincoln: One Hundred and



Fiftieth and One Hundred and Seventieth regiments of Ohio National Guards (one hundred days' men), about eleven hundred muskets, and two companies of Volunteer Heavy Artillery, about one hundred and fifty men. Third Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Oberteuffer commanding. The line from Anacostia Creek near Fort Mahan to the Potomac near Fort Greble, composed of twelve companies of Volunteer Heavy Artillery, about fourteen hundred men. Fort Foote, an independent command, attached to and garrisoned by Hardin's division, Major Barton commanding; the garrison composed of three companies of Volunteer Heavy Artillery, about two hundred and fifty men. This division, which garrisoned the line from the Potomac near Fort Sumner to Fort Foote, consisted of about eighteen hundred infantry (one hundred days' men), eighteen hundred artillery men, and sixty cavalry men, — the latter for messenger duty.

South of the Potomac, the defences were garrisoned by De Russy's division. The troops of this division were distributed throughout that line of defences. They consisted of One Hundred and Thirty-sixth, One Hundred and Forty-fifth, One Hundred and Forty-seventh, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth, One Hundred and Sixty-sixth, and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth regiments of Ohio National Guards (one hundred days' men); six companies of Volunteer Heavy Artillery; and fifty cavalry men for messenger duty; about four thousand infantry (one hundred days' men), eighteen hundred artillery, and fifty cavalry. In addition to the above-mentioned two divisions, there were the following troops in General Augur's command: A brigade of infantry and cavalry, consisting of two regiments of District of Columbia Volunteers, and parts of four regiments of cavalry (Second Massachusetts, Eighth Illinois, Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York), about six hundred muskets and eight hundred troopers, stationed near Armandale, Virginia; also a detachment of cavalry, organized July 9th, at the cav-

alry depot near Giesborough, — about five hundred troopers, representing nearly every regiment of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

The only troops in reserve were, nine regiments of Veteran Reserves and one battalion of Heavy Artillery, — about four thousand muskets, — all on provost duty or guarding public property throughout the District of Columbia; five batteries of light artillery in Camp of Instruction, — six hundred and twenty-seven men; and six to eight hundred cavalry men, some mounted, in the cavalry depot at Giesborough.

The following is taken from "Barnard's Defences of Washington." General Barnard was chief of engineers of the Army of the Potomac under General Grant; but, I regret to say, he is doubtless better known abroad than in his own country. He had the principal charge of the construction of the defences of Washington. He was most ably assisted therein by Colonel Alexander, of the Corps of Engineers, who succeeded him in charge, and was in charge of the works at the time of Early's appearance in front of them.

Barnard says: —

"The defences of Washington consisted of sixty-eight enclosed forts and batteries, having an average perimeter of twenty-two thousand eight hundred yards (thirteen miles), and emplacements for eleven hundred and twenty guns, eight hundred and seven of which and ninety-eight mortars were actually mounted; of ninety-three unarmed batteries for field guns, having four hundred and one emplacements; and thirty-five thousand yards (twenty miles) of rifle trenches, and three block-houses. The perimeter thus occupied is about thirty-seven miles."

Fort Foote was not included in the above, although it was attached to and garrisoned by Hardin's division.

General Barnard further says: —

"When Early marched on Washington in 1864 the defences had been stripped of the disciplined and instructed artillery

regiments (numbering about eighteen thousand men) which had constituted their garrison, and their places supplied by newly raised one hundred days' regiments (Ohio National Guards), insufficient in numbers and quite uninstructed. Nine thousand six hundred men, mostly perfectly raw troops, constituted the garrison of the defences. . . . As few of the individual works, even though without the range of probable attack, could be left with a much *less* quota of men than the above, it follows, that the lines could have offered no resistance other than artillery fire to the passage of hostile columns, and that the forts themselves were insufficiently manned for resisting assault."

He further says :—

" In the effort to overwhelm Lee and supply the immense losses which ensued, General Grant had drawn to the Army of the Potomac every available organization of troops, including all the experienced and highly efficient artillery regiments which had constituted the garrison of the defences ; the result being that, in June and July, 1864, the Capital presented a tempting object of attack."

General Early, in his book, "The Last Year of the War," says :—

" After dark, June 12th, 1864, I received written instructions from General Lee to move to the Valley of Virginia, to strike Hunter's force in the rear, and, if possible, destroy it ; then to move down the valley, cross the Potomac near Leesburg in Loudoun County, or at or above Harper's Ferry, as I might find most practicable, and threaten Washington."

He further says that he was informed that a plan had been arranged for the release of their prisoners confined at Point Lookout,—about ten thousand men,—his cavalry being required near that point to enable the plan to be successful.

On July 10, the only force which we had available to meet the first shock of Early's advance was a squadron of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and a detachment of remounts from the cavalry depot, under the command of Major Fry, of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, near

Rockville, and the slender garrison of the First Brigade, extended along the line of fortifications nearly six miles. Advancing toward this feeble force was the veteran army of General Early, flushed with their great success of the day before at the Monocacy,—an army composed of the very flower of the great Army of Northern Virginia, which had resisted so stubbornly General Grant's persistent march on Richmond. There were present Rodes's, Ramseur's, and Gordon's divisions, forming Ewell's distinguished corps of infantry, and Breckinridge's corps of infantry,—altogether twelve to fifteen thousand muskets; Vaughn's brigade of dismounted cavalry,—fifteen hundred men; Imboden's, Johnson's, Jackson's, and McCausland's brigades of cavalry, five to six thousand sabres and carbines; and fifty guns, manned by one thousand skilled artillerymen. This was the same army that soon afterward contested the Valley of Virginia against our Sixth, Eighth, Nineteenth, and Cavalry Corps, under the gallant Sheridan. The lowest Confederate estimate made it thirteen thousand six hundred, our best estimate making it twenty-two thousand five hundred strong.

At this late day one trembles at the thought of the position in which our little force was placed, and the responsibility which devolved upon it. I thank the God of battles that He was *not* on this occasion, "on the side of the heaviest battalions," and that a "Stonewall Jackson" was not in command of the splendid army that threatened us.

When it was learned that General Grant had moved south of the James River without destroying Lee's army, the authorities in Washington began to feel uneasy for the safety of that city. When they heard that General Lee had sent an army corps from his army to reinforce the enemy in the Valley of Virginia, and, soon after, that the enemy under Early had driven Hunter beyond the mountains and cut off his communications with Harper's Ferry, they became alarmed, and began to call on General

Grant to send troops from his army to check Early's progress. One hundred days' men were hurried to Washington and Baltimore; all men able to do light duty were looked up in the hospitals; the Veteran Reserve regiments were concentrated in Washington and Baltimore; and a small field force was thus improvised. This was made somewhat efficient by the opportune arrival at Baltimore of Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, sent from the Army of the Potomac, July 5th. This field force, under General Wallace, was directed "to move out to Frederick, Maryland, to watch the fords, and to endeavor to check Early, or delay him until reinforcements could be received from the Army of the Potomac." It was expected that Wallace would, if defeated, retreat in the direction of Washington, so that the remnant of his army could be used to strengthen the garrison of that city.

When, on the morning of the 10th, the authorities in Washington heard that Wallace had not only been defeated, but that he had retreated in the direction of Baltimore, and had left the roads to Washington clear for Early, they became, to put it mildly, somewhat alarmed. When this alarming news was received, no portion of the Sixth Corps was in sight or in easy reach of Washington. In fact, the two divisions of that corps which afterward arrived, under General Wright, did not receive their orders to leave the Army of the Potomac until July 9th, the day the battle of Monocacy was fought. These divisions of the Sixth Corps had to march from their camps to the river landings, had to be embarked, to be moved by steamboats to Washington (two hundred and fifty miles), there disembarked, and then marched six to eight miles to the line of defences of that city; whilst Early, starting about the same time, had but thirty to thirty-five miles to march, on turnpike roads, to reach the same point.

It is not surprising, when one considers the case, that a steamer should have been prepared to carry away the President and valuable records.

Whilst inspecting the line east of Anacostia Creek, late in the afternoon of July 10th, the writer (who had been assigned to command of the defences north of the Potomac, July 8th) received information of Wallace's defeat. Recognizing at once the critical position of his first brigade line, he rode hastily to General Augur's headquarters (then at corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth and a Half Street), where he learned that Major Fry, with his cavalry, had encountered the enemy's cavalry near Rockville, and that our cavalry was retreating rapidly toward Fort Reno, where it was expected it would make a stand. I was informed that Colonel J. M. Warner (a gallant and skilful artillery officer, then on sick leave from a severe wound received lately in Grant's advance, who was somewhat acquainted with the line near Fort Reno) had been sent to that fort to relieve Colonel Marble, of a one hundred day regiment, in command of my first brigade.

I was directed to proceed to Tennallytown, and take special charge of that part of the line. I was told that General Alexander McD. McCook would be sent to Piney Branch Creek, in rear of Fort Stevens, where a reserve camp was being formed, that the whole threatened line could be reinforced from there, and that General McCook would have general charge of the defence.

As it was believed that the first point of danger would be my First Brigade line near Fort Reno, it was agreed that one regiment of the District of Columbia Volunteers and Colonel Giles's brigade of Veteran Reserves should be sent out as soon as possible to that point, whence they could be distributed to the best advantage. In order to know where the supposed Reserve Camp would be, so that I could communicate promptly with General McCook, I rode around by the position which the Reserve Camp was to occupy. I was unable to see any troops, but encountered General McCook, accompanied by several aids and a few orderlies. He was rather disgusted at finding no troops

at the Reserve Camp. He said he knew nothing about my First Brigade line (General McCook never saw the defences until the afternoon of July 10, when he was assigned to the defence of them). He thought I had best hasten to Fort Reno, and act entirely upon my own responsibility.

Leaving the camp on Piney Branch Creek about 11 P. M., I arrived at Fort Reno near midnight. I found that our cavalry had been driven into the infantry picket line, about a mile and a half in front of the fort on the Rockville Turnpike. Colonel Warner had directed the cavalry to dismount and reinforce the infantry picket, which consisted at this point of about fifty (one hundred days') men; this reinforced line withstood the attacks of the Rebel cavalry until daylight. The pickets on the Brookville pike were also strengthened. Some of our retreating cavalry had passed through Tennallytown, carrying very alarming stories. These, and all the cavalrymen who had not stopped at the infantry picket line (about three hundred), were placed in the rifle-pits on either side of the Rockville pike. We thought we could probably hold the Rockville and Brookville roads against the enemy's cavalry until morning, but were uneasy about the roads to the right, which led from the position the enemy occupied toward Forts Kearny and De Russy, and those to the left, which led toward Forts Simmons and Mansfield. Staff officers were sent along the line toward the right and left, with instructions to get a few men from these forts and post them on all the roads leading toward the enemy's position. Thus a sort of picket or vidette line was established in front of the whole brigade line.

About one o'clock A. M., July 11, the first of the regiments of Giles's brigade of Veteran Reserves began to arrive. These troops were moved as quickly as possible to Fort Kearny, Batteries Rossell and Tirrell, and Fort De Russy. They were instructed to take position in the

rifle-pits near these works, and to throw out pickets to strengthen those already out. Two companies were brought from the batteries in rear of Fort Sumner to strengthen the garrisons in Forts Simmons, Mansfield, and Bayard. A regiment of the District of Columbia Volunteers, which arrived just before daylight, was sent to the rifle-pits near Fort Bayard.

These dispositions of the small force at hand had scarcely been made, that short summer night, when dawn appeared, and with it came the rattle of musketry on the picket-line. The enemy's cavalry having reached our front before dark on the 10th, we had good reason to suppose his infantry would be up in ample time to make an attack at early daylight of the 11th. The above disposition of our forces left long intervals in the picket-line, spaces between the roads, miles of the rifle-pits unoccupied, and the forts themselves insufficiently garrisoned to repel assault.

At daylight of the 11th, Colonel Lowell, with four companies of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry and four companies of Eighth Illinois Cavalry, having reported for duty, was sent out on the Rockville road. He drove the enemy's advance back upon their main force, when he was in turn forced back to our picket-line on the Rockville road, where he dismounted his men and held the Rebels in check. The enemy, under McCausland, finding he could not break our skirmish-line on the Rockville road, moved in force to his right, and, bringing up a battery of artillery, succeeded in driving our picket-line, which guarded the fronts of Forts Bayard, Simmons, and Mansfield, back on those forts. The heavy guns in those forts and in Fort Reno opened fire upon McCausland's artillery, and in a few minutes blew up a caisson, and so injured the battery that it was hastily withdrawn. We strengthened our picket-line in front of Fort Bayard, and reinstated it in its former position, about one mile in front of the fort.

The enemy then, between nine and eleven A. M., transferred his efforts to the front of Forts Kearny and De Russy and the ground between them. His infantry made its first appearance about this time, moving in force from the Rockville road toward the Seventh Street Turnpike. The First Brigade received, in the afternoon of the 11th, a valuable reinforcement in the form of a battalion of convalescents, about six hundred strong, many of them artillerymen. These, as well as the Veteran Reserves, were mostly wounded men, some of whom were brought to the line in wagons. The convalescent artillerymen were placed in charge of the guns at Forts Kearny and De Russy, and the batteries between them. We were thus enabled to strengthen our picket-line, which now became a skirmish-line, with the whole of Giles's brigade.

The enemy's infantry having relieved their cavalry on their skirmish-line, the firing now became hot and continuous along the whole front from Fort Kearny to Rock Creek. The guns in Fort De Russy sustained our skirmishers by sending shells against every solid formation of the enemy. Finding this front so stubbornly held on the picket-line, the enemy's skirmishers moved across Rock Creek, and endeavored to take our line in reverse by capturing the batteries along that stream. Noticing this danger, Colonel Giles (who was at Fort De Russy) assumed the responsibility of extending his line across that stream into Colonel Haskin's command,—into that part of his line which General McCook had assumed special charge of.

In the mean time, General McCook found himself in the early morning of the 11th back of the line of defences on Piney Branch Creek, where he could neither see nor learn anything; and the Second District of Columbia Volunteers, the Ninth Regiment Veteran Reserve, and Gibbs and Bradley's batteries, having reported to him, he moved up with this force to the line of defences near Fort Stevens. Soon after arriving there (6.30 A. M.), he sent

out pickets on the Seventh Street Road, and a company of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry near Silver Spring, to watch the enemy. About eleven A. M., hearing firing on his left and receiving information that the enemy was making an effort to take the line along Rock Creek, he placed the greater part of his force in the line of rifle-pits between Rock Creek and Fort Stevens, and threw out a small picket force to cover this front; but he had not sufficient troops at his command to form a complete skirmish-line from Rock Creek to the Seventh Street pike, the line threatened by the enemy. The force at his command when the enemy's infantry appeared in his front consisted, besides that above mentioned, of a part of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment (Ohio National Guards) one hundred days' men, a battalion of cavalry remounts, and two hundred and fifty Quartermaster's employees.

As dilatory as the enemy had been in moving his infantry, he reached the ground between Rock Creek and Seventh Street pike before there was any adequate force to check him. The enemy's skirmishers drove General McCook's light picket-line back to the rifle-pits on either side of Fort Stevens. The guns of Fort Stevens opened a rapid fire upon every solid formation of the enemy, but of course could not check a skirmish-line.

Having forced our pickets back to the line of intrenchments the enemy's efforts ceased. It was a fatal pause. Those were anxious moments for us. Whilst the enemy's skirmishers rested and the Rebel commander reconnoitred, the tried veterans of the Army of the Potomac were hastening their debarkation and making a forced march to the threatened front of Fort Stevens. About half-past one P. M., the first troops, some dismounted cavalry from the Army of the Potomac, arrived. At General McCook's request, this force, under Major Briggs, deployed as skirmishers on the left of Fort Stevens, and moved forward in a manner that informed Early's veterans that their old

opponents were on hand to renew the contest on new ground.

During the afternoon of the 11th, the front near Fort Stevens was reinforced by the arrival of about nine hundred men from the Sixth Corps, who were put on the skirmish-line,—a brigade of convalescents, and a brigade of Quartermaster's employees under General Rucker, altogether about six thousand men. The enemy appearing to be moving to the right, these reinforcements, except those from the Sixth Corps, were directed by General McCook to take position in the rifle-pits near Fort Slocum.

The only cavalry that we had to watch the enemy's movements along the line from Rock Creek around to the Potomac south of Washington was two companies of the Eighth Illinois, two squadrons of the Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York, and a detachment from Remount Camp,—altogether about a thousand men. The enemy was exceedingly strong in cavalry, his great preponderance in this arm enabling him to cover all the movements of his infantry. In consequence of this, during the whole night of the 11th, although there was quite a respectable force as regards numbers within the defences, there was great anxiety in regard to the enemy's intentions.

Just before daylight of the 12th, Colonel Lowell, commanding the cavalry in front of Fort Reno, suggested a bold operation with his little cavalry force, by which he hoped to develop the enemy's plans on the First Brigade front, and at the same time make him believe the garrisons there were strong enough to hold their front against an assault. At this time, several miles of the rifle-pits on this front were unoccupied, and there were no reserves nearer than Fort Stevens. In accordance with his plan, which he was directed to carry out, Colonel Lowell, with two squadrons of his regiment, moved up the river road before daylight, reaching the wooded country unobserved. He came in on the right of the enemy unexpectedly, and

attacked him with great vigor. At a preconcerted signal, Lieutenant-Colonel Crowninshield, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, with two squadrons of his regiment, advanced from the infantry picket-line on the Rockville Road and attacked the enemy in front. The combined attack was most successful; the enemy's cavalry, which held this road, was driven back in great confusion more than a mile. The result of this bold and successful operation was to relieve the anxiety of the defenders of this part of the line.

During the morning of the 12th the entire two divisions of the Sixth Corps and part of the Nineteenth Corps marched up to the rear of Fort Stevens, when all danger of the capture by assault of the defences near that fort was at an end. There was still, however, some anxiety regarding those east of East Branch.

From the night of the 10th until the morning of the 13th, the writer's position was a peculiar one. Although he was the commanding officer of a division which garrisoned a line of fortifications extending eighteen miles or more, he had been ordered to remain upon and take special charge of a limited portion of that line, upon the extreme left of it. The commanding officers of the Second and Third Brigades, and the commander of Fort Foote, had not been relieved from his command. During all this time, these commanding officers were sending to know where they could get reinforcements, what they should do under various circumstances, etc., etc. He felt no obligation for the safety of the part of the line which General McCook had taken charge of,—that near Fort Stevens,—but did for that east of East Branch, and for Fort Foote.

On the 11th, it was reported that the enemy's cavalry had crossed the Washington and Baltimore Railroad, and that it would probably try to release the Rebel prisoners at Point Lookout. Therefore great anxiety was felt for the safety of Fort Mahan, which covered one of the

bridges over East Branch, and for that of Fort Foote, which was feebly garrisoned, and unable to sustain an assault. Fort Foote, from its isolated position and important character, would be the post first attacked, in case the Rebel prisoners should be released.

The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Third Brigade was directed to place as strong pickets as he could spare from the garrisons, on all the roads leading by or near Fort Mahan, and to caution all officers and men of his command to specially guard against surprise. At his request, a small cavalry force was obtained to picket the front of Fort Mahan.

The officers and men who garrisoned the Third Brigade and Fort Foote were the best material that it was ever his good fortune to command. They were men who had voluntarily enlisted in 1864. They were as intelligent as any class of men in our country, and as obedient as they were intelligent. As the whole country in front of these forts swarmed with Rebel sympathizers, and some of the enemy's cavalry came almost in sight of them, we were fortunate in having such a class of troops in those works, which commanded the Capitol, the Navy Yard, and the whole City of Washington. (I might say here that the one hundred days' men conducted themselves bravely, and very intelligently, considering the short time they had been under instruction.)

As there were numerous Rebel sympathizers in Washington, orders were issued, Sunday night (10th), to the division to stop every citizen who attempted to pass from the city toward the surrounding country. We feared these persons would notify the enemy of the weakness of the garrisons. Regarding the Rock Creek roads, and those leading up the Potomac, as the ones which such persons would probably take, a few men were sent back of the line on these roads to turn back all citizens. These orders were given in apt time; a number of suspicious characters were arrested on the Rock Creek roads, whilst

many persons were turned back on the River and East Branch roads. General Early, in excusing himself for not assaulting the defences of Washington when he appeared before them, says : " If the enemy's line was as weak as it has since been reported, why did not some of our [Early's] friends come through and inform us ? " The answer is given above.

Matters remained quiet in front of Forts De Russy and Stevens, where the enemy's main force was stationed throughout the 12th until six P. M., except that the batteries in these forts, and those of Forts Slocum and Totten, sustained our skirmishers by firing at every collection of the enemy which could be seen in reach of their guns ; and excepting also that a desultory picket-fire was kept up all the way from the Rockville Turnpike to the Bladensburg Turnpike, near Fort Lincoln. About six P. M., General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, at the request of General McCook, ordered General Wheaton to send a brigade of his division of that corps to advance and drive back the enemy's line of skirmishers, who held a position to the right of the Seventh Street Road, about twelve hundred yards in front of Fort Stevens, this line greatly annoying the gunners in that fort, and wounding or killing every man who exposed himself on the intrenchments on either side of the work. General Wheaton deployed his brigade in line of battle in front of Fort Stevens, the left resting on the Seventh Street Pike, and threw out a strong skirmish-line to cover the whole brigade front. Our troops moved forward rapidly. The enemy resisted the advance with determination, and did not yield his position until the whole of our brigade was engaged, and many officers and men had been killed and wounded on both sides.

Night closed the contest on this front. The rising sun of July 13 found Early's camps deserted. And thus ended, most happily for us, what at one time threatened to be a great misfortune to the Union cause.

The losses in the garrison were twelve killed and sixty-one wounded; in the Sixth Corps, about two hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The enemy left two hundred prisoners in our hands, and seventy badly wounded at Silver Springs.

Much has been said and written to belittle the danger to which the capital was exposed. Some of the persons who were chiefly responsible for its safety, in their reports intimated that the city was never in any serious danger of capture, and endeavored to make it appear that the Sixth Corps arrived sooner than it did. Officers and men who came to the rescue from the Army of the Potomac,—being ignorant of the critical state of affairs before their arrival,—whilst marching from the steamboat landing to the rear of Fort Stevens, passed through General McCook's heterogeneous command of armed quartermaster's employees, convalescents, dismounted cavalry, and badly mounted and worse equipped remounts; they saw much to provoke a smile, and naturally got off their jokes at the expense of that improvised command, and probably made remarks which confirmed the above-mentioned reports. The official reports of the officers in immediate command at the time show that the Rebel advance arrived in front of Fort Reno at 4 P. M. on Sunday (the 10th), and that the advance of the Sixth Corps arrived in rear of Fort Stevens after 3 P. M. on Monday (the 11th). Thus there were, at least, twenty-three hours of opportunity thrown away by the Confederate commander.

The following extracts, taken from official reports, confirm the above remarks. Major William H. Fry, of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding detachment of remounts, in his report, dated Camp Stoneman (Giesborough), July 26, 1864, says:—

“July 10th, I organized my command of five hundred men in five squadrons, placing an officer with each. The column then pushed forward, passing through Rockville at eleven A.M. In that town I found Captain Well's squadron of the Eighth

Illinois Cavalry, that had been cut off from their regiment in the previous day's fight on the Monocacy. About three miles from Rockville, on the Frederick road, at a small village known as Garrardsville, my advance-guard met the advance of the Rebels. Skirmishing commenced at once, and upon riding to the skirmish-line I could distinctly see a large column of cavalry moving along the road. I withdrew gradually through Rockville, and took a position about a mile from town, on a hill, and dismounted my men, formed a skirmish-line, which was held for an hour, when the enemy got a battery in position, and shelled my command so well that I was forced to retire."

Colonel J. M. Warner, of the First Vermont Heavy Artillery (a regular officer, and graduate of West Point), commanding First Brigade, Hardin's division, in his official report, dated Tennallytown, July 18, 1864, says:—

"Major Fry encountered the enemy's advance-guard about four miles beyond Rockville, on the Frederick road. Soon they appeared in force, and Major Fry was compelled to fall back, and at four P. M. [July 10], had fallen back to our infantry pickets, about two miles out from Tennallytown."

General McCook, in his official report, dated Dayton, Ohio, July 25, 1864, says:—

"Monday morning [11th] discovered the fact that the only troops on the north of Washington were the small garrisons in the forts, small detachments of cavalry in the front, and the troops above mentioned [Second District of Columbia Volunteers, Ninth Regiment Veteran Reserves, and Gibbs's and Bradley's batteries]. Captain Berry, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, being stationed with his company on the road leading from Silver Spring to Leesborough, despatched a courier at ten A. M. the 11th, informing me that the enemy was advancing in force on that road with infantry and cavalry. At twelve M., a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers came in view [from Fort Stevens], advancing upon our position; the picket-line at this moment was composed of one hundred days' men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio National Guard, and a portion of the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry, dismounted."

He further says:—

"About three P. M. [11th], General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, reported to me at Fort Stevens, informing me that the advance of his corps would be up in a short time."

Many incidents of an unusual character, even for war times, occurred at this defence. For instance, if there was a dearth of troops, there was none of commanding officers. There was — first and most important — President Lincoln, God bless him! Then there was Secretary Stanton, who, with great good sense in most things, and great determination in all, was disposed to interfere injudiciously in military affairs. There was also General Halleck ("Old Spectacles"), commander-in-chief, or chief of staff, — no one knew exactly what his military position was. Then General Augur, commanding Department of Washington, too modest by half. Then General McCook, a gallant soldier, who never did himself more credit than on this occasion.

During the night of the 11th a number of staff officers called upon the post commanders and ordered them "not to leave their posts," "not to surrender," etc. One of these staff officers having called at Fort Simmons, which was in command of a fine old German artillery officer, this commander became highly indignant at the attempt of a perfect stranger to interfere with his command. He ordered the staff officer to be arrested, and sent him under guard to brigade headquarters at Fort Reno. He was a well-known officer, attached to the War Department. Those of us who had suffered for not being sufficiently careful about military channels in our correspondence with the department, I fear did not feel as badly as our friend at his mishap in attempting to interfere with military channels in presence of the enemy. President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and many other prominent men visited the line during Monday and Tuesday. They were all requested to make themselves

useful, by exhibiting themselves on the parapets of the forts, to assist the small garrisons in making a "show of force."

The causes of our successful defence (outside of Early's dilatoriness and his failure to make a determined attack) were ; the forbidding citizens to pass outside the lines ; the prompt formation of a picket-line, and the firm defence of same ; the formidable character and appearance of the fortifications, with the bold front put on by the little garrisons (the men were required to appear first in one part, then in another of the works) ; firing the large guns freely at every collection of the enemy ; the extraordinary vigilance of the garrison, especially along East Branch ; and, finally, the opportune arrival of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps.

General Early, in his book and in several magazine articles, has given various reasons for not capturing Washington. He says that the excessive heat and the fatigue of his troops prevented him from moving any faster than he did. He names, also, among his reasons, the formidable character and appearance of the defences ; his not receiving definite information in regard to the weakness of the garrison before the arrival of the Sixth Corps ; the fact of his cavalry being seriously resisted on the Rockville road ; the resistance made by our picket-line to all his reconnoitring parties, on the 11th ; the opportune arrival of the Sixth Corps, etc. Early's first and chief defence, that he could not have marched his army any faster than he did, is disproved by the well-known fact that the Sixth Corps, under General Sedgwick, marched from near York, Pennsylvania, to Gettysburg, in July, 1863, a distance of thirty-six miles, in twenty-four hours. The roads passed over, in both cases, were the same kind,—turnpike. The weather was as hot in July, 1863, as it was in July, 1864, as the writer well remembers. The strength of the Sixth Corps was about eighteen thousand. Early claims his force was less.

It appears to me that the real reason why Early and all his officers moved so slowly can be explained by a fact which has not been advanced by any of them; namely, that at the battle of the Monocacy, his army having fought a division of the Sixth Corps, Early and all his subordinate commanders took it for granted that the other divisions of that corps were already in Washington. What other reason can Early give for sending Breckinridge's troops toward Leesburg (as he says he did), instead of taking them with him to Washington?

The Confederate newspapers gave another cause for Early's failure which he in his book attempted to explain away; namely, drinking and feasting after the battle of Monocacy.

THE EXPEDITIONS AGAINST FORT FISHER AND WILMINGTON.

By EDSON J. HARKNESS.

[Read February 13, 1890.]

AMONG all the seaports that supplied the Confederates, Wilmington was the one most essential to Richmond. As the crow flies, it is two hundred and twenty miles south of the Virginia capital, one hundred and fifty miles from Charleston, two hundred and twenty-five miles from Savannah, and three hundred and seventy from Atlanta. Here were carried on the principal operations of the blockade-runners. In but little more than a year prior to January 15, 1865, the ventures of English capitalists and speculators with Wilmington alone amounted to sixty-six million dollars; the exports of cotton were sixty-five million dollars; while three hundred and ninety-seven vessels ran the blockade. For nearly three years one of the largest squadrons afloat, under Acting Rear-Admiral Lee, had, amidst great difficulties, held on at all seasons to the bars at the old and new inlets of Cape Fear River, twenty miles south of Wilmington, and succeeded in maintaining the closest blockade ever attempted on any coast. They captured or destroyed vessels to the value of perhaps ten million dollars. The shores were strewn with wrecks, the captains generally beaching and burning their craft to prevent the Federals from gaining prize-money. But great as were the English losses, for each shipwreck two new vessels were built on an improved plan; for so great were the profits of one successful voyage that the English adventurers, provided with good pilots, readily took all risks, which, in comparison with those incurred by blockaders, amounted practically to nothing.

For in these operations the advantages were all on the side of the blockade-runners. Such was the nature of the outlets that they required watching, north and south, for sixty miles. The depth of water at the bar never exceeded ten feet. If our cruisers lay close to, they were in danger of the currents carrying them into breakers and destruction. The average gunboat had too deep draft to follow the blockade-runner, and the slowness of our ships left little chance of catching her. Though sometimes intercepted and driven back to the Bermudas, they succeeded eight times in ten. Toward the last, the English began building those vessels of steel, — long, narrow, and shallow, — which were capable of great speed, and could cross at any hour; for at night, range-lights were kept burning. So regular were their trips that Wilmington counted on their arrival almost as confidently as if they were mail-packets.

After the appointment of Admiral Porter, September 22, 1864, a new system was adopted, which took the contraband traders by surprise. He furnished every cruiser with a chart, on which were drawn two half-circles close to the bars. Off each outlet ten vessels were ranged in a half-circle. About ten miles southward from Cape Fear extend Frying-Pan Shoals; here was drawn another half-circle, radiating about twelve miles, and here twenty of the fastest ships took station, averaging five miles apart, and communicating by signal from end to end. A third half-circle, swung from Beaufort (sixty miles north), described an arc one hundred and thirty miles at sea, and struck Cape Fear. Along this line ships were stationed about eight miles apart. If a blockade-runner came from Wilmington before daylight, she was seen by Circle Two; and, in case of breaking past, was chased by Circle Three. Should a vessel approach these outermost sentries to run into Wilmington just before daylight, they chased her off; if after dark, and she eluded them, she was caught by the central contingent. As a result, in thirty-seven days six

million dollars of property was seized or destroyed, and captured English steamers arrived at Hampton Roads, on an average of nearly one a day. It was, however, hardly feasible to continue such a stringent blockade,—though, if maintained, in three months Wilmington would have been abandoned,—for the Government must have soon put most of the squadron elsewhere, and resumed the former method of investment.

An occurrence after the fall of Fort Fisher illustrates the difficulty of blockading. Two English boats arrived at night. Their commanders, unaware of the situation, worked their way through all our fleet and came into the river unobserved. They then announced, by signals, their arrival. A captured contraband understood the signals, and informed General Terry what reply would bring them in. The signal was given, and the officers came in, entirely unconscious they were falling among Federal forces. Even after they entered the fort, they enjoyed conversation for some time before suspecting that Union generals were their hosts. They were finally informed that their vessels and cargoes were prizes.

Whoever held the shore north of New Inlet kept the key of this contraband mart. For more than twenty miles above its mouth, Cape Fear River flows nearly parallel with the coast, forming a peninsula twenty-three miles long, but of varying width. Its southeast end is Federal Point,—the peninsula one mile northward being a mere beach, less than half a mile from sea to river, and entirely open to bombardment. Three miles northward the breadth is one mile, and the east bank is six feet high. At the fourth mile the width becomes one and a half miles. At the north end the peninsula is cleft by Masonboro Sound, extending sixteen miles south. The area between New Inlet, the river, the sound, and the Atlantic, is sandy; the ground never rises more than fifteen feet above high water, is heavily timbered in dry regions, and abounds in wooded and almost impassable swamps. The

beach is bordered by firm land about three hundred yards wide. The river bank forms a natural sheltered way, and on its summit runs the Wilmington road. Not quite seven miles north was Sugar Loaf, a high sand-hill, where there was an intrenched Confederate camp.

Early in the war unimportant works were erected on this peninsula. A squadron of light-draft gunboats could have passed them and taken possession of the river, then and there enforcing the blockade. What might have been prevented grew into a series of fortifications so formidable as to render most difficult their reduction.

The first tracings were made by Colonel S. L. Fremont, a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of West Point under the name of Fish, and once an army officer. (He was, in 1875, engineer on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.) Under successive engineers, construction continued for many months ; General Whiting, C. S. A., another graduate of the national military academy, and once an officer of United States Engineers, devoting all his labor and skill for two years to the defences of fort and port, until, in 1864, it attained colossal proportions.

Where the peninsula is seven hundred yards wide, stood a land-face four hundred and eighty yards in length, intended to resist attack from the north. Beginning at the river, a stockade, fronted by a shallow ditch and a marsh, ran sixty feet east. Owing to remoteness and shelter, it always remained nearly intact. At its seaward end was a sallyport with a bridge 15 x 10, the Wilmington road entering through this gate. Here the earthwork began. This consisted of a half-bastion on the left, a connecting curtain, with a full bastion at the right. The parapet was twenty-five feet thick, and averaged twenty feet in height. From the interior crest seventeen traverses ran back at right angles for distances varying from thirty to forty feet, overtopping the parapet by ten feet, and having thicknesses of eight or twelve feet. These traverses sheltered from enfiladement, and were the largest known. In

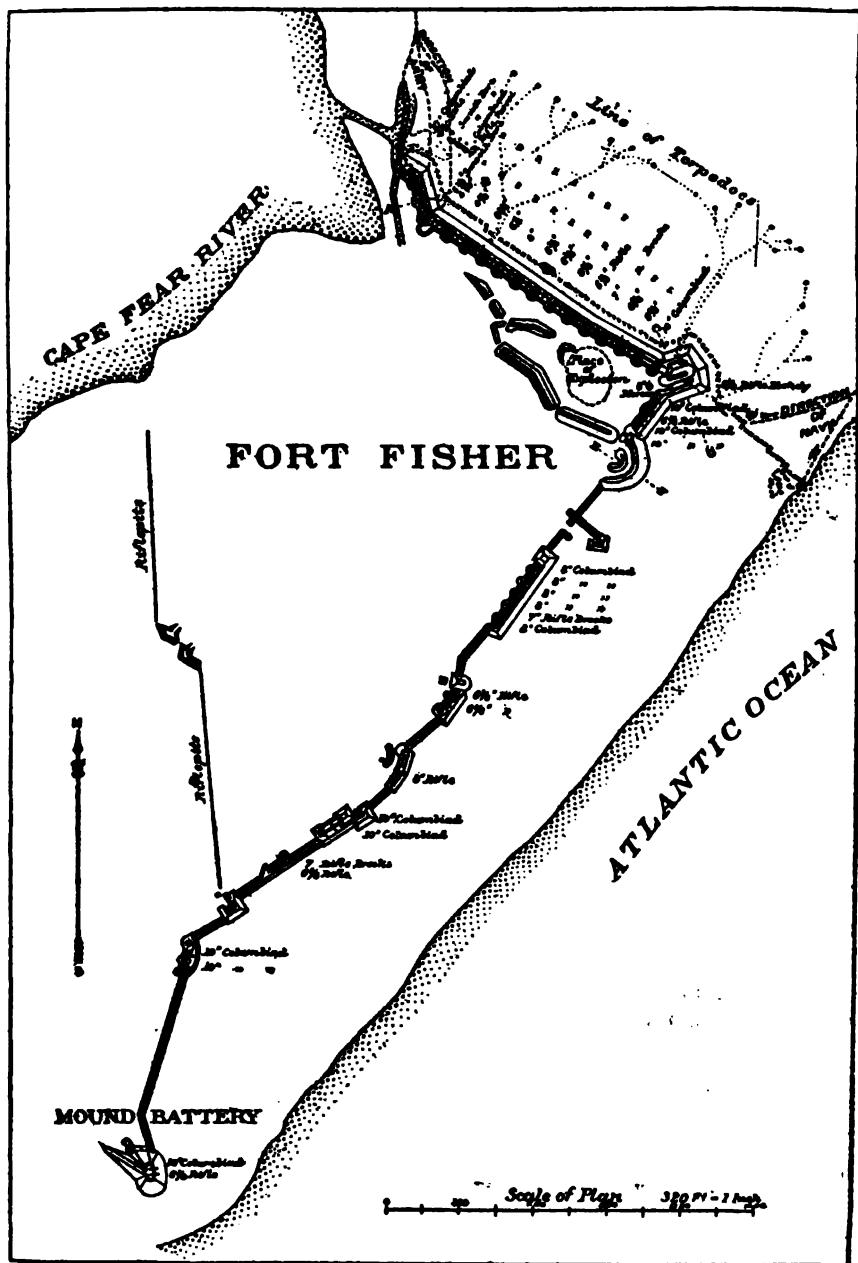
each was an alternating magazine, ventilated by an air-chamber, and passage-ways penetrated the interior bomb-proofs. On the left half-bastion, however, the traverses were only about twenty-five feet long. Between the traverses were compartments for gun-platforms and guns at least twelve feet above the interior level, having separate ramps and stairs from a parade-ground inside, mounting each one or two large barbette guns, and holding from two hundred to three hundred infantry. The vast amount of earth was partly obtained from a shallow exterior ditch, but mainly from the interior. About fifty feet in front, the palisade extended to the ocean, with loopholes and a *banquette*; it had between the river and the left of the parapet a position for guns, and also another between the bastions. The flanking bastion at the right of the land-front was more than a quarter of a mile east from the two compartments nearest the river, and was for that reason practically useless for an enfilading fire when the attack was made on those compartments. The vertical vastness and width of the parapet — five muskets' length — gave a wide space at the foot, below and inside any possible fire from the crest. The fort wall once gained, the bastion would cover assault as truly as defence.

In the centre of this front, a bomb-proof postern extended through traverse and curtain, its outward opening covered by a small redan for two field-pieces to enfilade palisade and parapet. The traverses were generally bomb-proofed for men or magazines; the slopes of the curtain, for five feet nine inches above the compartment floorings, either were revetted with marsh-sod or covered with grass, and inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. This inclination was reduced under fire to thirty degrees, while revetments disappeared. The strength of the earthwork, after bombardment, remained about the same as previously. On this front stood twenty-one heavy guns and three mortars. Two hundred yards north of Fort Fisher were three formidable lines of torpedoes, each containing

about one hundred pounds of powder, about eighty feet apart, and capable of ploughing a furrow one hundred yards wide.

From the east end of the land-face ran a wall at right angles, parallel with the beach, and thirteen hundred yards long. It prevented Federal cruisers from entering New Inlet, and troops from gaining Federal Point. This sea-front consisted of a series of batteries mounting twenty-four guns, connected by a strong infantry parapet, and employing traverses, generally bomb-proofed, though many were not complete. There was neither moat nor palisade, as shifting sands rendered the former impossible. The batteries were fewer and at greater intervals. Nearly two-thirds of a mile southwest from the northeast bastion, Mound Battery—or Battery Lamb, as it was named, for its originator—rose sixty feet in height, commanding the channel inside the bar close to the beach. In the *terre plein*, say fifteen hundred to two thousand feet from the north wall, rifle-pits stretched obliquely across. There was no fortification along the river, but at Federal Point, Battery Buchanan, a small, ellipse-shaped work, garrisoned by marines with four guns, guarded the channel. The floor-space of thirty bomb-proofs, magazines, and passages was fourteen thousand five hundred square feet, not including the main magazine, whose dimensions could not be obtained.

Such was the largest of Southern fortifications. On July 4, 1862, it had been merely several detached earthworks, with one casemated battery, of palmetto logs and sand, mounting four guns and one heavy gun. The sea-front was constructed first,—the Army of Wilmington having to prevent investment from land,—and the frigate "Minnesota" could have destroyed it in two hours. In December, 1864, it was far from complete. Yet Admiral Porter says: "I have visited Fisher since [its capture], and find its strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable for saying it could be cap-



tured only by regular siege. The work was really stronger than the Malakoff." In January, 1865, Beauregard pronounced Fort Fisher impregnable.

No commander could demand better and safer opportunities to defend a fort from the outside than Fisher afforded. The river channel, three-quarters of a mile west from the work, allowed an unobstructed view from a ship of both its interior and of enemies. Signal officers at Battery Buchanan and the Mound would be comparatively free from danger. Water communication from Sugar Loaf to Fort Fisher occupied but thirty minutes. The east bank, from one hundred yards north of Fort Fisher, formed a perfect defence from hostile fleets. From Battery Holland, half a mile north, a series of batteries, curtains, and sandhills extended to the south end of Masonboro Sound, protecting infantry against marine bombardment. In the face of a few thousand well-handled and determined troops, moving there unobserved, both nature and art had made landing there impossible. So thought Beauregard, Longstreet, and Whiting.

The commander of these defences was William Lamb, colonel of the Thirty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, who assumed control July 4, 1862. Before December 10, 1864, the garrison consisted of four companies of infantry, one light battery, and the gun crews,—less than seven hundred men in all, with reserve of less than one thousand at Masonboro Sound. Major-General Whiting had been in command at Wilmington until Jan. 13, 1865, when his sense of duty led him to the post of danger. Although ranking Lamb, he declined the proffered precedence, being unwilling to deprive Lamb of the glory that a successful defence might bring, and merely acting as counsellor. The armament comprised fifty-seven smooth-bores and twenty-eight rifles. There were many monster Columbiads, and many superb rifles of heavy calibre. London was represented by a one hundred and fifty pounder Armstrong. It was a piece of magnificent finish, having a carriage of rose-

wood and mahogany, and on the trunnion its maker's name in full, and the "broad arrow." A post-captain of the Royal Navy managed this gun when the first attack occurred.

Ever since the winter of 1861-1862, Secretary Welles had endeavored to gain the co-operation of the War Department in a joint attack on Fort Fisher by both navy and army. Owing to shoal water, a purely naval attack against Wilmington could not be undertaken. Had there been water enough for broadside ships of the "Hartford's" class, Wilmington would have shared the fate of New Orleans, Port Royal, and Mobile. In September, 1864, Secretary Welles made another appeal to the War Department, and, encouraged by Grant to expect assistance, began to assemble a suitable force. He tendered the command of the North Atlantic blockading squadron to Farragut, and stated to him, on September 5, that Grant thought troops could be spared and moved by October 1. It appears as if the methods actually pursued largely followed Grant's idea. But failing health prevented Farragut from accepting, and, on September 22, Rear-Admiral Porter relieved Acting Rear-Admiral Lee. Porter had, on the Mississippi, been daring and efficient, showing a perfect understanding of his profession, and holding that to insure great successes great risks must be taken. He asked for eight thousand soldiers, and ships enough to fire one hundred and fifty guns in broadside. It was then thought that Fort Fisher mounted seventy-five guns, and the proportion of two to one was really small, since the naval fire would occur on surging seas and wooden ships, while the land fire came from heavy and solid earthworks. It was arranged before September 1 that the attack should be made October 1, but subsequently it was postponed to October 15. Grant decided at once to send the requisite troops as soon as ships were ready. By October 15 about one hundred ships, mounting six hundred and nineteen guns, had assembled, other squadrons being thereby heavily depleted. This

armada could have but one objective point, and hence became matter of common talk. Southern journals discussed the expedition, and Lee sent word that Fort Fisher must be held, or that his supplies would fail. To Lamb he telegraphed (date unknown) : "If Fisher falls, I shall have to evacuate Richmond." Bragg was sent to Wilmington to prepare for defence. This caused postponement of the attack until the latter part of November. Secretary Welles, on October 28, pleaded urgently with President Lincoln to hasten the military co-operation. The loss of two invaluable weeks since the fleet was able to move, severely tried the patience of both Porter and Welles. The detention of so many vessels from blockade and cruising caused serious injury. The season of severe storms was approaching, when naval operations against Fisher would become impracticable. The country was distressed. But the obstacles preventing immediate military movement could not be overcome.

As General Butler then commanded the Army of the James, Beaufort and Fisher were within the geographical limits of his department. He had, therefore, a technical right to equip the expedition, and military courtesy required that orders and instructions should pass through him. It would seem, however, that Grant did not desire to intrust the command to Butler. Porter, in conversation, expressly told Grant he "wanted nothing to do with Butler" (Porter to Welles, January 21, 1865). Grant directed Butler to put General Godfrey Weitzel in command and assigned Butler to movements in support of Meade which he intended should detain him in Bermuda Hundred. But Weitzel afterwards officially informed Grant that he was never aware of the instructions actually forwarded to Butler for him (Weitzel) until he read Butler's report of January 3, 1865, with Grant's official papers accompanying it. Butler signed all orders as "Major-General commanding."

November 30, Grant learned that Bragg had gone to Georgia, taking most of the forces from about Wilmington. Deeming it of the utmost importance the expedition should reach its destination *then*, he said to Butler: "It is important Weitzel should get off during his [Bragg's] absence; if successful in landing, he may by a bold dash capture Wilmington."

Meanwhile Porter perfected the naval organization. He forged his force into a marine thunderbolt. He systematically disciplined it by drill. He divided the fleet into three squadrons, lithographed a plan of attack on a large scale, and assigned to each commander his position in action.

Butler's course was culpable. He disobeyed orders. He provided inferior transports and inadequate rations. He took no intrenching tools or siege guns. He chose as his rendezvous an offing in sight of the Confederates. Porter repeatedly attempted to obtain some statement of his intention, but without success; and Weitzel did not seem to know whether he (Weitzel) was commander or orderly. Fleet-Captain Breese one day asked what were Butler's plans, and Weitzel replied he did not believe Butler had any. The general impression was similar.

Late in November, Butler communicated to Porter a plan for destroying Fort Fisher. From the effect of explosions at Erith and Woolwich, England, he had reason to believe the proper ignition of two hundred and fifteen tons of powder near the walls of the fort would dismount guns, explode magazines, and destroy the garrison. Scientists sanctioned the idea; and Porter, despite subsequent statements to the contrary, must have had confidence in the scheme, for he "believed the explosion would destroy Wilmington," and hailed the proposal with delight as an expedient promising to end the delay. Butler declared that if his proposition was consummated he would detail and embark troops as soon as possible.

December 6, Grant gave Butler these instructions: —

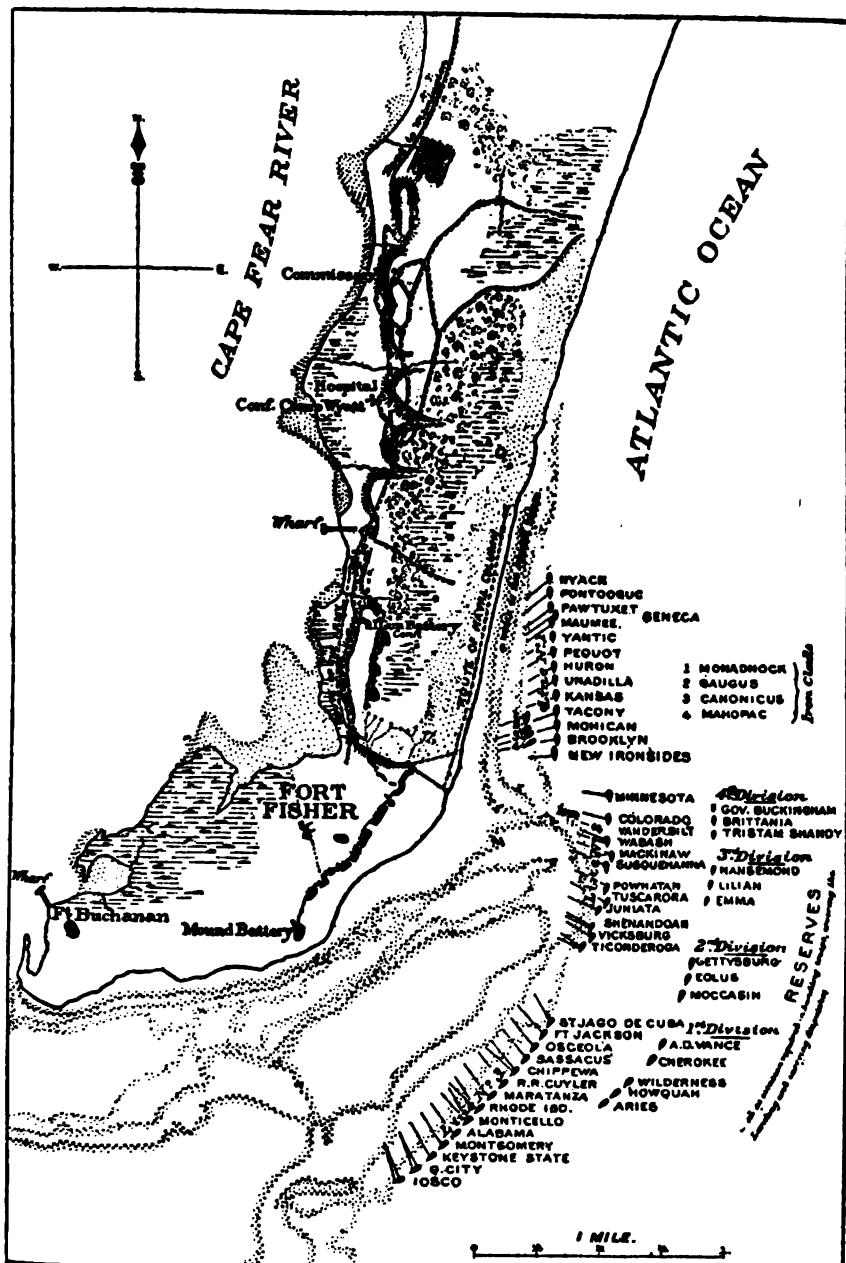
"The first object of the expedition under General Weitzel is to close to the enemy the port of Wilmington. If successful in this, the second will be to capture Wilmington itself. There are reasonable grounds to hope for success, if advantage can be taken of the absence of the greater part of the enemy's forces, now looking after Sherman in Georgia. The directions you have given for numbers and equipment are all right, except in the unimportant matter of where they embark and the amount of intrenching tools to be taken. The object will be gained by effecting a landing on the mainland, between Cape Fear River and the Atlantic, north of the North Entrance. Should such landing be effected while the enemy holds Fisher and the batteries guarding the entrance, the troops should intrench, and, by co-operating with the navy, effect the reduction and capture of those places. These in our hands, the navy could enter the harbor, and Wilmington would be sealed. Should Fisher and the Point fall into the hands of our troops immediately on landing, it will be worth the attempt to capture Wilmington by forced march and surprise. If time is consumed in gaining the first object, the second will become a matter of after consideration. The details for execution are intrusted to you and the officer immediately in command. Should the troops under General Weitzel fail to effect a landing, they will without delay be returned to the armies operating against Richmond.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*"

"Major General B. F. BUTLER."

Grant adds: "The importance of getting the expedition off, with or without the powder-boat, without delay, had been urged upon Butler. . . . I directed him to make all arrangements for the departure of Major-General Weitzel,— designated to command the land forces,— so that the navy might not be detained one moment." Yet Butler now consumed several days in preparing his powder-boat.

On December 12, Butler informed Grant he was



going with the expedition. Grant had had no idea of this, and did not dream but that Weitzel had received all instructions and would command. Nevertheless, he did not forbid Butler, for he supposed he wished to see the explosion of his powder-boat and its effects. Butler, on December 13, sent his transports up the Potomac on a useless parade, and squandered three days of fine weather, during which the enemy was without a force to protect himself. From Confederate sources it is known that this delay enabled the Rebels to reinforce. Had Butler landed during the pleasant weather that prevailed up to the 18th, "he might," according to General Whiting, "with any kind of energy and pluck, have succeeded."

December 19 brought a heavy gale which detained the transports at Beaufort until the 24th. At one time it was feared that the naval fleet would be obliged to leave the coast, but it rode out the gale in a manner that reflects great credit on the navy.

Although the Departments of the Navy and of War had determined that a *combined* attack was necessary, Porter took advantage of the ensuing favorable weather and arranged some independent movements. But he again wrote to Butler that the explosion would now occur December 23. As the army was sixty miles away, the decision was injudicious, for the success of the enterprise demanded the speedy arrival of the land forces, to take advantage of any damage inflicted by the fleet. That night the "Wilderness" towed the "Louisiana," the powder-boat, as near the beach as possible, and the fleet stood twenty-five miles out to sea. At 1.40 A. M., December 24, the powder was exploded. There was absolutely no result. The ships scarcely felt the shock, and the Confederates only thought a blockade-runner, loaded with ammunition, had exploded, or a Federal cruiser had burst her boiler.

At daylight the fleet stood in, and at 11.30 A. M. Porter made signal to engage. His fifty-six ships, carrying

six hundred guns, took position with almost perfect seamanship. There were three divisions: the first was opposite Mound Battery, but three-quarters of a mile out; the second and third lay one mile off the Northeast Bastion, the third slightly separated toward the north. Then began what General Whiting pronounced the most tremendous bombardment of any war. Commodore Ammen, a veteran, declared that it had not been his lot "to witness any operations comparable in force or effect to this." By the time all the large vessels got in play, Fisher ceased to respond energetically. The firing of the monitors was excellent. The shower of shell, one hundred and fifteen per minute, drove the garrison into their bomb-proofs. The flag-staff was twice cut away; two magazines blew up; and in the burning of some barracks, which continued for hours, the garrison lost blankets and overcoats.

It does not appear by what authority Porter made this purely naval attack of December 24; but it demonstrated the weakness of Fisher, while bombarded, to repel land assailants. It was the universal impression of the navy that the right general and the right troops could take it. In a military sense, the work might be but little injured; but the fleet was able to keep the enemy from their guns and in their casemates, to win for the soldiery safe access to the foot of the parapet, to prevent attack from the north, and thus to double the likelihood of successful assault.

December 25, at 6.30 A. M., all the troop-ships having arrived, Butler sent Weitzel to Porter to arrange a programme, and urged the Admiral to run into Cape Fear River. Porter did not accede to this suggestion, and his failure to make the attempt has been severely criticised. He had performed feats that to his critics seemed more difficult and dangerous, at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at New Orleans. He had with his fleet captured blockade-runners which had crossed this very bar. General Whiting affirmed that "a determined enemy could

make the passage." Porter, however, sent Commander Guest and Lieutenant Cushing to see if an entrance could be effected, and, upon their report, decided that it was not practicable. There would seem to be but little ground for the criticisms of his conduct.

At 7 A. M., the fleet took position, and fired for seven hours, while the troops were landing three miles north.

At 12.40, Commander Howell shelled Flag-Pond Battery (three miles north of Fort Fisher), which made no response, and surrendered about 2 P. M. to another gun-boat's officer. The woods had been raked by the covering squadron, and General Adelbert Ames landed twenty-three hundred men,—the whole of Curtis's brigade and part of Pennypacker's,—without the slightest hostile demonstration occurring during daylight. The troops formed a line across the peninsula; Curtis threw skirmishers westward, and pushed his column of twelve hundred toward the fort, eighty men going within fifty yards of it. One of them—Captain Walling, of the One Hundred and Forty-Second New York—did what *two or three* could not have done unobserved. Hidden by the angle at the left, he crept through a breach in the stockade and captured a fallen pennon. Ten soldiers were wounded by the bursting of a naval shell. As the skirmishers approached, Lamb withheld his fire till attack should be made in force, when he intended to explode the mines, and deliver a fire of grape and canister which he thinks no troops could survive. Unaware of these facts, however, the gallant Curtis reported to Ames that he could take the fort. Ames gave permission, and strained every nerve to forward Pennypacker's brigade; but the lateness of its landing,—3 P. M.,—and the impracticability of a three-mile "double-quick" through deep sand, prevented such reinforcement. Curtis alone had any brigade within charging distance of Fisher. He did not take the responsibility of assault, for no northward intrenchments prevented attack from Wilmington.

Colonel Ames had gone northward and captured Half-Moon Battery with two hundred and twenty-five soldiers. Both these and the Flag-Pond garrison were the North Carolina Junior Reserves,—mere boys. From the commander at Half-Moon, Butler learned that Whiting and Bragg had begun calling for reinforcements; that Governor Vance was summoning every man who could stand behind parapets and fire muskets to join them; that Hoke's division, six thousand strong, had been sent from Richmond, December 22; and that Kirkland's and Haygood's brigades, numbering sixteen hundred in all, had arrived at Wilmington the previous night (December 24). Weitzel and Comstock were, with glasses, examining Fisher's land front, a half mile beyond them. They found it in perfect order, with only two guns dismounted, the other seventeen covering the only practicable approach,—a strip not wide enough for more than one thousand men in line. The garrison, though but six hundred and seventy-seven men, was active. Confederate forces were assembling at Sugar Loaf. From the contour of the land and the remoteness of the river channel from the naval fire, it was evident the Confederates would have no difficulty in reinforcing or provisioning. The palisade, scarcely injured, was alone a formidable obstacle. Weitzel, in spite of personal considerations that would naturally influence him in favor of instant assault,—his professorship for three years at West Point, his experience in assaulting, and his desire to have his recent appointment as Major-General confirmed,—announced that “to attack with their force would be murder.” Comstock said: “From the information I had, I should have agreed with Weitzel, independent of what Curtis said to me.” If Curtis got in, he would have had to fight, and, unsupported, would have lost most of his brigade.

Butler convinced himself that the only alternative was withdrawal. At 4 P. M., he said to Captain Alden, of the “Brooklyn,” “It has become necessary to re-embark; will

you send your boats to assist?" Alden was surprised, for everything appeared propitious. The bombardment was at its height. Little or no surf was breaking on the beach. Nothing indicated bad weather. He was told that the troops showed much dissatisfaction when informed of Butler's decision. It was with difficulty they could be got into the boats. They were loud in their denunciations, saying they had gone there to take the fort, and they were going to do it. Re-embarkation began at 5 P. M., and continued till midnight, when the surf interfered seriously, and seven hundred of Curtis's men, with only one day's rations, were left ashore. As soon as the greater part of the troops were afloat, they made for Hampton Roads, arriving December 28. The abandoned remainder, covered by gunboats, stayed two days, without the enemy molesting them.

Admiral Porter endeavored to dissuade Butler from abandoning the attempt to assault the fort. He represented that he had sent his largest vessels to Beaufort for ammunition, and that he could by rapid firing keep the enemy from showing themselves until our troops were within twenty yards of the works. But Butler and Weitzel remained unchangeable; and after the wind which had arisen subsided, Porter took off the seven hundred men of Curtis's brigade and sailed for Beaufort. He immediately sent by a swift steamer a request to send "other troops and another general."

Grant was greatly disappointed and incensed at Butler's failure. He telegraphed to the President, December 28, indicating in the strongest terms his dissatisfaction. He interviewed some of Butler's subordinates,—General Curtis, Captain Walling, and Lieutenant Simpson, of the One Hundred and Forty-Second New York,—who expressed the opinion that Fisher could have been taken without much loss. Curtis's view had weight in determining Grant to try again; and, on December 30, he sent a message to Porter as follows:—

"DEAR ADMIRAL,— Hold on a few days, and I will endeavor to be back with an increased force, and *without the former commander.*"

The Committee on the Conduct of the War thoroughly examined into Butler's conduct in refusing to make the assault, and deliberately "concluded that, from all the testimony before them, his determination seems to have been fully justified by all the facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained." It is needless to say that Butler appeared for himself in that case, and that he displayed greater skill in defence than he had shown himself to possess in assault. While he was gravely contending before the committee at Washington that to take Fisher by assault was impossible, the booming of cannon announced to a delighted country that Terry had taken it, and by assault.

In selecting a commander for the second expedition, General Grant was exceedingly fortunate. General A. H. Terry was, as the event proved, most admirably fitted for the duty. He was an officer of great clearness of perception, coolness in action, and undoubted bravery. He entered the service as a volunteer, and had won an honorable position by his skill as a commander in many hard-fought battles. Admiral Porter was delighted with General Terry, and pronounced him "the beau-ideal of a soldier and gentleman." Their relations from the first were of the most cordial character, and throughout the expedition their co-operation was perfect. On January 2, 1865, Terry was personally appointed by Grant, but without receiving the slightest information where he was going or what he should do. "He simply knew he was going to sea, and had with him his orders, which were to be opened there. The object and destination were kept secret from all except a few in the Navy Department, and the army, to whom it was *necessary* to impart them." He took the same troops and officers that Butler had had, with the addition of Abbott's brigade, numbering fifteen

hundred, a small siege-train, and his personal staff. Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock, of General Grant's staff, was appointed chief engineer.

Terry had splendid seconds. Ames was at the first Bull Run as lieutenant of a battery. Refusing to quit it, he suffered severe wounds, and was removed on a gun-caisson. Afterwards colonel of the Twentieth Maine, his services at Gettysburg in command of a brigade made him a brigadier. At Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Richmond, he commanded a division. Curtis, six feet four inches in height, was formed in antique mould. Sanguine of mood, he always asserted that "assault would carry Fisher." He was always ready to fight, always seeking, and usually obtaining, the foremost place. Pennypacker was adored by his men. Six times badly wounded, distinguished in many battles, he had in three years risen from the rank of captain to that of brigadier. Bell, a giant, came from old New Hampshire stock with hereditary ability. He had seen steady service and hard fighting. Paine had especially distinguished himself at Newmarket Heights, September 29, 1864, where his troops had shown good fighting qualities. Abbott's brigade was really Hawley's, he being detained in command of the First Division before Richmond.

Terry's instructions did not differ materially from Butler's. Grant added, however, that it was exceedingly desirable the most complete understanding should exist between him and Porter. Grant said he had served with Porter, and knew Terry could rely on his judgment and nerve to undertake what he proposed. He would, therefore, defer as much as was consistent with Terry's own responsibilities. Terry needed to look to the practicability of receiving supplies, and to defence against superior forces. Grant's own views still were, that the navy ought to run some ships into Cape Fear River, while the remainder operated outside. While the river was in Confederate hands, land forces could not invest Fort Fisher,

or cut off supplies and reinforcements. But he ordered neither Terry nor Butler to assault, leaving that entirely to their discretion.

The navy was doggedly determined to take Fort Fisher, even if it had to do it alone. Though gale after gale swept the coast, the fleet off Beaufort rode out all, till Farragut said: "Porter will lose that fleet; he is rash to undertake operations when the elements are so opposed." This was fighting the elements as man never fought them before. The officers had been taught that ours is the worst coast in the world, and that a vessel could not stay there at anchor through storms. It was a new school of practice, and benefited them. (In one week, Porter coaled and ammunitioned his fleet of seventy sail!)

Terry arrived at Fort Monroe the night of January 5, and at once sent out sailing orders. Next morning, the expedition sailed, but violent winds delayed its arrival off Beaufort till the 8th. Here were Porter and part of the North Atlantic squadron. Foul weather detained all till the 12th. Though Beaufort was inside the Federal lines, spies escaped, and from the nearest telegraph station sent warning. January 11, at noon, Terry ordered departure; but delivering this order occupied all the afternoon. Next day, eleven hours' sailing took them to $34^{\circ} 10'$, and they drew to land. The waves, however, swept the shores so heavily, and night was so near, that Porter postponed disembarkment. At daybreak, January 13, preparations were begun for landing at a branch of Masonboro Inlet, *i. e.*, Myrtle Sound, five miles north of Fort Fisher. Before a single boat left the transports, at 8 A. M., sixteen gunboats anchored inside, one hundred yards from the beach. The Confederate General Hoke had intended to resist the disembarkment, but the naval fire strewed the woods with shell till it seemed a deserted wilderness. By 3 P. M., all the infantry had disembarked, treating the affair as a mere picnic; they

had forty rounds of ammunition, six days' supply of hard-tack, and three hundred thousand rounds of ammunition for small-arms.

The first object to be attained after landing was to throw a strong defensive line across the peninsula from the sea to the Cape Fear River. General Terry finally selected a position where the maps showed a large pond occupying about one-third of the width of the peninsula, and about three miles north of the fort. The pond was found to be a sand-flat, partly covered with shallow water.

The division of General Paine, to which the writer belonged, followed by two of Ames's brigades, made their way through. The night was intensely dark, and our course lay through morass and swamp, through water waist deep in many places. We reached dry and comparatively open ground, and the river beyond, between 8.30 and 9 o'clock in the evening. A force of five hundred of the enemy could have captured our entire force in detail as we emerged from that swamp; but no enemy was found. In this movement we passed through the enemy's cavalry picket-line unobserved. Later in the evening, we found ground to the south better for defensive purposes, about two miles from the fort, and to this we moved and intrenched. The morning of the 14th of January found us with a fairly strong breastwork extending from the river to an almost impenetrable swamp on our right. The writer was in command of the picket-line during the day, and, with the exception of a few shots in the morning, we were not disturbed by the enemy until about four o'clock in the afternoon when Gen. Hoke made a slight demonstration in our front. During the day, Battery E, of the 3d U. S. artillery, came ashore, and six guns were placed in position near the river.

The troops intended for operation against the fort were in position between the north line and the fort, feeling their way toward it, and waiting the final arrangements for the assault, which were not long delayed.

General Terry and Colonel Comstock made a reconnaissance about eleven o'clock, and found Curtis on the river front. His skirmishers had captured Craig's Wharf, nine hundred yards north of Fort Fisher, together with a steamer loaded with ammunition and meal. Curtis now pushed within five hundred yards of the fort, and occupied a small unfinished outwork. Terry and Comstock crept through rushes to within three hundred yards of the fort, unobserved by the enemy, and obtained quite a correct idea of the fort at that point, which was selected as the point of assault.

In deciding to assault, Terry assumed a grave responsibility; for during the war no fort of comparable strength had yielded to assault.

Porter had begun naval operations at 7.30 A. M. The disposition of his fleet was different from what it had been before, the vessels being much closer. Four ironclads a half-mile out pounded the Northeast Bastion. Behind them, two-thirds to three-quarters of a mile out, fourteen war-ships formed line Number One, the most northern group, and concentrated on the land face. Southward, one mile out, line Number Two, with twelve ships, devoted itself to the sea front. To the same batteries, line Number Three, with fourteen vessels, one and a quarter miles out, paid assiduous attention. In the rear were reserves. The fire was rapid and severe, continuing unremittingly from 4 P. M. till after dark. During the night the "New Iron-sides" and the monitors alone continued the fire.

During the evening General Terry went to Admiral Porter's flag-ship, when, in an interview lasting until late at night, the plans of attack were agreed upon. On the next morning the navy was to begin early and fire rapidly until 3 P. M. It was Porter's determination that before that hour the guns of Fort Fisher should be silenced.

The general plan of the assault prepared by General Terry was that the army should attack the western half of the land face of the fort, and that a column of sailors

and marines should assault at the Northeast Bastion. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, all the vessels, except a division left to aid in the defence of our northern line, should it be attacked, moved into position, and, to use General Terry's expression, a fire magnificent alike for its power and accuracy was opened. General Ames's division had been selected for the assault. As before indicated, General Paine was placed in command of the defensive line, having with him Abbott's brigade in addition to his own division. Ames's First Brigade, commanded by Curtis, was already at the outwork above mentioned, and in the trenches close around it. The other two brigades, Pennypacker's and Bell's, were moved to within supporting distance of him. The preparations for the assault were begun at two o'clock in the afternoon. Sixty sharpshooters from the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, armed with the Spencer repeating-carbine, and forty others, volunteers from Curtis's brigade, the whole under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Zent, of the Thirteenth Indiana, were thrown forward at a run to within one hundred and fifty yards of the work. They were provided with shovels, and soon dug pits for shelter, and began firing at the parapet. As soon as the firing opened, the parapet of the fort was manned, and the enemy's fire, both musketry and artillery, began. When the sharpshooters reached their position, Curtis's brigade moved forward at double-quick into line, about four hundred and seventy-five yards from the work, and there lay down. This was accomplished under a sharp fire from the enemy, from which, however, the men soon sheltered themselves by digging shallow trenches, each man constructing his own earthwork. Pennypacker's brigade took the place of Curtis's in the outwork, and Bell's was brought into line two hundred yards in his rear. Curtis again moved forward, on the reverse slope of a crest fifty yards in the rear of the sharpshooters, and again intrenched; Pennypacker following and occupying the

ground vacated by Curtis, bringing Bell's brigade to the outwork. It was found that the fire of the navy had been so effective during the preceding night and morning that many openings had been made in the palisade, which, with the aid of a few axe-men, were soon made large enough for our men to pass through. At 3.25 p. m., preparations being completed, the order to move forward was given to Ames, and Terry signalled Admiral Porter to change the direction of his fire. Curtis's brigade sprang from the trenches and dashed forward in line. Its left was exposed to a severe enfilading fire, and it obliqued to the right, so as to envelop the left of the land front. The ground over which it moved was difficult to cover, being marshy; but it soon reached the palisades, passed through them, and effected a lodgment on the parapet. At the same time the column of sailors and marines, under Fleet-Captain Breese, advanced up the beach in the most gallant manner, and attacked the Northeast Bastion. Their great force gave the Confederates the impression that this was the main attack, and they made their dispositions accordingly. Colonel Lamb, commanding the fort, was at that bastion, and personally directed operations there. This column was exposed to a murderous fire, and was unable to get up the parapet. After a severe struggle, with large losses of valuable officers and men, they were withdrawn, and retired up the beach, leaving about one hundred and sixty killed and wounded.

Lieutenant-Commander Harris, of this commandery, who was with the navy during both of these expeditions, and who participated in this assault, has, at my request, given some of his personal recollections of these days in a letter to me, which I will here read: —

CHICAGO, Thursday, February 13, 1890.

MAJOR E. J. HARKNESS:

MY DEAR MAJOR,— As you requested me last night, I have been trying to think this morning of Fort Fisher, and to recall enough of the naval side of the story to supply your want. If

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your business had allowed us to go over your notes together, I might have been of more assistance. My recollection of the events is vivid enough, but what I recall is so largely personal history that it is fit only to tell my children. These are the general facts which I think you want:—

In regard to the powder-boat: Like more than half the officers of the squadron, I volunteered for duty in it, and up to the last moment hoped to be detailed for a special post in her. Who is to blame for the failure I cannot say. The reason she failed so completely was because the powder was not confined as it should have been, and because the boat did not take the ground. The destruction of the Duke of Alva's bridge, below Antwerp, by the first powder-boat, might have taught whoever did plan the attempt the necessity of those two conditions. The first explosion threw the most of the powder out of the hull, and it then exploded on the surface of the water. About the first expedition: No one can reconcile the stories of General Butler and Admiral Porter. I know that the entire fleet, men and officers, believed that it was jealousy only which prevented the entry of the army. We expected to see it march in and take possession without resistance. As you know, there was no flag flying when the landing was made; and so far as we could see, the men in the Flag-Pond and Half-Moon batteries were quite willing to surrender. We could see from our decks small bodies of soldiers walking about the fort, close to it, and unmolested. I cannot vouch for more than I saw; but as General Butler said himself that an officer carried off the flag, which had been shot down, and no one interfered with him, and as the reports of all the division commanders agree, I must believe that the re-embarkation was wrong. Men like Commodores Schenk and Redford do not state what they are not sure of. It certainly is strange that the seven hundred men, deserted on the beach, remained there two days unmolested, when the weather was so bad that we could not bring them off to the ships. I do not doubt that if Admiral Porter could have known of the General's intentions, he would have landed us, and might have taken the fort.

The feeling of the navy against General Butler was bitter, and seemed to be shared by some of the army. On the second

expedition I landed four or five boat-loads of a colored regiment, including the field officers. The smell of the men was a trifle "loud," and, making inquiry, I was told that they had been three weeks without their knapsacks, which had been left behind in camp by General Butler's order. I asked one of the officers why, and was answered that the General was spiteful because Grant would not let him command this (second) expedition. They certainly had no knapsacks, and the language of the officers was as strong as the smell of the men.

The gale which the fleet rode out, off Beaufort, was an incident which would not be appreciated by your audience to-night.

Of the second bombardment and landing, you know all that I can tell you.

Of the movement of the army after landing, I know nothing, except what I have read and heard.

Like the Rebel army in the fort, the officers (except the leading ones) and the men of the fleet supposed that General Terry had gone up the peninsula to meet General Hoke; and when, on the morning of January 15, sixteen hundred of us landed, we saw no sign of soldiers, and supposed that we were to assault the fort without any support. After we were landed, we were organized into three regiments. The men from each ship formed a company. The senior officer from our ship (Lieutenant Bache) became major of the centre regiment, leaving me in command of the "Powhatan's" men, with Ensign (now Commander) Evans as lieutenant. We were the right-centre company of the centre regiment. We were drilled a little after forming, and then lay down in a long line on the beach, while for several hours the fleet fired over us into the fort. This was a very trying ordeal. The shells from fifty-eight men-of-war made a horrible screeching, and one eleven-inch gun (said to be the after pivot-gun of the "Vanderbilt") fired several shells into our column. The wounded had to be carried through our ranks, and it seemed to discourage the men somewhat. It was about three o'clock when the fleet suddenly ceased its fire, and we rose to our feet and formed a line across the field. It was intended that the marines should occupy some rifle-pits (thrown up by the sailors under Lieutenant

Preston), about six hundred rods from the fort. They were about four hundred strong, and armed with Springfield rifles ; while only one company of the blue-jackets was armed with anything except cutlasses and revolvers. But, for some reason, the marines were halted in a line nearly out of range, and the sailors prepared to "board the fort in a seaman-like manner." In the mean time some field-pieces opened on us, but did n't do much harm ; and, after the shell-fire we had been under, the sailors were more amused than frightened by the little balls that came ricochetting over the sand. After the marines were halted, our line was faced to the left, and Fleet-Captain Breese gave the order, "Head of column, right," which sent us down the beach in a column of fours. The marines of our ship, the "Powhatan," happened to be on the left of the marine line, which opened to let us through, and they deserted their officer (who had lately joined the ship), and fell in with our company. We commenced to "double-quick" nearly a mile from the palisades, and many were very faint from so long a run in the sand. Of the heavy guns in the fort, all except two were disabled. One of these two — an elegant one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder, with the broad-arrow of her Majesty, and mounted on a polished mahogany carriage — had been presented by the City of London, and was so placed that it could hardly be reached by the guns of the ships. A discharge of grape from this gun struck our men just in front of where I was running. One ball knocked my sword into the water. Many men were struck down, and the unhurt, falling over the bodies, left me for an instant quite alone. On reaching the palisades, the first regiment turned to the right, and, running along the line, got into shot-holes. Our commander, with about thirty others, had to remain in a hole, made by the explosion of a fifteen-inch shell, until night. Our regiment broke through the palisade, and lay down on the glacis of the fort. The third regiment lay on the beach as close up as it could get to the fort. From where I lay on the glacis, we could see the four rows of soldiers in the fort, two ranks firing, and two loading, and hear their taunts to "come on." No sailor reached the parapet. Ensign George C. Davis (now Commander) reached a hole in the face of the parapet. No one went further. At this time there was no distinct sound of the bullets, but only a steady rush, and the water close to the beach was lashed

to foam. I would not have supposed men could fire so fast. We only lay a few minutes under this fire before the troops got in on your side, and nearly all the enemy were withdrawn to meet you.

Much has been said of W. B. Cushing. I saw him half-way back to the rifle-pits. He had seen his friend Porter shot down, and had taken his sword. He was crying and swearing at a few men he had gathered together, and who were being called away by their wounded friends lying near. I spoke to him, and at once he controlled himself perfectly, and told me that an orderly had come from General Terry, saying that he had seven traverses, and could take no more unless the sailors would make another demonstration against the sea-side of the fort. If the sailors could not be brought up again, he said he would dig a ditch between the traverses, and hold what he had till morning. Three or four of us stayed with Cushing till we saw it was useless. The loss of the navy was great. Admiral Porter reports twenty-one officers and three hundred and nine men lost from twenty-nine ships. There were twenty-nine more ships; and from the "Wabash" only twelve were reported wounded, instead of about thirty. As the marines of our ship joined the blue-jackets, I don't know how many we had; but all but eighteen were hit. The reported loss was twenty-nine. All the officers were wounded. We went ashore in three boats, and returned in one. I say this to show that the probable loss was over four hundred out of the sixteen hundred who landed. After the repulse, the sailors who could, went to the upper line of the intrenchments, near Terry's headquarters; but I know nothing of that.

Very sincerely yours, IRA HARRIS.

When Curtis moved forward, Pennypacker was directed to take position in rear of the sharpshooters, and Bell was brought to Pennypacker's last position. As soon as Curtis got a foothold on the parapet, Pennypacker was sent to his support. He advanced, swung around Curtis's right, and drove the enemy from the palisades, which extended from the west end of the land face to the river, capturing a considerable number of prisoners.

Nothing could surpass the magnificent manner in which Pennypacker and his men made this charge. They swept the enemy westward and opened the sally-port from the inside, and the two brigades together drove the enemy from about one-fourth of their land face. Ames brought up Bell's brigade, and moved it between the fort and the river. On this side there was no parapet, but an abundance of cover was afforded to the enemy by cavities from which sand had been taken for traverses, behind which they stubbornly resisted the advance of Pennypacker and Curtis. Much hand-to-hand fighting of a desperate character ensued upon these huge traverses. Our men would make a charge to the summit of a traverse, to be met by the Confederates coming from the other side, where these hand-to-hand struggles occurred. One or two of these traverses were retaken, and held for a short time by the Confederates, but they were soon driven out for the last time.

By this time Terry had concluded that reinforcements were necessary, and sent an order for Abbott's brigade to move down from the north line, also directing General Paine to send one of the strongest regiments of his division. About dusk these troops arrived, and reported to General Ames. At six o'clock, Abbott's brigade went into the fort, and a regiment from Paine's division — the Twenty-Seventh United States Colored troops, commanded by Brevet Brigadier-General A. M. Blackman — was brought up to the rear of the fort, where it remained under fire for some time. The fire of the navy up to this time had been directed to that portion of the work not occupied by us. After that time it was directed to the beach, to prevent reinforcements being sent from the other side of the river to Battery Buchanan. This hand-to-hand fight over these traverses continued till nine o'clock in the evening, when two more of them were carried. Abbott's brigade then drove the Confederates from their last defences, and the occupation of the work was complete.

Abbott's brigade and Blackman's regiment immediately pushed down the point to Battery Buchanan, whither many of the garrison had fled, hoping to find means of escape across the river to Smithville. But this work had been abandoned early in the evening ; the boats were gone, guns were spiked, and when Abbott and Blackman reached the place no defence was made, and all the remaining garrison were made prisoners. Major-General Whiting surrendered his sword to General Blackman, and Colonel Lamb was also taken prisoner. Both these gallant officers were severely wounded, General Whiting dying of his wounds in March following, in the North. About four o'clock in the afternoon, General Hoke made a demonstration against our north line, with the apparent design of attacking it. But if this was his intention, he abandoned it after a skirmish with our pickets. This, with the slight skirmish on the morning of the 14th, was the only demonstration made by Hoke and Bragg, with six thousand men, against our northern line. Captain Edgerly, of the Third New Hampshire, brought General Terry the flag of Fort Fisher. Among other effects, fifty scraggy ponies were found at Battery Buchanan. These animals became intensely interesting to our wearied staff officers, and were rapidly secured and made use of. In the action, one hundred and ten of our men were killed, and five hundred and thirty-six wounded, and of the navy about three hundred were killed and wounded ; while the Confederates lost over seven hundred.

The next morning, as Bell's brigade were bivouacking around the main magazine, it exploded with a tremendous shock. A mountain of earth shot into the air, rolled to the right and left, and fell back in a mass twenty feet deep. About one hundred Federals and thirty Confederates instantly suffered death and burial at once. Fort Fisher was their monument and grave. It was first charged that the Confederates exploded this magazine by an electric current from the other side of the river. But

a board of officers, appointed to investigate, found that it was the result of an accident attributable to our own men.

It is needless to say that the rejoicing in the army and navy at the successful termination of this great military and naval enterprise was exuberant and tumultuous. From ten o'clock at night, when the firing ceased, until the morning dawned, the army echoed back the shouts of the navy, while the sky was filled with rockets, which could be seen for miles around. The combined efforts of the army and navy thus secured one of the most important successes of the war. This was Grant's opinion. And undoubtedly the fall of Fort Fisher and the closing of the port of Wilmington precipitated the collapse of the Confederacy at Richmond. Even the British Government, which had till that time held out hopes to the Confederacy's emissaries, now sent word to them through Washington, rebuking the Rebels for their stubbornness.

If Porter had his Butler, Lamb and Whiting had their Bragg. The responsibility for the failure to hold Fort Fisher must rest with him. In speaking of this disaster to the Confederate cause, General Whiting, lying wounded at Fort Fisher, on January 18, wrote to General Lee, saying :—

“ I think that the result might have been avoided, and Fort Fisher still held, if the commanding general had done his duty. I charge him with this loss, — with neglect of duty in this, that he either refused or neglected to carry out every suggestion made to him in official communications by me for the distribution of the troops, and especially that he failed to appreciate the lesson to be derived from the previous attempt of Butler. Instead of keeping his troops in position to attack the enemy on his appearance, he moves them twenty miles from the point of landing, in spite of repeated warnings. He might have learned that his failure to interrupt either the landing or the embarking of Butler for two days with his troops, though disgraceful

enough, would indicate to the enemy that he would have the same security for any future expedition. The previous failure was due to the strength of Fort Fisher alone, and not to any of the supporting troops. I charge him further with making no effort whatever to create a diversion in favor of the beleaguered garrison during the three days' battle, by attacking the enemy, though that was to be expected, since his delay and false dispositions allowed the enemy to secure his rear by works, but works of no strength. I desire that a full investigation be had of this matter, and these charges which I make. They will be fully borne out by the official records."

Colonel Lamb, who was in immediate command of the force in the fort, is even more severe in his criticism of Bragg. General Bragg, at one o'clock on the 16th of January, telegraphed to Richmond in these words : "I am mortified at having to report the unexpected capture of Fort Fisher, with most of its garrison, about ten o'clock the night of the 15th. Particulars not yet known." He also made a report of his operations to President Davis, January, 1865, in which he endeavors to excuse his conduct in not attacking our north line and in not reinforcing Fort Fisher by the river, during the night of the 14th, by saying that his command could not have been divided with safety, and that an attack upon our intrenchments would have been undoubtedly repulsed with great loss to himself.

It is difficult to understand why General Hoke, with his splendid record as a fighting Confederate, and with the magnificent troops which he brought with him from Richmond, should have allowed himself to remain at Sugarloaf, seven miles above Fisher, without making any attempt to relieve Whiting or to attack Paine's defensive line. General Hoke was a special favorite of President Davis, and had been selected by Davis and Lee for some of the most difficult and dangerous work connected with the defence of Richmond. By direction of Davis and Lee, with his command, he made the celebrated charge

on Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James River, for the purpose of recapturing it, in November, 1864,—one of the most gallant charges ever made in that or any other war. At Petersburg, on the 15th of June, and at Drury's Bluff, he was the most conspicuous character on the Confederate side. In conversing with General Hoke about three years since, I introduced this subject, and was unable to secure from him any explanation with respect to this Fort Fisher affair. I gathered, however, from some intimations, that upon Bragg the whole responsibility of his supine policy should rest. There has never been any question in my mind, either from the reports made of these operations, or from my own observation, that the landing of our forces at Masonborough Sound, or, at any rate, the establishment of a line across the peninsula from ocean to river, could have been prevented by a resolute and determined enemy. Neither has there been any doubt that after the line was established, an attack by Hoke upon the north line would have been so serious a diversion as to have withdrawn a large portion of the assaulting force from Fort Fisher, and rendered that assault impracticable. But the Confederates were everywhere discouraged and dispirited; and possibly to this despondency, as much as anything, can be attributed the course pursued by Bragg with relation to the relief of Fort Fisher.

No estimate of the forces which brought about the reduction of Fort Fisher would be correct which did not accord to the navy the larger share of the credit. But for the fact that nearly every gun in Fort Fisher was rendered useless by the fire of the navy, no successful assault could have been made by the land forces. Secretary Stanton, who was at Fort Fisher about a week after its capture, met Terry and Porter upon Porter's flag-ship, and, in his report to the President, speaks of the fact that "Admiral Porter and General Terry vied in their commendations each of the other. Each seemed more

anxious to do justice to the other than to claim anything for himself, and they united in the highest commendation of the naval and military officers and the forces engaged. To this harmony of feeling and the confident spirit inspired, may perhaps be attributed in some degree the success of an attack, with nearly equal numbers, against a resolute enemy, in a work unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in strength, and which General Beauregard a few days before pronounced impregnable."

I have neglected to mention that in this assault Colonel Bell, commanding the Third Brigade of General Ames's division, was killed while gallantly leading the charge at the west end of the land face. Colonel Pennypacker received a severe wound, from which for months it was not expected he would recover, and which has rendered him an invalid for life. General Curtis was also severely wounded, his wound resulting in the loss of the sight of one of his eyes. The losses in detail, with other data, will be shown by a statement attached to this paper.

Within twenty-four hours after the fall of Fort Fisher, the formidable chain of works around the two mouths of the Cape Fear River fell into Porter's hands. Our light-draft gunboats crossed the bar, and felt their way carefully through the channel of the river, removing torpedoes, with which the river was filled at that point. Lieutenant Cushing made a reconnaissance on January 17, and found Forts Caswell and Shaw blown up, and Bald Head and Campbell destroyed. The fortifications at Smithville were also abandoned. Three of these forts had been built to keep out any force, and were wonderful specimens of engineering. They mounted eighty-three guns, nine-inch, ten-inch, and one-hundred-and-fifty-pound Armstrongs, completely commanding the channel of the river, and were nearly out of the reach of projectiles from seaward.

January 18, Colonel Ames, commanding the Third Brigade of Paine's division, reconnoitred toward Wilmington,

and found the Confederates in force at Sugarloaf. Hoke was strongly intrenched at Sugarloaf, and occupied Fort Anderson, upon the opposite side of the river, with a collateral line running to a large swamp three-quarters of a mile distant. It was a strong position, and could only be taken by crossing the Sound above Hoke's left, or passing around the swamp on his right. On February 11, General Terry pushed forward Paine's division in the direction of Sugarloaf, and drove in the Rebel pickets, and established a line directly under and about five hundred yards distant from the Confederate main line on Sugarloaf Hill. General Schofield then attempted to send a fleet of navy-boats and pontoons above the enemy's position; and a force, composed of General Coxe's and General Ames's divisions, was to march along the beach in the night to the point where the boats were to land, haul them across the beach into the Sound, and cross the Sound to the mainland in rear of Hoke's position. The weather was so stormy as to render the execution of this plan impossible. It was again attempted on the night of February 14; but the unusually high tide caused by the heavy sea wind defeated the plan again. General Schofield then directed his attention to the enemy's right, and sent General Coxe and General Ames over to Smithville, where they advanced along the Wilmington road until they encountered the enemy's position at Fort Anderson. These two brigades intrenched to occupy the enemy, while General Coxe, with his other two brigades and General Ames's division, moved around the swamp, covering the enemy's right, to strike the Wilmington road in the rear of Fort Anderson. The enemy, warned by his cavalry of General Coxe's movement, abandoned his works on both sides of the river during the night of February 19, and fell back behind Town Creek on the west side, and to a corresponding position covered by swamps on the east side. Here was another gain of ten pieces of heavy ordnance, and the possession of the main

defences of Cape Fear River and Wilmington by our troops, with comparatively trifling loss. General Coxe, on the 20th, pursued the enemy to Town Creek, behind which he was found intrenched, having destroyed the only bridge across the creek. General Terry also encountered the enemy in position on the other side of the river, in forces superior to his. General Ames re-crossed the river and joined General Terry on the night of the 19th. On the 20th, General Coxe crossed Town Creek by the use of a single flat-boat found in the stream, and by wading swamps reached the enemy's flank and rear, attacked and routed him, capturing two pieces of artillery and three hundred and seventy-five prisoners, and dispersing the remainder of his force. During the night General Coxe rebuilt the bridge, crossed his artillery, and the next morning pushed on toward Wilmington without opposition. General Terry, although unable to make further advance, occupied the attention of all Hoke's force, so that none could be sent to replace that which Coxe had destroyed. On the 21st, General Coxe secured a portion of the enemy's pontoon bridge across Brunswick River, which he had attempted to destroy, put a portion of his troops upon Eagle Island, and threatened to cross the Cape Fear River above Wilmington. The enemy at once set fire to his steamers, cotton, and military and naval stores, and abandoned the town. Our troops entered without opposition early on the morning of February 22, and General Paine's division pursued the enemy across the Northeast River. The total loss in the operations from February 11, when the first advance was made from Fort Fisher, to the capture of Wilmington, was about two hundred officers and men killed and wounded; while that of the enemy was not less than one thousand killed, wounded, and made prisoners. Fifty-one pieces of heavy ordnance, fifteen light pieces, and a large amount of ammunition fell into our hands.

In no campaign of the war did such great achievements

upon land result from the operations of so small a force of men. Up to the time that General Schofield joined the forces, many days after the taking of Fort Fisher, less than ten thousand Federal soldiers had been upon the peninsula. Six thousand Confederates, under the immediate command of General Hoke, were to the north of them, and between them and Wilmington; and Fort Fisher, with its garrison of twenty-four hundred men, to the south. Yet this small Federal force, co-operating with the navy, assaulted and captured one of the strongest defensive works erected in these modern times, after a seven hours' fight.

In view of such an achievement, well may all loyal American citizens exclaim, in the language of the old song,—

“The Army and Navy forever!”

APPENDIX I.

THE FORCES.

A. THE UNION ARMY.

Major-General A. H. TERRY.

SECOND DIVISION, Twenty-Fourth Army Corps, Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames.

First Brigade. Col. N. Martin Curtis :— 3d New York, Capt. J. H. Reeves, Lt. E. A. Behan; 112th New York, Col. J. F. Smith; 117th New York, Lt.-Col. F. X. Meyer; 142d New York, Lt.-Col. A. M. Barney.

Second Brigade. Col. Galusha Pennypacker, Major O. P. Hard-
ing :— 47th New York, Capt. J. M. McDonald; 48th New
York, Lt.-Col. W. B. Coan, Major N. A. Elfuring; 76th
Pennsylvania, Col. J. S. Little, Major Knerr; 97th Pennsyl-

vania, Lt. Wainwright; 203d Pennsylvania, Col. Moore, Lt.-Col. Lyman, Major Harding, Capt. Essington.

Third Brigade. Col. Louis Bell, Col. Alonzo Alden:—13th Indiana, Lt.-Col. S. M. Zent; 4th New Hampshire, Capt. Roberts; 115th New York, Lt.-Col. Johnson; 169th New York, Col. Alden, Lt.-Col. Colvin.

Second Brigade. Division One, Col. Abbott (temporarily attached to Div. 2):—6th Connecticut, Col. Rockwell; 7th Connecticut, Capts. Thompson and Marble; 3d New Hampshire, Capt. Trickey; 7th New Hampshire, Lt.-Col. Rollins; 16th New York (Heavy Artillery, detachment), Lt. Huntington.

THIRD DIVISION, Twenty-Fifth Army Corps (colored), Brig.-Gen. C. J. Paine.

Second Brigade. Col. John W. Ames:—4th U. S., Lt.-Col. Rogers; 6th U. S., Major A. S. Boernstein; 30th U. S., Lt.-Col. Oakman; 39th U. S., Lt.-Col. Stearns.

Third Brigade. Col. Elias Wright.—1st U. S., Lt.-Col. Rich; 5th U. S., Major Brazie; 10th U. S., Lt.-Col. Powell; 27th U. S., Col. Blackman; 37th U. S., Lt.-Col. Nathan Goff, Jr.

ARTILLERY COMPANIES. B, G, and L, 1st Connecticut Heavy, Capt. Pride; 16th New York Battery, Capt. Lee; E, 3d U. S., Lt. Myrick.

CHIEF OF ENGINEERS. Lt.-Col. O. B. Comstock; A and I, 15th New York, Lt. O'Keefe.

Casualties:—

Killed	184
Wounded	749
Missing	22
Total	955

Casualties of explosion:—

Killed	25
Wounded	66
Total	91
Net total	1046

B. THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

DEFENCES. Mouth of Cape Fear River, Brig.-Gen. LOUIS HÉBERT.
Department Commander, Gen. BRAXTON BRAGG.

GARRISON OF FORT FISHER.

Col. LAMB ; Major STEVENSON (too ill for duty), Major REILLY :—

10th North Carolina (1st Artillery), Major Reilly, — Co. F, Capt. Walsh; Co. K, Capt. Shaw. 36th North Carolina (2d Artillery), Major Stevenson, — Co. A, Capt. Murphy; Co. B, Capt. Munn; Co. C, Capt. Braddy; Co. D, Capt. Dudley; Co. E, Capt. Powell; Co. F, Lt. Hunter; Co. G, Capt. Swain; Co. H, Capt. Patterson; Co. I, Capt. Melvin; Co. K, Capt. Brooks. 40th North Carolina, Co. D, Capt. Lane, — Co. E, Capt. McBryde; Co. G, Capt. Buchan; Co. K, Capt. Clarke. Co. D, 1st North Carolina, Capt. McCormick. Co. C, 3d North Carolina, Capt. Sutton. Co. D, 13th North Carolina, Capt. Adams.

Naval Detachment. Capt. Van Benthuyzen.

Battery Buchanan. Capt. Chapman, C. S. N.

HOKE'S DIVISION. Major-General ROBERT F. HOKE.

Clingman's Brigade, 8th, 31st, 57th, and 61st North Carolina; Colquitt's Brigade, 6th, 19th, 23d, 27th, and 28th Georgia; Hagood's Brigade, 11th, 21st, 25th, and 27th South Carolina; 7th South Carolina Battalion; Kirkland's Brigade, 17th, 42d, 50th, and 66th North Carolina.

[Regimental Officers cannot be ascertained.]

Cavalry. 2d South Carolina, Col. Lipscomb.

Chief Engineer. Major-General W. H. C. Whiting.

[Only two companies of the garrison ever came from outside North Carolina, and they stayed but temporarily.]

C. THE NAVY.

Rear-Admiral DAVID D. PORTER, commanding North Atlantic Squadron; Lt.-Commander K. R. BREESE, Fleet-Captain.

SHIP.	OFFICER.
Colorado	Commander Thatcher
Minnesota	" Lanman
Powhatan	" Schenck
Susquehanna	" Godon

EXPEDITIONS AGAINST FORT FISHER, ETC. 185

SHIP.	OFFICER.
New Ironsides	Commander Radford
Santiago de Cuba	Captain Glisson
Vanderbilt	" Pickering
Juniata	" Taylor
Fort Jackson	" Sands
Shenandoah	" Ridgely
Ticonderoga	" Steedman
Brooklyn	" Alden
Tuscarora	Commander Frailey
Monadnock	" Parrott
Rhode Island	" Trenchard
Nereus	" Howell
Mohican	" Ammen
Iosco	" Guest
Osceola	" Clitz
Pawtucket	" Spotts
Mackinaw	" Beaumont
Cuyler	" Caldwell
Saugus	" Calhoun
Pontoosuc	Lieutenant-Commander Temple
*Vance	" " Upshur
Yantic	" " Harris
Sassacus	" " Davis
Tacony	" " Truxtun
Kansas	" " Watmough
Maratanza	" " Young
Maumee	" " Chander
Pequot	" " Braine
Nyack	" " Newman
Canonicus	" " Belknap
Vicksburg	" " Baker
Chippewa	" " Potter
Unadilla	" " Ramsey
Mahopac	" " Weaver
Huron	" " Selfridge
Seneca	" " Sicard
Monticello	" " Cushing
*Gettysburg	" " Lamson
Malvern (Flag-ship)	Lieutenant Porter
Alabama	Acting Volunteer " Langthorn
Montgomery	" " Dunn
Fort Donelson	Acting Master Frost
*Governor Buckingham	Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Macdearmid

SHIP.	OFFICER.
Aries	Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Wells
*Lilian	" " " Harris
*Britannia	" " " Sheldon
*Eolus	Acting Master Keyser
*Nansemond	" " Porter
Little Ada	" " Crafts
Republic	" Ensign Bennett
*Howqua	Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Balch
*Wilderness	Acting Master Arey
*Cherokee	Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Dennison
*Moccasin	Acting Ensign Brown
*Emma	Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Williams
*Tristram Shandy	" " " Green
Total	60

Of these ships, 56 were engaged in the first bombardment, 58 in the second. Those marked with a star formed the reserves.

APPENDIX II.

THE ARMAMENT OF FORT FISHER.

	INCHES		INCHES
1 Columbiad	10	19 Rifle	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
2 Rifle	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 Columbiad	10
3 Smooth-bore	8	21 Smooth-bore	8
4 " "	8	22 Rifle (Blakely)	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 Columbiad	8	23 Columbiad	10
6 Rifle (Parrott)	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 Rifle	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
7 Smooth-bore	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 Columbiad	10
8 " "	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 "	10
9 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 "	8
10 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 "	8
11 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 "	8
12 " "	8	30 "	8
13 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 Rifle (Brooks)	7
14 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 Columbiad	8
15 " "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 Rifle	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
16 Rifle	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
17 " (Brooks)	7	35 "	8
18 "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	36 Columbiad	10

	INCHES		INCHES
37 Columbiad	10	41 Columbiad	10
38 Rifle (Brooks)	7	42 " " " " "	10
39 " " " " "	6½	43 Rifle	6½
40 Columbiad	10		

(The above is the order of guns from the left salient to Battery Lamb.)

Within the curtain, behind the land face, were two mortars of 5½ inches ; at the north-east bastion was one mortar of 8 inches ; behind the sea-front was one 150-pounder Armstrong.

Another enumeration is by Colonel Towle, U. S. A. :—

SMOOTH-BORES.

2 11-in. double-banded Brooks	
15 10-in. Columbiads	
12 8-in. "	
7 iron 32-pounders	
2 " 24-pounders	
2 bronze 12-pounder howitzers	
6 32-pounder caronades	
3 12-pounders (bronze)	
1 6-pounder (iron)	
2 6-pounders (bronze)	
1 10-in. sea-coast mortar	
2 Coehorn iron mortars	
1 1½-in. smooth-bore	
1 volley gun (Robinson & Cottum, makers)	
57 Total	

RIFLED GUNS.

1 8-in. 150-pounder Armstrong	
3 7-in. double-banded Brooks	
1 8-in. three-grooved	
4 5½-in. non-banded	
6 6½-in. single-banded	
4 6½-in. double-banded Brookes	
1 100-pounder Parrott, U. S.	
1 5½-in. non-banded	
1 4½-in. three-grooved	
1 4½-in.	
1 30-pounder Parrott, U. S.	
1 3-in. Whitworth	
2 3-in. banded Richmonds	
1 2½-in. muzzle-loading Whitworth	
28 Total	

Net total, 85. (This includes Battery Buchanan and others.)

Forty-six (46) smooth-bores and 21 rifles remained in good condition after January 15 ; of the former 11, and of the latter 7, were disabled.

APPENDIX III.

AUTHORITIES AND SOURCES.

Copies of Official Reports furnished by the War Department; Report of Committee on Conduct of the War; "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant;" "Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman;" "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War;" "Naval History of the Civil War;" "The Failure at Fort Fisher;" "Naval Battles off Fisher;" "Terry's Fort Fisher Expedition;" "The Powder Boat Experiment;" "'New Ironsides' at Fort Fisher;" "Under Fire."

CASUALTIES IN FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,
TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

JANUARY 15, 1865.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.	
	OFF.	MEN.	OFF.	MEN.	OFF.	MEN.	OFF.	MEN.
142d N. Y. V. . .	I	5	4	65	—	3	5	73
117th " . .	I	15	10	62	—	4	11	81
112th " . .	—	10	2	29	—	—	2	39
3d " . .	—	5	2	10	—	2	2	17
	2	35	18	166	—	9	20	210

Brigade staff: Bvt. Brig. Gen. N. M. Curtis wounded.

R. DAGGETT,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

THE OLD VERMONT BRIGADE.

By ALDACE F. WALKER.

[Read December 11, 1890.]

ONE of the most noticeable defects under which the Northern army labored throughout the war was the lack of permanence in its organization.

Immense armies were demanded and were produced. Their efficient organization clearly required stability. The smallest unit which should have been considered the permanent body, to be solidified and preserved, was the division. Upon the usual basis this would have furnished a body of ten thousand men constantly present for duty, — a body not too large for the development of the spirit of sympathy and pride which is so necessary, and easily handled together on the march, in the camp or in action. As the years went on more was heard of this or that division; the reputation of many of our most successful generals was made while holding such a command. We can conceive what would have been the result if a given number of divisions had been organized in 1861, and their ranks kept full to the end. But nothing of the kind was attempted.

There were, however, a few brigades in different portions of the army, the integrity of which was to some extent preserved. One of these was the organization known as the "Old Vermont Brigade." The adjective "old" was at first used to distinguish this particular brigade from a second Vermont brigade of nine-months troops, whose only battle was Gettysburg. At the last the word involved the secondary idea of respect and affection, as when employed by the soldiers in speaking of "Old Grant," "Old Sherman" or "Old Sedgwick."

The first or "Old Vermont Brigade" was organized in October, 1861, upon the soil of Virginia, a short distance south of Washington. After nearly four years of constantly active service it was disbanded in June, 1865, at almost precisely the same spot. Its formation was suggested to General McClellan by Colonel William F. Smith of the Third Vermont, a distinguished engineer of the regular army, who was its first brigade commander. The command of General Smith soon took on the proportions of a division, and he afterwards became one of the best-known corps commanders of the war, familiarly called "Baldy Smith."

The original components of the Vermont Brigade were the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Vermont infantry regiments, all of which were enlisted in the summer of 1861 for three years' service. These organizations were represented in its ranks to the close of the war, though they were not kept full, and at the last their numbers were greatly reduced. The Eleventh Vermont, after eighteen months' service as heavy artillery in the fortifications on the north of Washington, joined the brigade May 12, 1864. It had but two regularly assigned brigadier-generals; there were occasions, of course, when a senior colonel was in command. Its first brigadier was General W. H. F. Brooks, who afterward successfully commanded the Tenth Army Corps. His rule was firm and efficient, and his regular army education and experience were of great value. After his promotion the command presently fell to Colonel Lewis A. Grant of the Fifth Vermont, then the senior officer of the brigade. He was subsequently made a brigadier-general, and led the brigade to the end. He was afterward Assistant Secretary of War under Secretary Redfield Proctor, now a United States Senator, who was at one time major of the same regiment.

A body of men like this, when subjected to the stringent demands of active campaign service, soon becomes

self-reliant and coherent. The touch of elbow which gives united action is felt throughout the organization. A sense of solidarity is developed, bringing the assurance that the fractions are not merely individual regiments, but are parts of a greater whole; and a continuing consciousness exists that support and assistance will not be wanting if required. The Vermont Brigade received no factitious support from war correspondents. Metropolitan newspapers seldom found space to advertise its deeds, illustrated weeklies published no alleged pictures of its charges; but in the Army of the Potomac there was abundant appreciation of its merits. Its chief characteristic was not dash or display, but steadiness. There was no elaboration in its drill. The skirmish-line was its delight. The secret of its acknowledged preëminence on the battle-field was its extraordinary tenacity. Although its active service embraced more important engagements than almost any other similar command in the Northern army, it was seldom, if ever, driven from its position by assault. It was famed for a certain quality of steady, quiet, intelligent courage, comparison with which was high honor.

At Sheridan's famous battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, Getty's division, known as the Second Division of the Sixth Army Corps, was the farthest from the point of Early's fierce attack at daybreak. Getty's second brigade was the Old Vermont Brigade, which held the centre of the division through the day. It was the last division to come into the fight. It was moved by the left flank a mile across the field, and fronted to the right, thus forming its line in the face of the entire Rebel army, which by that time had passed over the camps of our Eighth and Nineteenth Corps in Early's successful charge. Three of the Vermont regiments were at once ordered out as skirmishers into the dismal fog which enveloped the entire attacking line, amid the tumult and dismay which covered the field with disaster.

They deployed in a broad cornfield, diverging and gradually taking proper distances, then crossing a little water-course, went on through a pasture, aligning instinctively and almost without a word of command, forward into a scattering grove, even then occupied by the advance of the enemy, and on to its farthest margin, where the rolling ground sloped away. There, with an open view to the front, but every man protected by some slight cover, five or six hundred skirmishers arranged themselves for defence, prepared to mask for a time the defensive position which Getty with the remainder of the division was endeavoring to find and assume. It is believed to have been the first moment on that disastrous morning when the rush of the surprise was confronted by a skirmish-line well out in front of a line of battle; and by eight A. M. there was no other organization within sight or hearing, holding ground against the enemy.

Although the position was practically chosen by the men themselves, in the centre of confusion and dismay, it was maintained in perfect steadiness and with an entire understanding of a skirmisher's duty. The grove was held with some loss for an hour or more, until artillery was brought up by the enemy, and two lines of Rebel infantry were distinctly seen advancing to drive back the Vermonters' skirmish-line. Then, receiving the order to retire and assembling as they went, the three regiments took position with the rest of the brigade in the centre of Getty's division, — the only Union troops then in line of battle with their front to the foe. A determined stand was here made; a terrible artillery fire was silently submitted to; three successive line-of-battle charges were repulsed; and, after a desperate conflict, the division eventually received and obeyed an order to retire when two Rebel divisions had executed a flank movement around its right. Moving back once more, this time in line of battle and with well-dressed ranks, Getty's division presently faced about again, a mile north of the village of

Middletown, and took up a new defensive position with every regiment in perfect order. A new skirmish-line went to the front and once more the true battle formation was almost instinctively presented. This was perhaps ten or eleven o'clock A. M. The fog had lifted and the day was bright. Cavalry formed on either flank. Two or three batteries of artillery rallied in the rear. Then the unexpected happened. General Sheridan, whose absence had been known and deplored, was seen dashing down the pike in hot eagerness to find the front line of his scattered army. The first infantry troops before which he halted were those whose movements have been hastily described. "What troops are these?" were his first words; and "the Vermont Brigade" was the first answer, amid cheers and yells that filled the air. Colonel Tracy of the Second Vermont, then commanding the brigade, rode up to salute and said, "We're glad to see you, General Sheridan." "Well, by God, I'm glad to get here! We'll have our camps by night!"

How vividly a scene like that burns itself into one's memory! Words cannot describe it, the artist's brush cannot paint it; but it stands distinct in the chambers of the mind; when its vision is awakened the eyes fill, and the throat swells, and the soul thrills in quick response.

I have no hesitancy in saying that Sheridan's greatest victory was very largely, if not chiefly, due to the cool and dogged steadiness of the Vermont Brigade during those hours before he arrived upon the field. It is generally conceded that Getty's division remained in the fight of that morning at least two hours after every other organization had been defeated in rotation. When at last it retired, a position was deliberately selected where the fight could be resumed. It there became the nucleus on which the army formed. The Vermont Brigade was the centre of Getty's division during all that day. The First Brigade, on the right of the division, was commanded

by one of the Vermont colonels, permanently assigned. General Bidwell, commanding the Third Brigade upon the left, was killed about nine A. M., while repulsing one of the Rebel charges made upon the semicircular crest which the division occupied; his men began to waver under the fierce attack, when the appeal was heard, "Don't run till the Vermonters do," and it kept them to their work.

Sheridan in his official report of the battle makes the situation clear. He says:

"On arriving at the front I found Merritt's and Custer's divisions of cavalry, and General Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, opposing the enemy. I suggested to General Wright that we would fight on Getty's line, and that the remaining two divisions of the Sixth Corps, which were to the right and rear of Getty, *about two miles*, should be ordered up, and also that the Nineteenth Corps, which was on the right and rear of those divisions, should be hastened up before the enemy attacked Getty."

And again in the same report he says:

"Getty's division of the Sixth Corps confronted the enemy from the first attack of the morning until the battle was decided."

In his "Memoirs" Sheridan writes as follows:

"Getty's division, when I found it, was about a mile north of Middletown, posted on the reverse slope of some slightly rising ground, holding a barricade made of fence rails, and skirmishing slightly with the enemy's pickets. Jumping my horse over the line of rails I rode to the crest of the elevation, and then, taking off my hat, the men rose up from behind the barricade with cheers of recognition. An officer of the Vermont Brigade, Colonel A. S. Tracy, rode up to the front, and, joining me, informed me that General Lewis A. Grant was in command there, the regular division commander, General Getty, having taken charge of the Sixth Corps, in place of Ricketts, wounded early in the action."

Sheridan proceeds with the story as follows :

"I crossed the depression in the rear of Getty's line, and, dismounting on the opposite crest, established that point as my headquarters. Crook met me at this time and strongly favored the idea of fighting, but said that most of his troops were gone. General Wright (of the Sixth Corps, who had been in command of the army) came up a little later, when I saw that he was wounded, a ball having grazed the point of his chin so as to draw blood plentifully. Wright gave me a hurried account of the day's events, and when told that we would fight the enemy upon the line which Getty and the cavalry were holding, and that he must go himself and send all his staff to bring up the troops, he zealously fell in with the scheme ; and it was then that the Nineteenth Corps and two divisions of the Sixth were ordered to the front."

The subsequent advance of the army, and the total rout of the enemy as the sun went down, are known to all.

This was by no means the first occasion on which the Vermont Brigade had exhibited the cool and persevering steadiness and composure under extreme difficulties which distinguished it so highly in the Army of the Potomac. Its conduct at Cedar Creek was not accidental, but was habitual. There was never a time, after the Peninsular campaign in 1862, when the knowledge that the Vermont Brigade was holding a point of danger did not give confidence to all the army, or when its absence from the fight was not a cause for regret. Its troops were commonly known as "the Vermonters." When brave John Sedgwick, the beloved organizer and commander of the Sixth Army Corps, marched his men thirty-two miles in a day to the sound of the guns at Gettysburg, he issued an order, as reported by his adjutant-general, which has since been often repeated : "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column closed up."

I remember a group of troops from other States, whom I found one night conversing around a picket fire in front of Petersburg, while making the grand rounds as "Officer

of the Day," in the early spring of 1865. The story was evidently of some desperate occasion, when the danger was extreme; for, as I approached, the narrator concluded, with the hearty approval of all the group, "Then is when we wanted the Vermonters."

In the summer of 1864 Early was knocking at the back door of Washington, and the Sixth Corps was ordered from Petersburg to its relief. When the first boat arrived, President Lincoln, silent and careworn, was standing on the wharf. As soon as its landing was made he inquired what troops were on board, and was told the name of the general who had occupied the steamer as headquarters during the trip. The anxious President turned away with evident disappointment, saying, "I do not care to see any major-generals; I came here to see the Vermont Brigade." And he was at the landing when the Vermont Brigade arrived.

To give the story of the Old Vermont Brigade in detail would be substantially to write the history of the Army of the Potomac; its proper presentation would require a volume. Upon an occasion like this there remains only time hastily to sketch its services, pausing to speak more particularly of two or three matters perhaps not generally known.

The Second Vermont regiment was in the first battle of Bull Run, and witnessed Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House. The first important campaign of the brigade as an organization was with McClellan on the Peninsula. The first assault upon an intrenched line made by the Army of the Potomac was the celebrated charge of a detachment of the Vermont Brigade across the mill-dam and into the enemy's works at Lee's Mill, near Yorktown. The battle of Williamsburg followed, and the army trailed its slow and tortuous way until it finally halted astride the Chickahominy. The battles in which the Vermont Brigade honorably participated in this ineffectual demonstration against Richmond were Gold-

ing's Farm, Savage's Station and White Oak Swamp. At Savage's Station, in particular, the men fought desperately and the loss was enormous. The Fifth Vermont regiment had less than four hundred muskets in the battle, and its killed and wounded numbered two hundred and six. General D. H. Hill, in his "Century" article describing this action, says that a Vermont regiment made a desperate charge upon the division of McLaws and was almost annihilated. "Baldy" Smith's division did its part well through the whole campaign of disaster, and was among the last to leave Harrison's Landing when the army was recalled to Washington. It did not arrive at Alexandria in season to participate in the second Bull Run, although it marched out towards the south through Fairfax Court-House. It was active in the Antietam campaign, taking a brilliant part at the battle of South Mountain, known in its annals as the storming of Cramton's Gap. Its next serious engagement was General Burnside's unfortunate battle at Fredericksburg, where its experiences were painful and its losses large. When General Hooker, shortly after, repeated the experiment in what is known as the Chancellorsville campaign, the duty assigned to the Vermont Brigade, with a few other troops, was the storming of Marye's Heights. The hill was carried by a brilliant and successful charge, and Sedgwick's part of the battle was a complete success. At Gettysburg, the Sixth Corps was the last to reach the field and was held in reserve. Speculations have often been made concerning the possible result in case Pickett's charge on the third day had proved successful; but such conjectures are of little value unless the fact is kept in view that Sedgwick's command was under arms, in readiness at any moment to participate in the battle. In the course of Meade's pursuit of Lee a so-called skirmish took place at Funkstown, Maryland, in respect to which General Sedgwick's official report says: "The Vermont Brigade were deployed as skirmishers, covering a front

of over two miles, and during the afternoon repulsed three successive attacks made in line of battle. The remarkable conduct of the brigade on this occasion deserves high praise." Soon after this General Sedgwick was asked to detail his "best brigade" for duty at New York city in connection with the draft riots then in progress. He designated the Vermont Brigade, which spent August and September, 1863, in and about that city. Returning to the army it was received with music and military salutes, and took part in Meade's Mine Run campaign, including a severe engagement at Rappahannock Station.

The next spring the army was reorganized for active service under General Grant, and on May 4 it crossed the Rapidan. On May 5 and 6, 1864, the Battle of the Wilderness was fought. Getty's division was detached from the Sixth Corps and sent to occupy and hold the Brock Road, at the crossing of the Orange Plank Road, until the Second Corps under Hancock should arrive. It was a desperate duty, and the circumstances were such that the service performed was little known outside the army. The assault, under Lee in person, was sustained for hours by Getty's division without support, and the entire loss of the Second Corps, on May 5, was not equal to that of the Vermont Brigade alone. On the second day the Second Corps took the front and delivered a successful advance, but reinforcements of the enemy presently enabled Longstreet to sweep down its flank in apparent victory. "We thought," he afterwards said to Mr. Swinton, "that we had another Bull Run on you." But two brigades from Getty's division were waiting, and the steadiness and nerve of the Vermonters were never more signally displayed. The Brock Road was held, and, on the evening of May 7 the Army of the Potomac took up its march to the South. The Battle of the Wilderness was an enigma; it has even been doubted whether, in fact, it was a Northern victory. But the troops engaged

had no such doubt. It was the last occasion when General Lee made an attack in force upon the Army of the Potomac. The losses on both sides were nearly equal. The Vermont Brigade suffered one-tenth of the entire loss of Grant's army. It crossed the Rapidan with less than three thousand men, and its casualties in the Wilderness aggregated one thousand two hundred and thirty-four. Of the officers present for duty, three-fourths were killed or wounded. Twenty-one officers were killed or died of their wounds.

The army moved on toward Spottsylvania, and the Vermont Brigade, by a forced march, was brought to the right of the Sixth Corps once more. It was directed to take position on the left; and as the brigade, reduced to half its former size, began to move down the line, the men nearest broke into spontaneous hurrahs, and its march was made under a continuous round of cheers.

The fighting for a time was now almost constant. General Sedgwick was killed and General Wright succeeded to the command of the corps. General Getty had been severely wounded in the Wilderness and was in a Northern hospital. Three of the Vermont regiments were engaged in Upton's famous charge, which captured what was known as the "bloody angle." Ordered to withdraw, they at first refused to do so. But the position gained was abandoned, and was the scene of a terrible conflict two days later. Then the Vermont Brigade for nearly eight hours was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight across the breastworks. A tree, described by the Confederate General McGowan as an oak-tree, twenty-two inches in diameter, was here cut off by bullets, and several men of the Seventh South Carolina regiment were injured in its fall. Mr. Swinton says: "Of all the struggles of the war this was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. The musketry fire had the effect to kill a whole forest within its range." In these engagements about Spottsylvania Court-House the brigade lost nearly four hundred

men more; and when it was reinforced on May 15 by the Eleventh Vermont, fresh from the defences of Washington, the new portion of the command outnumbered the old. One hundred and fifty recruits at the same time joined the older regiments, and the men were still stout at heart, feeling that they were moving to the South and had at last left Fredericksburg behind them.

Several other collisions with the enemy occurred of which time does not permit mention. The region about Spottsylvania Court-House was soon abandoned in a movement by the left flank still southward across the North Anna. Thence a like manœuvre repeated brought the Sixth Corps, on June 1, in face of a prepared line of earthworks near Cold Harbor. The brigade participated actively in the desperate but unsuccessful attempt to carry the Rebel position, fortified the ground gained, and was under fire for twelve days without a moment's cessation. Then moving by the left flank once more, the army crossed the Chickahominy and the James and pushed forward to the attack then in progress upon Petersburg. After constant fighting here for twenty days, including a battle on the Weldon Road that cost the brigade a loss of over four hundred and fifty officers and men, and a raid to Ream's Station on the south, the Sixth Corps was suddenly ordered back to Washington, then threatened by Early who was approaching through Maryland with considerable force. The Vermont Brigade was near the head of the corps as it marched up Seventh Street from the landing and pushed straight out to the presence of the enemy. The entire population of Washington thronged along the line of march. The day before had been one of almost absolute panic. The morning saw the streets filled with old campaigners, whose rapid steps and easy swing told the story of veteran experience. Before sunset there was a "right smart" fight within five miles of the National Capitol, and the next morning Early's army was gone.

Then followed a weary month of marching and countermarching, by night and by day, across the Potomac, through Leesburg and Snicker's Gap into the Shenandoah Valley; back again to Washington; out once more by way of Frederick to Harper's Ferry; back to Frederick, and on to Harper's Ferry again. The men were weary and worn by continual hurrying to and fro with no apparent object or result; until one day a new commander was announced and a new order of things presently began.

General Sheridan's campaign was cautiously conducted until he received authority to "go in." One of its early incidents was a falling back some forty miles from Strasburg to Charleston, at which place an unexpected attack was received by Getty's division which was covering the movement. This was once more the Vermonters' day upon the skirmish-line; and though no other troops were engaged and the affair finds no mention in the histories, it was for them as bitter a little fight as could well be imagined. The brigade held its ground all day against several attacks of infantry and a severe artillery fire, without asking for support. Two divisions of the enemy were in its front. General Early, in his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence," says of this affair: "I encountered Sheridan's main force near Cameron's depot, about three miles from Charleston, in a position which he commenced fortifying at once. Rodes's and Ramseur's divisions were advanced to the front, and very heavy skirmishing ensued and was continued until night; but I waited for General Anderson to arrive before making a general attack." Although the rest of Sheridan's army was in position some distance in the rear, the only troops engaged on our side upon this occasion were the regiments of the Old Vermont Brigade. A comparison of the accounts given by both the opposing commanders clearly shows that Early was endeavoring to bring on an engagement, and Sheridan was quite willing that he

should; but the unusual tenacity with which the Vermont Brigade held the skirmish-line prevented the battle, though both generals desired it.

Sheridan's first serious engagement in the valley was the battle of the Opequan, named from the Opequan Creek. This encounter is often spoken of as the battle of Winchester; but as that city was taken and retaken some eighty times during the war, its name is useless for any special identification. After the battle of Opequan, however, the Rebel army saw it no more. On the morning of September 19, 1864, the army broke camp at two A. M., and the Vermont Brigade led the column of infantry marching straight to the west.

If there were time it might be interesting to describe this action sufficiently to call attention to a series of accidents which upset General Sheridan's calculations, and caused him to wholly change his plan of battle during its progress. In his "Memoirs" he says:

"The battle was not fought out on the plan in accordance with which marching orders were issued to my troops, for I then hoped to take Early in detail, and, with Crook's force, cut off his retreat. . . . It was during the reorganization of my lines that I changed my plan as to Crook, and moved him from my left to my right. This I did with great reluctance, for I hoped to destroy Early's army entirely if Crook continued on his original line of march towards the Valley pike south of Winchester; and although the ultimate results did in a measure vindicate the change, yet I have always thought that by adhering to the original plan we might have captured the bulk of Early's army."

In conversation during the later years of his life General Sheridan expressed himself still more strongly, saying, in substance, that he had always regretted the change from his original plan, which sacrificed the opportunity for a much more important victory than the one which he in fact obtained.

General Early criticises Sheridan for his failure to take advantage of the opportunity open to "have destroyed my whole force and captured everything I had."

During this engagement the writer had an excellent opportunity to observe the condition of affairs on the extreme left of our army. The opportunity to envelop the entire Rebel force from the south was perfectly apparent, and was freely discussed in the ranks ; the appearance of troops in that direction was anxiously expected. They failed to come, and the battle was ended by an attack from the other flank of the army, which the whole line took up in turn ; but I have never seen the least reason to doubt that if Crook's command, after the reorganization of the line, had pursued the direction originally contemplated, and come in with Wilson's cavalry on the south of the Rebel army, there would either have been an entire surrender by the enemy or a quick retreat into the North Mountains.

A brief allusion only can be made to the battle of Fisher's Hill, three days later, in which the enemy was driven from the strongest position in the Shenandoah Valley, by a secret movement executed by Crook ; who marched his two small divisions all day through the woods and along the mountain side, and delivered a complete surprise upon the enemy's left flank about five p. m. The Sixth Corps at the same time charged in front, directly against the works occupied by the Rebels at the crowning points of the line of defence on the high hills that here cross the valley. General Early says that he intended to withdraw that night ; but when his left was turned his men abandoned their position, and " my whole force retired in considerable confusion." He omits to notice the fact that their haste was so extreme that eleven hundred men and sixteen pieces of artillery were left behind. The heavy artillerists in the Vermont Brigade enjoyed the exhilarating sensation of turning the guns of a captured battery upon the retreating foe.

After the pursuit to Staunton the army returned leisurely, and camped on the north side of Cedar Creek. Early presently again occupied Fisher's Hill, from which his movement across Cedar Creek was made against our army in Sheridan's absence, which has already been described, and which ended the war in the Shenandoah Valley.

In December, 1864, the Sixth Corps returned to the Army of the Potomac and was assigned a position at the extreme left of the line on the southwest front of Petersburg. The Vermont Brigade occupied works previously constructed by troops which it relieved, facing northerly, near the farthest point at that time held by our army in that direction. Picket duty and an occasional skirmish occupied the days and nights until the latter part of March, when active work was resumed.

At daybreak on April 2, 1865, an event occurred which is well worthy a careful description. The battle of Five Forks had just been fought and won. The time had arrived when it was considered necessary to break through the intrenched line of the enemy. General Wright was sure he could do it, and told General Meade that whenever he got the word he would "make the fur fly." The enemy's line was closely studied. General L. A. Grant discovered an opening in the Rebel intrenchments, where there was a little ravine which their abatis did not cross. This was opposite the farthest point to the west then held by our army. He describes what took place as follows :—

"Knowing that a vulnerable point of attack was sought for, I called General Getty's attention to this place, and he in turn called the attention of Generals Wright and Meade. All came down, and we went out together to examine it as well as could be done at a distance. It was decided to make this the point of attack, and the old Vermont Brigade was selected to form the entering wedge. Orders were given the night previous for my brigade to move out at twelve o'clock, and to take the

position that I might select as most favorable for the purpose, and for the other troops to follow."

The plan thus outlined was closely followed. While the troops were being massed for the assault a general bombardment was in progress all along the line, which continued throughout the night. The Vermont Brigade moved out, under strict orders to hug the ground and observe the utmost silence, and lay down three hundred yards from the enemy's picket-line. The other brigades of the division took position on its right. The other divisions of the corps were in echelon on either side of Getty. Each brigade was massed in columns by battalion. Axemen were in front to cut away the abatis. General Getty's official report says that Grant's Vermont Brigade "was made the directing column." It was ordered that, upon the firing of a certain gun from Fort Fisher, the whole Sixth Army Corps should rise and charge together, silently and without firing a musket. For three hours after the preparations were complete the Sixth Corps waited for the signal-gun. The night was very dark and cold. The ground was damp, and the men were almost benumbed as they lay upon it, without fire or light. Cannon-shot were frequently exchanged, and the projectiles whizzed over the heads of the troops in both directions. By some unlucky chance a picket fire was opened, to which the Rebels replied sharply, and many casualties occurred in the prostrate ranks of the corps. General L. A. Grant was wounded in the head, and Colonel Tracy again took command of the brigade. Colonel James M. Warner of the Eleventh Vermont, had for some months commanded the Third Brigade of Getty's division. The cannonading was so heavy that the signal-gun, when fired, was not recognized. Colonel Tracy soon learned that the time had come and gave the order to advance. The troops rose to their feet and the massed columns moved out silently into the night. The entire corps took up the movement as directed. The

blunders of the Mine were not repeated. Twelve thousand men were formed into a living wedge to penetrate the strongest line of works ever constructed in America. Suddenly the enemy's pickets heard the tramp of the approaching army, opened a scattering fire and fled to the works behind them. Silence was no longer required and a mighty cheer arose, while the Sixth Corps rapidly pressed forward on its charge. The Rebel works were almost instantly manned; the enemy had evidently also been under arms through the night. Musketry and artillery swept the field but the column moved on. There was disorganization and confusion as the lines of abatis were pulled aside, but the men were on their mettle; dashing into the ditch they climbed the parapet, and poured, a resistless torrent, across the enemy's defences as the day began to dawn. There is no dispute that the first man to mount the parapet was Captain C. J. Gould of the Fifth Vermont, who was bayoneted in the face and back as he jumped within the fort. The first mounted officer to cross the works was undoubtedly Colonel Warner of the Eleventh Vermont, who led the charge of the Third Brigade. The scene, as it appeared to a non-combatant, was described by Surgeon S. J. Allen of the Fourth Vermont, medical director of the division, who was standing on the parapet of Fort Welch in rear of the attacking column, anxiously peering into the night. He could hear the muffled tramp and rustle of the moving host but could discern nothing. He saw the flashes of the first volley, heard the answering shout from ten thousand throats, and then he saw, stretching across the front for half a mile, a line of flashing fire, crackling, blazing and sparkling in the darkness, more vividly lighted up by the heavier flashes of artillery; shells with their fiery trails sped through the gloom in every direction. While he was intently watching that line of deadly fire, suddenly in the middle of it there appeared a tiny black spot, a narrow gap, which spread and widened, moment by

moment, to the right and left ; and then he knew that the line was pierced and our men had carried the defences of the enemy.

It is claimed by historians on the other side that this feat was rendered easy by reason of the depletion of the troops upon the Rebel line. This hardly accords with known facts. It is certain that the entire line of forts and breastworks against which the charge was directed was fully manned, and that a seemingly solid wall of fire was maintained until the charging party reached the works and broke through ; that all the artillery commanding the line of march was in full play, including many enfilading guns ; that three thousand prisoners were taken by the Sixth Corps ; and that it lost eleven hundred men killed and wounded in the charge. It was no boy's play. If the line of attack had not been well chosen and quickly traversed the corps could not have succeeded. No mistakes were made by officers and the spirit of the men was superb.

The results are well known. The Sixth Corps pressed forward without a moment's delay and before nightfall had cleared the entire country between Hatcher's Run and the Appomattox River. General Lee in person attempted to stem the tide and narrowly escaped capture. The news was telegraphed to Richmond and Jefferson Davis, with his cabinet, took a special train for Danville, at two P. M. In the evening Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated and the end of the war was near.

A few days later I heard General Meade say that the gallant and successful charge of the Sixth Corps on the morning of the 2d of April was, in his opinion, "the decisive movement of the campaign." Candor compels me to add that he called it "decisive ;" but the peculiarity of pronunciation did not weaken the value of the praise. It was undoubtedly the decisive movement of the final campaign of the war, which soon resulted in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The importance of the

part taken by the Vermont Brigade on this occasion may safely rest upon the facts which I have stated.

The next day the whole of Grant's command started for the west with a new objective, — Lee's flying army. Sheridan and his cavalry pressed the pursuit with such vigor that three days found them in advance of Lee's left wing. He planted General Crook and General Merritt with their cavalry directly across the road which the Rebels were taking, and then hurried round to their rear, where he met the Sixth Corps which he had been trying to get under his orders ever since he left Five Forks. When the men found that Sheridan was putting them into the fight, their enthusiasm was indescribable. They charged across Sailor's Creek, attacked the enemy furiously, and forced the surrender of General Ewell and eight thousand men, caught between the cavalry and infantry lines.

A few days later almost identical tactics were repeated at Appomattox Court-House, the remainder of Lee's army surrendered, and the war was over.

No doubt many remember an article by Colonel Fox in the "Century Magazine" of May 1888, entitled "The Chances of being hit in Battle," an article which, while purely statistical in form, was intensely interesting, and was subsequently expanded into a volume. One of the tables given was a list of infantry regiments whose loss in killed was two hundred or more, embracing every regiment in the Northern Army in which two hundred or over were killed in action or died of wounds received in action. This list contains forty-five regiments; it includes the Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Vermont. His roster of "three hundred fighting regiments" of course embraces the entire brigade, — Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh Vermont. The total number of deaths in the brigade during the war, including killed in action, deaths from wounds, from diseases and in Rebel prisons, was two thousand four

hundred and seventeen, being about twenty-five per cent of the total membership of the brigade, original enlistments and recruits.

The brigade was engaged in thirty different battles, the names of which are embroidered on the colors of its regiments. It was fortunate in its officers. No unnecessary sacrifice of life is chargeable to reckless handling. Its casualties were evenly distributed; their severity was simply owing to the character of the rank and file. They were called on for the hardest work; they never knew when they were whipped; they stood together like men and they fought every battle to the end; not one of their colors was ever in a Rebel hand; their appearance was quiet and their speech was often homely, but their hearts were stout and their aim steady. They were never surprised or stampeded; no panic ever reached them; their service was intelligent, faithful and honest; they had the full confidence of their commanders; and their countrymen will forever honor their memory. In the words of General Martin T. McMahon, the well known adjutant-general of the Sixth Army Corps, "No body of troops in or out of the Sixth Corps had a better record. No body of troops in or out of the Army of the Potomac made their record more gallantly, sustained it more heroically, or wore their honors more modestly" than the Old Vermont Brigade.

THE BLOCKADING SERVICE.

BY HORATIO L. WAIT.

[Read October 7, 1885.]

WHEN the Rebellion against the Government of the United States began, in 1861, a novel and perplexing question arose, as to whether it would be better for the government to declare all the Southern ports of entry closed, or to proclaim a blockade. The decision in this matter necessarily determined the policy of foreign nations in their relations with us, and fixed the course to be pursued by our government toward the insurgents. Many facts that have been made public since the war clearly indicate that this was the chief question that affected the European nations in their attitude toward us during our great struggle, and it certainly influenced the character of the struggle in our own country.

The urgency of the case caused President Lincoln to act promptly. He issued a proclamation on April 19, 1861, six days after the surrender of Fort Sumter, declaring a blockade of the entire coast of the Confederacy, from South Carolina to Texas, and, on April 27, extended it to cover Virginia and North Carolina, making a coastline of over three thousand miles, greater in extent than the Atlantic coast of Europe, to be blockaded, — an undertaking without precedent in history.

During our last war with Great Britain, when that nation had over seven hundred naval vessels in commission, not a single port of the United States was thoroughly closed. When Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, we had but forty-two ships in commission in our navy ; most of these

were absent on foreign stations, and but one efficient war-ship, the "Brooklyn," was available for immediate service. The days of "paper blockades" had long since passed away. The universally recognized rule of international law on this subject was that "Blockades to be binding must be effectual. There must be a squadron lying off the harbor to be blockaded, and it must be strong enough to constitute an actual blockade of the port. The neutral must have had due notice of its existence; and to affect a neutral vessel, she must have been guilty of an act of violation, by passing or attempting to pass in or out of the port with a cargo laden after the commencement of the blockade. The neutral must be ready to prove himself that which he professes to be; therefore he is subject to the right of visitation and search."

A more serious difficulty now presented itself. How was it possible to undertake such a blockade as this, along such a vast extent of coast, when so few ships of any kind were available, without its being open to the charge of being a mere "paper blockade"? In the early part of the century, such blockades had been attempted by European powers; but the same nations were now the first to make merry over the subject of *our* "paper blockade." Some of the most prominent European statesmen publicly declared it a "material impossibility to enforce it." To avoid any chance of technical complications with these critical foreign powers, a special notice was given by our vessels at the entrance of each port actually closed by them, in addition to the general diplomatic notice, so that, for a time, one warning was allowed every ship touching at a blockaded port before she was liable to capture; and thus each port was brought under the full operation of the proclamation only when it was actually blockaded by one or more armed vessels. By degrees, as the blockading force was increased, the blockade became more extended and stringent; it was, therefore, assumed that the general notice rendered the special notice unnecessary. It was

finally discontinued entirely, and capture took place without warning.

The magnitude of this task of establishing and maintaining the blockade was but little appreciated by the people generally. Public attention was absorbed by the raising of many large armies from the various States; and the anxious solicitude which kept the sympathetic minds of the people on the alert as the defeats and victories of our troops on the land followed one another until the end of the war, prevented them from fully realizing what was needed, and what was accomplished, by the national forces on the ocean. On land, the reporter and the special artist were omnipresent; while from the ocean came little else besides brief official despatches,—for correspondents were looked upon with disfavor in the sea service. At the beginning of the war, very few outside of the naval circles had adequate ideas of what we had undertaken to do. The novelty of the complications surrounding the first attempts to establish the blockade made it a matter of great perplexity even to those who were supposed to be authorities on the subject. When the Secretary of the Navy asked the principal shipping-merchants and shipowners of New York to aid him in procuring vessels to begin the blockade, it is related that their committees decided that thirty sailing ships would be needed. As it took over six hundred ships, mostly steamers, to do the work, it is manifest that they had a very faint conception of what was to be done. There were twenty-eight old ships of war lying dismantled at the various navy-yards. Those that were worth repairing were fitted for sea as rapidly as possible. All the available merchant vessels that could be made to carry armaments, including tugs and old New York ferry-boats, were purchased, and converted into fighting ships as hastily as the limited facilities of the Northern ports would permit. The scanty resources of the navy-yards were inadequate, and all the private shipyards were

crowded with work. There were not enough skilled workmen to meet this sudden demand, and the naval officers found it necessary personally to direct the unskilled artisans, or assist with their own hands in fitting these nondescript vessels for the mounting and working of heavy guns. As fast as the vessels could be purchased, altered, and equipped, they were stationed along the coast or sent to sea, — many such vessels, by the tact and skill of the officers in charge of them, being made to do good service. One of the most important prizes captured — the steamer "Circassian" — was taken near the harbor of Havana by one of these old Fulton ferry-boats.

At the beginning of the war the lack of men was as great an embarrassment as the want of vessels. Three hundred and twenty-two of the officers of the regular navy resigned, or joined the insurgent forces. Many of these had already distinguished themselves by their services or talents. One of them, Commander Brooke, rendered very important services to the Southerners by converting the ten-inch Columbiads captured by them into rifled guns. They proved to be very effective pieces, and were said to be the best converted guns ever made. He also aided in devising the simplest and best of the many kinds of torpedoes and fuses used by the Confederates, as well as in designing the ram "Merrimac."

The total number of seamen at all the Northern naval stations available for immediate detail amounted to but two hundred and seven; and it must be remembered that it was as important that they should be trained to handle heavy guns at sea as that they should be good seamen. The true sailor will soon make himself efficient on board any ship, as far as the handling of the vessel is concerned; but in the effective use of the battery, only the trained man-of-war's man can safely be relied upon. There are also many other minor matters — such as the

division of duties, the exercise at quarters and in boats, forming essential features of the system on a man-of-war — that are unknown outside the naval service.

Officers and men from the merchant service freely offered themselves. Gunnery schools were established for their instruction at the naval stations, and as fast as the volunteers could be given an elementary training in the handling of heavy guns, they were sent to sea. This was continued for three years, by which time we had six hundred and fifty vessels and over fifty thousand men afloat.

The service to be performed by this hastily improvised force was as unique as the fleet itself. The entire outer coast-line of the Confederacy was thirty-five hundred and forty-nine miles in extent, with several large seaports. To guard the ordinary entrances to these ports would have been comparatively a simple task. There was a greater difficulty to be met; for the outer coastline is only the exterior edge of a series of islands, between which and the main land there is an elaborate network of navigable sounds and passages, having numerous inlets communicating with the sea. These inlets were frequently changing, under the influence of the great storms ; new channels would be opened, and old ones filled up. As soon as we closed a port by stationing vessels at the main entrance thereto, the blockade-runners would slip in at some of the numerous remote inlets, reaching their destination by the inside passages, so that blockade-running flourished until we were able to procure as many blockaders as there were channels and inlets to be guarded. The extreme diversity of the services required of these blockading vessels made it difficult to obtain ships that could meet the varying necessities. They must be heavy enough to contend with the Rebel rams, or they would be driven away from the principal ports. They must be light enough to chase and capture the swift blockade-runners. They must be deep enough in the

water to ride out in safety the violent winter gales, and they must be of such light draught as to be able to go near enough to the shallow inlets at night to blockade them efficiently.

The blockading fleets at all the important harbors were composed of several very heavy ships, with a few vessels of the lightest build, the rest of the fleet representing some of the other classes needed. But it was impossible to do this along the entire coast, and it sometimes happened that the Rebel ironclads perversely attacked the lightest vessels,—as in the case of the rams at Charleston selecting for their victims the "Mercedita" and "Keystone State," instead of the heavier ships; while, on the other hand, the swift blockade-runners disclosed themselves most frequently to the ponderous and slow-moving ships that were least able to catch them.

The delay incident to the refitting and equipping of so many vessels made the establishing of our blockade a very gradual process. Vigorous remonstrances were made against it by some of the foreign nations, on the ground that it was ineffectual, and that it was impossible to maintain a blockade, in front of such a coast-line, that would be recognized by other nations as effectual and valid. The vessels of our navy were notoriously few in number and small in size as compared with those of the principal European powers; hence they seemed to assume that what had never been attempted before, and what they had declared to be impracticable, could not now be done by the United States navy.

Jefferson Davis, in the book published by him, says on this subject :—

"Neutral Europe remained passive when the United States, with a naval force insufficient to blockade effectually the coast of a single State, proclaimed a paper blockade of thousands of miles of coast. Compared with this monstrous pretension of the United States, the blockades known in history under the names of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, and the British Orders

in Council in the years 1806 and 1807, sink into insignificance. There was evident danger in entering the port of Wilmington, from the presence of a blockading fleet, and by this test the blockade was effective. Access is not really prevented by the blockading fleet to the same port, so that, tried by this test, the blockade was ineffective and invalid."

But the British government, after making a careful official investigation of the subject, and having before its officers a list of vessels that had evaded our fleets, did not venture to pronounce the blockade insufficient. It reluctantly, but with candor, admitted in its official statements that the proofs of the efficiency of the blockade were conclusive, and that in no previous war had the ports of an enemy's country been so effectually closed by a naval force ; and it stated the rule of law governing the matter as follows : —

" Her Majesty's government is of the opinion that, assuming the blockade is duly proclaimed, and also that a fleet of ships is stationed and remains at the entrance to a port sufficient in force to prevent access to it, or to create an evident danger in entering or leaving it, and that these ships do not voluntarily permit ingress or egress, the fact that various ships may have successfully escaped through it will not of itself prevent the blockade from being an effective one, by international law."

This conclusion of the British government was adhered to, and the decisions of the prize courts maintained the same principles, notwithstanding the fact that a considerable trade was carried on through some of the blockaded ports, until very near the close of the war, by means of swift vessels, constructed especially for the purpose. Many of the islands controlled by foreign governments, and lying conveniently near our coast, had good harbors that afforded admirable places of rendezvous for the blockade-runners, where they could safely refit and re-

main unmolested until a favorable time came for them to slip out and make a quick run over to the forbidden port ; and, if unsuccessful in their illicit attempt, they could return as quickly to the protection of the neutral port. As soon as the attention of the naval authorities was drawn to the port of Nassau as a place likely to become the main depot of the contraband trade, Admiral Temple (then a lieutenant-commander) was sent there privately, in the guise of a civilian, to ascertain the attitude of the officials and the state of public sentiment, and to obtain all the information possible as to the prospects of the blockade-running business. While there he managed to be present at a dinner attended by the local diplomats. There were many indications that the feeling of hostility to the United States was very general ; and when the old French consul was called upon to express his views, he jumped up, overflowing with an intense desire to express himself in the most impressive and vigorous manner, but, in spite of his profound emotions, all he could manage to utter was : " Ze American people, zey sink zey are somewhat, but zey cannot." This terse presentation of his views was received with such uproarious applause that Temple was no longer in doubt as to which way the wind blew in that quarter.

Before the establishing of the blockade, Nassau was a quiet, old-fashioned settlement, whose inhabitants supported themselves by fishing, and occasionally by acting as wreckers ; but as soon as the blockade-running business opened, the place and the people underwent as sudden a transformation as that witnessed in California at the time of the discovery of the gold-mines. The quiet bay became crowded with vessels of all descriptions, attracted to that once lonely roadstead by the prospective gains of a contraband commerce. There were the heavy freight-steamers from the Continental ports, the bluff-bowed Englishmen that had brought cargoes of war supplies from Europe, lying side by side with the swift,

rakish schooners and the fast steamers that were to endeavor to carry this contraband material into the blockaded Rebel ports. The fishing-boats and canoes of the harbor were kept busy day and night, plying between this vast fleet and the shore. The ancient wharves were entirely inadequate to this sudden demand made upon them, being hidden under the mountainous piles of cotton bales, clothing, muskets, and gunpowder. The landing-place, the beach, and the streets were thronged with an eager, excited crowd of men, absorbed in the details of their perilous traffic. Nassau became the chief depot of contraband supplies for the Rebels, as well as the port to which most of the cotton was shipped, because it was so much nearer our coast than the other island harbors that it was easily accessible to the light-draught blockade-runners, all of whom carried Bahama Bank pilots who were familiar with every channel, while our fastest men-of-war, who cruised after the blockade-runners, having no Bahama pilots, and drawing more water, were obliged to be very cautious about approaching the Banks at all.

The moment the Confederates began to carry on a war, the demand for war material within their lines commenced. With the increase of this demand came the inevitable advance in prices ; the supplies were brought to them from various sources, but principally from European ports. At the beginning of the war the blockade-running was carried on from Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande, by vessels of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities. The steamers formerly engaged in the coasting trade, that had been interrupted in their regular business by the war, were at first the most successful ; the small sailing-vessels did well for some time, before the blockade became vigorous ; but as the number of our war ships increased, the earlier groups of blockade-runners were either captured, destroyed, or drawn off, thus diminishing the volume of supplies to the Rebels just at the time when the demand was greatly increased

by the emergencies of warfare, causing general distress and embarrassment in the Confederacy. Prices reached an unprecedented height ; the largest sums ever paid for munitions of war, clothing, and medicine were obtained at this time. A Confederate official stated that at one time there were not enough percussion-caps in the Confederacy to last their armies through a skirmish. Cotton was as low as eight cents a pound in the Confederacy, as high as sixty cents a pound in England, and over one dollar a pound in New York. The moment this state of affairs became known, the science, ingenuity, and mechanical skill of the British nation were directed to the business of violating our blockade, to supply the Rebels with munitions of war. Stock companies were formed, by whom the swiftest steamers in the European merchant service were quickly freighted with the supplies that would bring the highest prices in the Confederacy. Officers of rank in the Royal Navy, under assumed names, officers of the Confederate Navy who had but just resigned from the United States Navy, and adventurous spirits from all quarters, flocked to this new and profitable, though hazardous, occupation.

The first ship to run the blockade solely on the Confederate government account was the "Fingal," a steamer built on the Clyde, having a speed of thirteen knots, which at that time was considered very fast. She was armed with steel rifled guns, and was prepared to fight, if intercepted. She carried a cargo of arms and ammunition, and was commanded by Captain J. D. Bullock, an officer of our old navy, who had served under Farragut, but who joined the Rebels, subsequently acting as the Confederate agent in Liverpool. He gave the following account of the way he ran in :—

"About one o'clock at night, November 12, 1861, we neared the coast and obtained soundings. Up to this time it had been uncomfortably clear, with a light breeze ; but it now fell calm, and we could see a dark line to the westward. John Makin,

the pilot, said it was the mist over the marshes, and the land breeze would soon bring it off to us. In half an hour or so we felt a cool, damp air on our faces, then a few big drops of moisture, and we ran straight into as nice a fog as any reasonable blockade-runner could have wanted. There was not a light anywhere about the ship, except in the binnacle, and that was covered. Not a word was spoken, and there was not a sound but the throb of the engine and the slight *shirr* made by the friction of the ship through the water; and these seemed muffled in the dark, vaporous air. When we got into six fathoms the engines were eased to dead-slow, and we ran in by the lead straight for the land, the object being to get in-shore of the blockaders. We then skirted the shore in the least water the ship's draught permitted, until we came to the entrance of the Savannah River, and ran safely in. The fog served as a veil between us and any blockaders that might be enveloped in it. When the fog cleared away, we could see the fleet of blockaders we had escaped, outside the bar."

The "Fingal" ran in very easily, but she found it impossible to run out. She tried in vain for many months to slip out through the blockading fleet with a cargo of cotton; finally, the attempt was abandoned; then she was cut down to be used as the hull for an iron-clad ram, and rechristened the "Atlanta." On June 17, 1863, the "Atlanta" came out from Savannah to raise the blockade. She was accompanied by two steamers, crowded with spectators from the city, to see the thing done. She attacked the monitor "Weehawken," and, after a sharp fight of a quarter of an hour, she was disabled and captured by the Union vessel which was commanded by John Rodgers. The steamers carrying the spectators were allowed to escape.

The blockade of the Savannah River and other places was at first maintained by our sailing men-of-war. When the weather was so calm that the sailing-ships could not be manoeuvred, the Confederate steamers would come down and shell them with their rifle-guns, keeping beyond

the range of the smooth-bore guns of the sailing-ships. Therefore, these ships were replaced by steamers, as rapidly as possible. As fast as we captured swift blockade-runners that were adapted to the service, they were converted into gunboats to be used in looking out for the other blockade-runners. The number of vessels stationed at the principal Southern ports was soon so largely increased that blockade-running became once more so hazardous that the English capitalists found it necessary to study our coast more closely, and construct a new class of steamers, better adapted to the service, which could enter our shallow inlets, having engines powerful enough for ships four times their size, and developing a higher rate of speed than had ever been obtained up to that time. "The Owl," one of these improved steamers, is said to have run at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, in the harbor of Nassau, which was the highest speed that had been attained at that time.

When the blockade-running was at its height, in 1863, a Confederate officer stated that the arrivals and departures were equal to one steamer a day, taking all of the Confederate ports together. Prior to this blockade of the Southern coast, no such attempts had ever been made to violate a blockade. The industrial necessities of the principal maritime nations stimulated them to unusual efforts, in return for which they looked forward to a rich harvest. The British especially had abundant capital, and the finest and swiftest ships ever built, which were manned by the most energetic seamen; therefore they felt confident that they could monopolize the Southern cotton and the markets of the Confederacy. But when it was found that neither swift steamers, skilled officers, nor desperate efforts could give security to their best investments of capital; that the perils to their beautiful vessels and precious cargoes increased as fast as their efforts to surmount them, ultimately becoming even greater in proportion than the enormous gains of the

traffic when successful, they were at last driven off from our coast entirely, and kept at bay, though armed and supported by the greatest of foreign powers. They finally gave up the business, admitting that the blockade was a success. A Confederate officer stated that when Fort Fisher fell, their last port was gone, and blockade-running was at an end. This signal defeat of that extraordinary development of our civil war has been spoken of as one of the great moral lessons of our struggle. After the war, British officers frankly stated to our naval officers that they considered the blockade and its enforcement the great fact of the war. All the circumstances and conditions attending the working out of this great problem serve to show the remarkable nature of the work, and the magnitude of the triumphant result. Never before had a naval force attempted to blockade such an extent of sea-coast; neither had ports ever been blockaded where the difficulties were so complicated by numerous inlets of approach and outlying shoals. This was the first time in the history of naval warfare that a steam navy had been kept at sea for so long a time. In this instance, as the navy was stretched along a hostile and dangerous coast, far from ports of supply, provisions and coal and, in some cases, even water had to be transported for a long distance. The Confederates menaced the blockading-fleets with nine ironclads, which would have been a match for any ironclads in the French or English navy afloat at that time. Therefore it is manifest that a fleet which could hold in check Rebel ironclads, as well as shut out blockade-runners that were the swiftest steamers ever built at that time, must have combined power and speed to an extent never before displayed in naval warfare.

The extent of this contraband trade cannot be ascertained with accuracy. It was said that fifty vessels left Havana in a period of ninety days, to run the blockade; and, in 1864, six steamships left Bermuda within twenty-

four hours, bound for Wilmington. Only one of them succeeded in running in, however ; the rest were either driven off, or ran ashore to avoid capture. Sometimes as many as six steamers would leave Nassau in one night, bound for Charleston or other ports.

Those engaged in this contraband trade realized enormous profits, sometimes making great fortunes in a few months. The occupation seemed to have the fascination of a desperate game of chance. An old merchant at Nassau said that if a steamer had the luck to run into Charleston with merchandise twice, and to run out with cotton twice, the Yankees were welcome to her after that. Another said that if one cargo in three were run in safely, it paid ; and if one in four slipped through, it saved its owners from being out of pocket. An old captain, who had made sixteen trips successfully, said his profits had been at the rate of eight hundred per cent. A clear profit of \$300,000 for a round trip was not uncommon. One of the most successful vessels was the "Giraffe," afterwards called the "Robert E. Lee," owned by the Confederate government and commanded by Captain Wilkinson, who had been an officer in the United States Navy, but who entered the Confederate Navy. She was a Clyde-built iron steamer, having a speed of thirteen and a half knots, being considered, when new, the fastest steamer afloat. She cost, in 1862, one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in gold ; and she ran the blockade twenty-one times before she was captured. During that period, she carried out seven thousand bales of cotton, worth two million dollars in gold. The Confederate government owned three more steamers, and a share in several others ; and, during the latter part of the war, all steamers were compelled to carry out a part of their cotton, and bring in a part of their cargo of supplies, on government account. A Rebel newspaper that we captured contained an account of one of these government blockade-runners, that had been run ashore to avoid capture. It concluded by saying : "The loss of the

'A. D. Vance' is a pretty severe blow to our State. She has done noble service for our soldiers, and has paid for herself twenty times over." Another Rebel newspaper that fell into our hands, in an article describing the destruction by the Yankees of the blockade-running steamer "Lynx," stated that "she had over six hundred bales of cotton aboard, one half on government account." The freight and passenger rates on the vessels engaged in the contraband trade were naturally very high. From three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars in gold was paid, in advance, for a passage on one of them; and twenty-five hundred dollars in gold was paid as freight charges from Bermuda to Wilmington, on a box of medicines that was small enough to be put in the cabin of the steamer "Whisper."

A School Geography was published by M. B. Moore, at Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1864, which declared itself to be "a new and popular book, entirely Southern, and finely adapted to the use of common schools." Among the questions and answers contained therein were the following:—

"*Q.* Have the Confederate States any commerce?

"*A.* A fine inland commerce, and bid fair some time to have a grand commerce on the high seas.

"*Q.* What is the present drawback to our commerce?

"*A.* An unlawful blockade by the miserable and hellish Yankee nation."

When the blockade became complete, none but the best steamers could succeed in passing it; a superlative degree of skill and daring was required in the men in charge of them, and they were paid very high prices. The captains usually received about five thousand dollars in gold, and the pilots from two thousand to five thousand dollars in gold, for a round trip. Three or four days were usually occupied in making the run between the coast and Nassau. The steamers frequently carried a

Charleston pilot, as well as a Wilmington pilot, so that if they were unable to run in at one of these ports, they might immediately attempt to run in at the other. They usually chose dark or stormy nights; and as they had to run through the fleet of blockaders at full speed, it is easy to see that much skill was required to avoid the shoals and the men-of-war, particularly when the weather was so thick that the usual landmarks or signals could not be seen. In one instance, when a blockade-runner was feeling her way in with the lead, on a dark night, just as she was nearing the bar a violent northeast gale suddenly arose. She had not coal enough to put to sea again, so she anchored in five fathoms, which was as near the bar as was prudent. This brought her right in the middle of the blockading fleet; and occasionally during the night she could see, by the flashes of lightning, the men-of-war rolling and pitching all around her. The moment daylight came, she slipped her chain to run for the entrance. The bar was a sheet of foam, the surf breaking heavily across the channel; she was in danger of foundering if she entered it; but the alternative was destruction by the enemy, so she kept right on, ran through successfully, and in a few moments was safe inside.

The Rebels contrived a regular code of night signals, and maintained a line of signal stations along the coast, near the principal ports and inlets, for the guidance of vessels desiring to run in. If such vessels were able to run within signal distance of the coast, they could communicate, thus ascertaining their whereabouts and other facts essential to their success. This code of signals could be obtained from the British consul at Havana, and at other neutral ports. On dark nights we used to run in toward the outposts, where, by making the conventional flash-light signals, we elicited responsive signals which we would endeavor to utilize.

When our naval force began to capture vessels trying

to violate the blockade, many of our navy officers were disinclined to claim prize-money, fearing that this would naturally tend toward obscuring the higher and more becoming incentives to duty, in a service that obviously called for the greatest endurance, and would be very trying even to the best of men. Upon the capture of the first prize by our ship, Commander Bankhead and the ship's company decided that they would not send in any prize list; but afterwards, when it became manifest that blockade-running was to increase to enormous proportions, and assume the character of a desperate kind of commercial enterprise, then all began to feel that the little prize-money that could be made out of it was a well-earned compensation for the extreme hardships endured, and the unusual efforts that became necessary to suppress the traffic. The old prize law, in force at the beginning of the war, gave one-half of the prize money to the pension fund, and the other half to the captors, in the following proportions: —

- 1-20th to the commanding officer of the fleet.
- 1-20th " " " " ship.
- 2-20ths " officers above the rank of Master.
- 3½-20ths to all other officers.
- 2½-20ths to petty officers.
- 7-20ths to seamen.

The new law, in force July 17, 1862, distributed the prize-money according to the rates of pay.

Our navy captured or destroyed fifteen hundred and four blockade-runners during the war, besides causing many valuable cargoes to be thrown overboard, by the long-continued and close pursuit of fugitives, who escaped capture by resorting to this expedient to lighten the vessels. A Confederate officer stated that all the approaches to Wilmington harbor were as thickly paved with valuable merchandise as the road to a certain place is said to be "with good intentions." This assertion would apply to some other harbors.

The proceeds of the prizes captured was thirty-one million dollars. The most valuable prize taken was the English steamer "Memphis," which brought five hundred and ten thousand dollars. She was captured early in the war by the steamer "Magnolia." The captor was herself a prize vessel which had been bought by our government, and fitted out as a gunboat. The least valuable was a sloop called the "Alligator," captured by the gunboat "Tahoma," which brought fifty dollars. Some of the most important prizes were taken by mere chance, or when least expected; while many a long and hard chase resulted in the overhauling of an empty vessel, the cargo having been thrown overboard in the efforts to escape.

Before the refinements of the blockade-running system began, the men-of-war, as well as the contraband vessels, were all painted in conventional black; but as black objects are readily seen on the water at night, the blockade-runners were soon painted various neutral tints. Our naval authorities at once caused experiments to be made with boats painted in different colors, and the tint that was the least conspicuous under the greatest variety of conditions was selected, and called "Union color." It was a bluish gray; and a formula for its preparation, together with the necessary materials, was at once distributed among the blockading fleets. It was very difficult to see a vessel when painted this color.

On one occasion, when our ship occupied the eastern station off Mobile, an officer went in at nightfall with our first cutter to picket the beach channel, returning to the ship just before daylight, running off to her by compass and lead. It was very dark, though not a foggy night. Upon reaching the position where the ship had been left, not a man in the boat could see her. Just then the swash of the water around her propeller became visible, as her stern rose on the swell, almost within hailing distance of the boat. It frequently happened that the presence of the blockade-runners was made known by the

faint gleam of their wake in the darkness, when the hull and spars were invisible. Many thus betrayed were driven off or captured.

When our ship was ordered to the West Gulf squadron, and had reported for duty, off Mobile, to Admiral Farragut, the commanding officer, we expected the usual official visit of inspection from him. Under the old usage, the flag officer would inform the commander of a vessel that he would pay him a visit of inspection at a designated time; but Admiral Farragut did not follow this custom, and we awaited the ceremony of inspection until we concluded that it was to be omitted. One day, our signal quartermaster reported that the Admiral's barge was shoving off from the flag-ship, and those on watch carefully noted his movements. The Admiral passed our ship, going in another direction, then suddenly changed his course, ran alongside of us, and skipped nimbly over the side before the captain of the ship could be notified and get on deck to receive him. The Admiral smilingly said, "Beat to quarters, Captain, and I will inspect your ship." This was immediately done. The thoroughness and diligence of our executive officer was so great that everything was found as it should be, and not so much as a rope-yarn out of place. This seemed to be as gratifying to the Admiral as it was a cause of thankfulness to the rest of us.

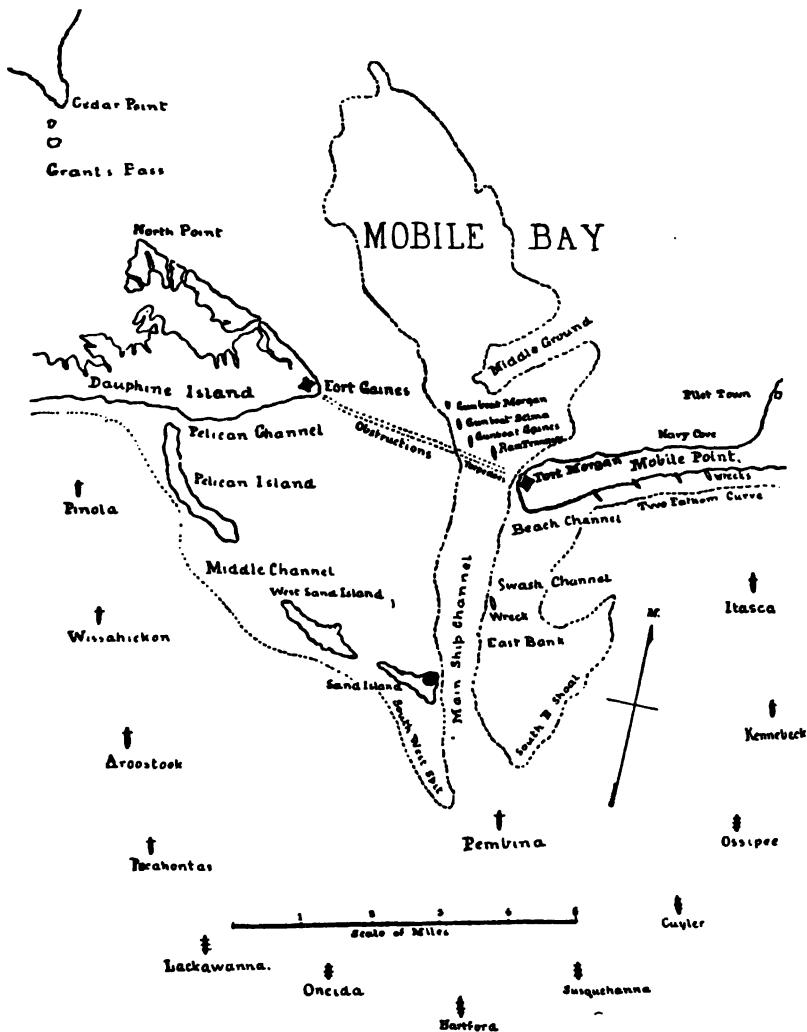
The blockading service off the port of Mobile was difficult, because there were so many entrances to the harbor that could be used by the light-draught blockade-runners, while the blockaders were obliged to lie at a distance from the land, owing to the shoal water, as violent gales spring up very suddenly there. Blunt's "Coast Pilot," in the edition in use at the beginning of the war, says: "Those off Mobile should recollect the necessity of getting an offing as soon as there are appearances of a gale on shore, as destruction is inevitable if you come to anchor outside Mobile bar during the gale." Yet we maintained

a fleet there, without an interruption of a single hour, for over three years. This was made possible by our having very staunch vessels and using heavy ground-tackle. Our ship rode out several southeast winter gales while lying at the in-shore station, just at the edge of the bar and close to the breakers, which, with an unbroken wall of foam, entirely hid the shore from our sight. We would listen to their ominous roar, as our ship strained at her cables and labored through the foaming surges that swept by her, while we anxiously watched the drift-lead to see whether her anchors held, and calculated how much more force she could resist before she would commence to drag. Once we shipped a sea that swept our decks and stove the bulwarks, but we sustained no other damage.

Admiral Farragut cared as little for danger as any prudent man ever did; but in one of his letters, written from the Gulf, he says: "It is storming now. I suppose it is the true equinoctial gale; and these are the times that try the commander of a squadron. I could not sleep last night, thinking of the blockaders. It is rough work lying off a port month in and month out."

The Admiral was usually considerate as well as cheerful; and even when obliged to be severe, he was apt to temper his sternness with some shrewd idea or oddity. Once, a steamer was captured off Mobile, whose captain stoutly protested that he was not liable to capture; so he was taken on board the "Hartford." The Admiral recognized him as a person he had known before the war. The captain produced his ship's papers, claiming that he was bound on a voyage to Matamoras, and was therefore not liable to seizure. Farragut said, "If you are bound to Matamoras, what are you doing up here, off Mobile?" He replied that he had been blown out of his course. Farragut said, "Well, then, that settles it. I shall have to hold you for being guilty of such very bad navigation."

Soon after the establishment of the blockade off Mobile bar, the Confederates were busily employed in planting



MOBILE BAY.

a line of obstructions across the entrance to the bay. We could see them at work constantly, except when they were interrupted by storms. On the first favorable night after their work was completed, the executive officer of our ship, Roderick Prentiss, and the navigator, Mr. Mitchell, took our first cutter, and, with muffled oars, pulled in to Sand Island, remaining there undiscovered until the Rebel picket-boat had visited the island and started back toward Fort Morgan. Then they followed her in cautiously, going toward Fort Gaines: they made a careful examination of the obstructions, taking soundings and measurements. When the Rebel picket-boat approached, on her trip from Fort Morgan over toward Fort Gaines, our cutter drifted off out of sight on the shoals; and when the Rebels had passed, she resumed her work of examination, continuing it toward Fort Morgan. They sounded across the main ship-channel, and swept for torpedoes, finding many; but Prentiss refrained from disturbing them, for fear some accident might alarm the pickets on Mobile Point. Just before the Rebel picket-boat came around again, our cutter silently pulled out to the ship. They found a solid line of heavy piling, or obstructions, extending from Fort Gaines to the edge of the main channel. Then the line was continued by torpedoes thickly planted, leaving only a narrow passage close to Fort Morgan for the blockade-runners to pass through. These obstructions and torpedoes were constantly broken away or damaged by storms, but were repaired or renewed, and were still in place when the fleet passed the forts and captured Mobile.

The ironclad ram constructed by the Rebels at Mobile was one of the most formidable vessels of her class ever completed by them. The officers of the fleet managed to keep themselves well informed as to the progress made in her construction, as well as the plan upon which she was built. After she was completed, we obtained seasonable information of the time when she was to come out, to

raise the blockade. On that night, our ship was stationed at the entrance to the main channel, and ordered to send in a picket-boat to give the alarm if the ram came out. An officer was sent in with our first cutter, while an anxious night was spent by all the fleet, for there were only wooden ships to meet the heavy ironclad. No ram appeared, and just before daylight a southeast gale sprang up suddenly. The picket-boat could not make headway against the gale, but managed to work off to the westward enough to keep from being driven ashore; then our ship got under way, running down to leeward so as to pick up the cutter, the crew of which had become well-nigh exhausted.

We were subsequently informed that the ram ran aground, and this was why she did not come out as expected. She received such serious damage that it was a long time before she was made fit for service; and she never attempted to come outside again.

The cruisers of the British navy and other foreign navies frequently visited the blockaded ports, entered the harbors, and examined critically into the sufficiency of the blockade. Of course, they usually communicated with the senior officer of the blockading fleet before entering the port. The Confederate cruiser "Oreto," or "Florida," was built in England for the Rebels. She was the exact counterpart in appearance of the British men-of-war that had visited the blockading fleets; and owing to this circumstance, she was enabled to run the blockade into Mobile, by flying the British naval ensign, and manoeuvring as if she were a man-of-war intending to communicate with the fleet. This successful ruse caused the blockaders to be very anxious to catch her when she attempted to run out from Mobile.

A few months afterwards, we learned from prisoners and others that the "Oreto" was ready for sea, and would try to run out at the first favorable opportunity. Soon after, one of the severe storms called "northerns"

began to blow, during which, on the evening of the 16th of January, 1863, we saw her spars standing out in bold relief against the northern sky behind Fort Morgan. The "norther" blew so violently that we were in doubt as to whether or not she would attempt to cross the bar. After dark, in obedience to orders, our ship ran in, anchoring at the entrance of the main ship-channel. We expected the "Oreto" would come out when the tide was most favorable, which was about midnight. Most of the officers and men remained on deck, in spite of the violence of the gale. We watched and waited until long after midnight; but, as the force of the gale had greatly increased, we concluded that she was afraid to make the attempt, and those not on watch went below. Two of our officers and our signal quartermaster possessed unusual powers of vision, being able to discern objects at night when no other persons on the ship could see them. One of these officers, Ensign Chester, volunteered to take the watch. At about three o'clock in the morning, he sent for the captain, saying he could see a vessel coming out. The captain, with his best glass, could see nothing; and being afraid of giving a false alarm, he sent for Rogers and Seymour, the other keen-eyed men. Sure enough, they also were able to see the vessel coming out. The fury of the gale had somewhat abated, so we felt sure it was the "Oreto." We immediately burned the Coston signal, indicating "A steamer running out," slipped our chain, hoisted our running lights,—two red lights at the mizzen-peak,—and ran in to head her off. By this time she was visible to all on deck, as her sails could be seen against the sky, though her hull could not be discerned. She changed her course so as to run across our bows before we could reach her. We were rolling so violently that we could not cast a gun loose,—if we had, it would have gone overboard; so we followed her. When her stern settled in the trough of the sea, we could see the light in her binnacle, which was the only light she carried. As she ran under the stern

of the flag-ship, the latter fired her after pivot-gun, but the shot went through the rigging of the "Oreto" without doing any serious damage. The two fastest ships of the fleet — the "Cuyler" and the "Oneida" — had been detailed to chase the "Oreto" when she should come out, our written orders being to chase only in case of need, then to return to our station as soon as possible. We kept on after the "Oreto," under all sail and steam, expecting the "Cuyler" and "Oneida" to pursue her, as every one knew that our ship could not overtake her. The "Cuyler" soon overtook and passed us; but as the "Oneida" did not appear, we kept on. Soon the pursuer and pursued passed out of our sight in the darkness; but we still kept on, and at daybreak we discerned them, hull down, ahead of us. We could just see the tops of the "Cuyler's" smoke-stacks, and the topgallant sails of the "Oreto." As it was useless for us to chase any longer, we started back for the fleet again. The gale had raised a very heavy sea, and as we came into the trough of it in turning we rolled away our main gaff, and came near rolling our smoke-stack overboard. All the smoke-stack guys parted, but we had rigged preventer guys, which held. We returned to our station off Mobile Bar, where we subsequently learned from a captured blockade-runner that the "Oreto" escaped from the "Cuyler," reaching the West Indies in safety. She attained a speed of fourteen knots while running out, which was greater than any of the blockading fleet were capable of, except the "Cuyler." In smooth water the "Cuyler" could have caught her, but in the very heavy wind and sea prevailing, the greater spread of canvas gave the "Oreto" the advantage, — all of which circumstances had been carefully considered by Captain Maffitt before he ventured out with the "Oreto."

About the same time, an incident occurred showing the superiority of sail power to steam in heavy weather. It resulted in favor of the blockaders. One stormy night in January, 1863, a large steamer tried to run by the station

of the blockading steamer "Pocahontas," off Mobile Bar. The "Pocahontas" slipped her chain and got under way so quickly that she was enabled to intercept the stranger, who at once gave up the attempt, heading off shore, pursued by the "Pocahontas." There was such a heavy sea running that the stranger found it necessary to keep before the wind and sea. This enabled the "Pocahontas" to use all her canvas, though under any other circumstances it would have been considered imprudent to carry so much sail. Her engines were driven to their utmost capability. The pursuit continuing during the night and forenoon of the next day, her limited supply of coal was soon exhausted. Everything combustible, including furniture, doors, and bulkheads, went into her furnaces. Then they began burning provisions. The salt pork made steam so abundantly that she soon neared the chase, so that she could send a shell over her; the stranger then hove to, proving to be the British steamer "Antona," a very valuable prize.

The outward-bound blockade-runners sometimes made use of cotton saturated with turpentine, to keep up their steam to a maximum point, when closely pressed; though they preferred anthracite coal, as it made less of the tell-tale smoke that betrayed their presence when the vessel herself was invisible. This hard coal they found it difficult to obtain; so they economized by limiting its use to the times when they were attempting to run through the blockading fleet. They would keep out of sight until they had run their steam up to the highest point, then make a dash at full speed through the fleet. For the rest of the voyage they would use the common British coal. The horizon was unremittingly scanned by watchful eyes on board the blockaders, day in and day out, for indications of the suggestive black smoke. It happened several times that our ship saw steamers attempting to run past us, in time to intercept them. On their putting to sea again, we would give chase. This was always at night,

and usually when the weather was thick. We would pursue for hours, usually seeing enough smoke to be sure of the position of the vessel, though her hull could not be distinguished. The smoke would gradually increase in volume and distinctness, as if the pursued steamer was forcing her fires to the utmost; then we would do all we could to increase the speed of our ship. Suddenly we would come to the end of the line of smoke, drifting off to leeward; no more smoke and no vessel could be seen. We could only conjecture as to the course taken by the steamer, without being able to discover any trace of it.

We afterward learned from a captured officer that, when pursued under such circumstances, they would gradually increase the volume of smoke emitted from their smoke-stacks, until it became quite dense; then, when so far from the pursuer that their hulls and spars were invisible in the darkness, they would suddenly close their dampers and shut off the smoke entirely, changing their course to one nearly at right angles to that previously steered. This information convinced us that our conjectures as to the tactics of the steamers that had escaped us were correct.

Once, when we intercepted a vessel just at the break of dawn, she ran ashore under a battery east of Fort Morgan. We steamed in within five hundred yards of the beach, and destroyed her with percussion shells, in spite of a continuous fire from the battery. Several blockade-runners were thus driven ashore and destroyed; one, the steamer "Ivanhoe," was burned by the blockaders close under the guns of Fort Morgan.

One night, when there was a fresh breeze blowing we saw a schooner that had run in far to the eastward of the fleet, to communicate with the shore by signals. We gave chase under steam and sail; but she was so fast a sailer, and could lie so much closer to the wind than we, that she gained steadily on us. There were only three persons in the ship who were able to see her, and they

took turns in keeping their glasses on her all through the night. She was so entirely invisible to the rest of the ship's company that we began to think they must be mistaken ; but when day broke, there she was, sure enough, right ahead. When the sun rose, the wind shifted so as to head her off a little ; then we quickly gained on her enough to throw a shell over her from our Parrott rifle on the forecastle, when she hove to. She proved to be the schooner "Joe Flanner." She had run the blockade sixteen times before. Her captain said that he usually ran out on foggy or dark nights, by lowering his sails and drifting out with the current ; that he had thus drifted past the flagship several times. He could see the large ship readily, but his low hull and slender spars were invisible to those on the flagship.

One of the vessels built especially to run the blockade was the steamer "Neptune," which had paddle-wheels with feathering buckets, driven by an engine powerful enough to propel a much larger hull. She was two hundred feet long, and very narrow ; her deck amidships was only three feet above the water. She was modelled like a race-boat. In smooth water, not one of our men-of-war could have caught her ; but when she tried to run the blockade at Mobile, there was so much wind and sea that the superiority of sails over steam in heavy weather and rough water was clearly shown. She was pursued and captured by the steam sloop-of-war "Lackawanna," a vessel having full sail power. The "Neptune" carried as a passenger a lady whose home was at Montgomery, Alabama, and who had undertaken the risks of running the blockade in her great desire to reach her family. The captured steamer and her crew were easily disposed of ; but what to do with the lady passenger was a more difficult question. As she wanted to "go home," she was sent on board our ship, with orders for us to take her to Pensacola, and turn her over to the Confederate military authorities. Her voyage in the wet, contracted cabin of

the "Neptune" had been very unpleasant, so our captain gave up his cabin to her. She seemed very glad of the change to drier quarters. She spent the night on our ship, anchored off the city of Pensacola, then held by the Rebels. The next morning, an officer was sent ashore with the lady, under a flag of truce, to deliver her to the Rebel forces. It was a bright, pleasant morning, and as the boat approached the shore, the sun's rays lit up the bleached chimneys of the buildings burned by the Rebels, so that they appeared a dazzling white against the rich green background of the live-oaks and evergreens, presenting a very pleasing picture to the eye of a storm-tossed voyager. As the boat drew nearer, the spirits of the lady seemed to rise. She became quite enthusiastic in her delight at being about to stand on the lovely shores of her native land, and spoke in high glee about her devotion to dear old Dixie, and the brave boys in gray; but when the boat ran alongside the landing-place, and she was conducted through the tangle of water-melon vines and weeds with which the main street was overgrown, up to where a detachment of the First Florida Cavalry was drawn up to receive the flag of truce, she realized that distance had lent "enchantment to the view" of what on nearer inspection proved to be unsightly ruins; then her spirits fell as suddenly as they went up, and when she saw the forbidding glances of the rough, savage-looking troopers, she broke down completely, and tearfully entreated that she might not be left with those horrid men.

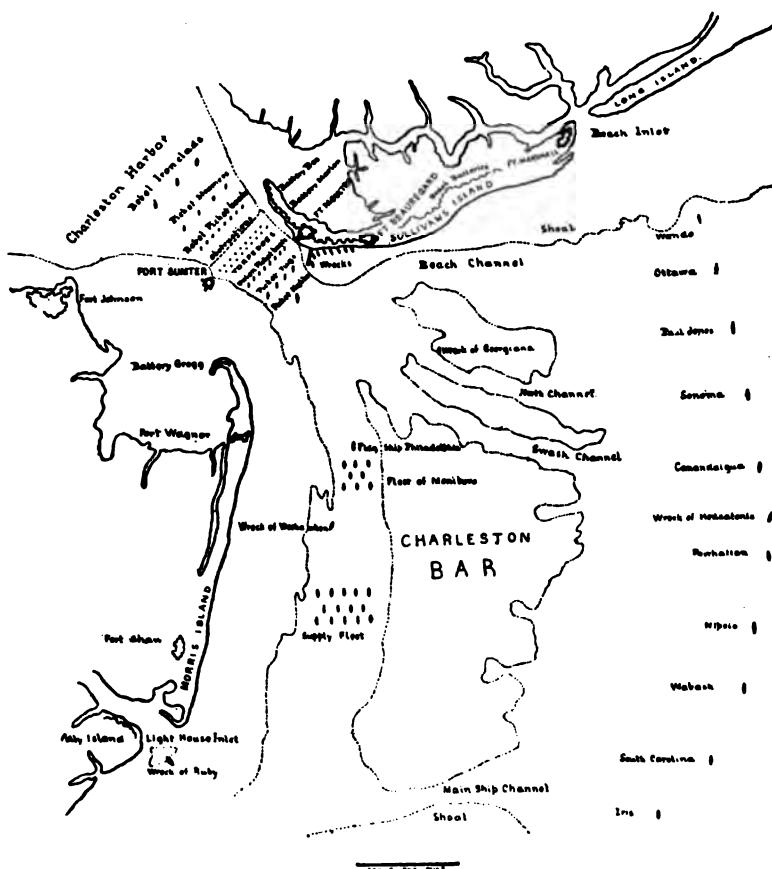
The blockade of Charleston, South Carolina, was maintained under greater difficulties than at any other point. That coast is subject to storms of great severity in winter. Before the war, vessels that could not gain an offing in season were almost invariably driven ashore. We found in a Rebel newspaper a copy of a letter written in Europe by an old officer, a native of Charleston, wondering how it was possible for the Yankees to maintain their fleet so long on that coast, and expressing the belief that before

long one of the old-fashioned gales would drive the whole fleet ashore.

The bar was a difficult one to blockade ; in addition to the natural obstacles, the active and skilful defenders of the harbor were so aggressive in the use of their torpedoes, torpedo-boats, and other novel devices that the calm weather brought more causes of anxiety to the blockaders than even the most violent gales. They could measure the forces of nature, and knew exactly the extent of their capacity to resist them ; but the invisible foes and the unseen dangers made most unpleasant complications. Through the long hours of the night-watches, the anxious officers and the alert lookouts were speculating whether they would next be called upon suddenly to contend with an ironclad ram, a torpedo or torpedo-boat, or a swift blockade-runner at full speed. A good reason for this anxiety is found in the statement of General Rains, chief of the Confederate torpedo service, who reported that they had destroyed fifty-eight of our vessels by torpedoes during the war.

The fleet at first kept about four miles from the land, until after Admiral Dupont's attack with the monitors ; then the ironclads remained inside the bar. There were vague rumors at the time of an attack on the monitors by torpedo-boats. In the book recently published by the ex-Confederate Captain Parker, the explanation thereof is given. He states that he was ordered to organize a fleet of torpedo-boats to blow up the monitors. He accordingly collected fifteen boats, with spar torpedoes, and assembled them near Fort Sumter, awaiting the approach of darkness before starting out to attack the monitors. While engaged in preparing for the attack, an officer informed him that the monitors were all leaving ; and to his surprise he saw the seven monitors under way, crossing the bar, going southward. This was when they were ordered to St. Helena Sound, for repairs, by Admiral Dupont. Captain Parker goes on to state that

with the aid of Lieutenant Glassell he then took his fleet of torpedo-boats through Wappoo Cut and the inland passages, down to St. Helena Sound, intending to attack the monitors there; but, just on the eve of his attempt, his



chief torpedo man deserted to the enemy, so he gave up the plan. He adds that Lieutenant Glassell had been out several times at night in one of the torpedo-boats, trying to blow up the vessels of the fleet; but on every occasion he was discovered, which made his hasty retreat necessary.

Our most discreet officers had doubts as to the prudence of keeping the monitors in the channel off Morris

Island. It was confidently asserted by the foreign naval officers and by the Confederate officers that they could not be continuously maintained there. But when Admiral Dahlgren relieved Admiral Dupont in the command of the South Atlantic squadron, he made the attempt, and succeeded in keeping the monitors there until they went up into Charleston Harbor. It was a very difficult thing to do, however. The channel was narrow, with dangerous shoals on all sides. The current swept across the channel diagonally; and when there was a strong wind against the tide, eddies or counter-currents were formed that increased the risk of getting aground. The monitors were very hard to steer in a current. If an eddy gave them a sheer one way or the other, the rudder could not check them within the limited space to which they were restricted; consequently, there were many narrow escapes from serious damage by grounding. During the heavy gales, they were kept pretty well covered by the seas that would break over them. The Rebels sent torpedoes of various designs at the monitors so frequently that it became necessary to surround them all with a heavy torpedo netting of ropes, supported by spars projecting from their sides. These contrivances the sailors called "hoopskirts."

Admiral Dahlgren, in an official report concerning this service, wrote: "No one who has not witnessed it can appreciate the harassing nature of the never-ceasing vigilance necessary to sustain the monitor service off this harbor during the extremes of weather, from the heat of summer to the heavy winter gales which so often visit this anchorage."

Only the most hardy officers and men, or those who volunteered, were detailed for service on the monitors; yet the effect of it was so debilitating that the tour of duty was shortened to a few months, after which the men were sent to a large wooden steamer, called the "Home," where they could rest and recuperate.

Admiral Dahlgren was punctiliously exact in the performance of every detail of duty, regardless of wind or weather. Every Sunday, the church pennant was hoisted on the flagship, and divine service was held,—all the officers and crew not on duty voluntarily attending, though frequently the deep tones of the reader's voice could scarcely be heard amid the roar of the elements or the jarring din of the heavy guns.

The Admiral used a twelve-oared barge, modelled like a large surf-boat, built expressly for this service, so that he could cross the bar when ordinary ship-boats would have been swamped. Usually when the monitors went into action he would hoist his pennant on the leading one. His chief of staff, who accompanied him on one of these occasions, was killed while inside a monitor's pilot-house, and, on a subsequent occasion, the officer then acting as his chief-of-staff was wounded, though he also was inside the pilot-house; the cause in both cases being the flying inward of armor bolt-heads when the pilot-house was struck by heavy projectiles.

It had been found impossible for the outer line of vessels to stop blockade-running. Steamers would manage to slip in or out at every favorable opportunity. But the presence of the monitors enabled us to maintain a more strict blockade. Seven or eight launches would picket the channel between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie. They were supported by two picket tugs; the monitor, on advanced picket, would keep under way, while the reserved picket monitor would anchor where the entrance channels converge. The first steamer that tried to run in, after this plan was inaugurated, passed the outer line of vessels without detection; but when she found a monitor right in her way, and received a shell from it, she was at once run ashore, where we destroyed her. When this became known to the blockade-runners, as it immediately did, the regular trade with Charleston ceased,

until the improved vessels, built expressly for the purpose of evading these new obstacles, began to try to run in; but even these could not slip by with impunity. The picket-launches were so vigilant that they almost always gave the alarm, and were sometimes able to drive the steamers ashore. In one instance, they drove the English steamer "Florie" ashore, then boarded her, capturing her and her crew.

The blockade-runners would sometimes try to run down the picket-boats, and in such cases it required alertness on the part of the pickets to avoid destruction. There were two instances where the swift blockade-runners, when headed off by blockading steamers, deliberately tried to sink the blockaders by running into them. One was when the "Chameleon," commanded by Captain Wilkinson, while running at the rate of thirteen knots, tried to run down the steamer that sought to intercept her, the intercepting vessel barely escaping the intended collision by a dexterous manoeuvre. Another instance was that of the blockade-runner "Ella and Annie," which tried to run down the "Niphon," that sought to stop her. When the captain of the "Niphon" saw that a collision was inevitable, he changed his course, so that the blow struck was a glancing one; then, at the moment of contact, he led a boarding party over the bow of the "Ella and Annie," capturing her and her crew.

The blockaders were in the habit of sending up rockets as signals when steamers tried to run in or out, the rockets being thrown in the direction that the blockade-runner was going, so as to indicate the course to the pursuers. Very soon the Rebels procured rockets of exactly the same kind, and when the pursuers would send up the signal rockets, the pursued vessel would send up other rockets in the opposite direction, so that the fleet would be misled, even if the blockader which discovered the chase was not so thrown off the pursuit. The increasing difficulties of evading the blockade made it necessary

for the Rebels to establish a powerful calcium signal-light on Fort Sumter, which, with beacons along the shore, enabled them to direct the movements of the steamers desiring to run in. So great was the vigilance necessary to prevent it that in one case a vessel was intercepted when the only indication of her presence was the passage of her slender spars across the line of the light on Fort Sumter.

The steamer "Georgiana" tried to run through the fleet one dark night. She was seen and fired into by the outer vessels; then a gunboat intercepted her. She stopped, showed a light, and hailed the gunboat, saying she surrendered. Upon this the blockader ran towards her slowly, while, in the mean time, the "Georgiana" was changing the direction in which she was heading; and before the gunboat could head her off again the "Georgiana" suddenly started for the shore, but in her haste she ran on the bar. The blockaders tried to haul her off, but she filled with water so rapidly that she was set on fire and abandoned. The steamers "Presto," "Celt," "Minho," and many others, were driven ashore or destroyed in a somewhat similar way.

The "Vesta," the longest and sharpest steamer we had ever seen, succeeded in running in to Charleston. For months we could see her at anchor in the harbor, waiting for a good chance to run out. One morning, after a foggy night, we observed that she had disappeared, and concluded that she had slipped by us during the night. A few days afterwards, a coal-ship arrived at Port Royal, having picked up six men adrift on a piece of wreck. They were the survivors of the crew of the "Vesta." She had been caught in a gale off shore, during which she broke in two amidships.

One of the swift steamers captured by us, called the "Let her Rip" by the Rebels, was named by us the "Wando," and converted into a blockader. Whenever she was caught in a heavy sea-way, she would leak so

badly that it was necessary to run her into the first available harbor. As soon as she was in still water the leak would stop. Upon investigation it was found that the leakage came from the rivet-holes in her plates amidships ; the great leverage exerted by her long narrow ends being sufficient to make the midship seams leak at the rivets as she labored in a sea-way.

The picket-boat service was attended with great hardship. On three occasions, twelve or fourteen oared launches were swept in past Fort Sumter by the force of the wind and current, in spite of all their efforts, where they were captured by the Rebel steamers inside. Many boats and men were lost in the surf in crossing the bar. One day, when the sea was breaking heavily on the bar, there were four boats, with twenty-four officers and men, floundering in the surf at one time. The first boat had been swamped in attempting to cross. The other three went to her aid, but were all swamped. Then Admiral Dahlgren sent in his barge, and she rescued those who had been able to keep afloat.

One dark night, Lieutenant Glassell, formerly of our navy, with four men, came out in the steam torpedo-boat "David," and attacked the "New Ironsides." He exploded the torpedo against her side, six feet below the water-line. The force of the explosion was expended vertically, so that the hull was not broken through. The "David" had her fires extinguished by the falling water, and her crew abandoned her, two of them being captured; the other three swam to the boat, which was drifted by the current toward the Rebel shore, where they escaped.

As soon after this attack of the torpedo-boat as was practicable, some of the submarine divers were brought up from Port Royal to make an examination of the hull of the "New Ironsides," to see what external damage had been sustained. At low water, when the tide had ceased to ebb, the diver's boat was brought alongside,

from which a diver descended to examine the hull where the explosion occurred. Finding no serious damage, he concluded to pass under her keel to look at the other side. Just after he had done this, he noticed that the ship had begun to swing to the incoming flood-tide, and was about to drift against a sandy ridge on the bottom of the channel. This would, of course, cut off his air-tube, as well as his hoisting and signal lines. He instantly rushed, with all the speed possible to a man encased in submarine armor and encumbered with his gear, toward the rapidly narrowing space between the keel of the ship and the sand ridge; he succeeded in getting his head and body under the keel in time, but his arm, with the lines and air-tube, were caught in the sandy ooze on the side of the ridge. By a desperate effort he wrenched them clear; then, giving his signal, he was hauled up, with his arm so badly crushed that he was disabled for a long time.

One of the startling incidents of the blockade off Charleston was the sinking of the ironclad monitor "Weehawken." She had just returned to the fleet from Port Royal, where her hull had been cleaned and her stores replenished. Commander J. M. Duncan had been ordered to command her on that day; he was on board our vessel, receiving his final instructions from Admiral Dahlgren. During the forenoon a northeast gale had commenced to blow. About noon, while we were at dinner on the flag-ship, the signal quartermaster reported that he thought the "Weehawken" was sinking. We all hurried on deck, whence we saw the sea washing over the forward part of the "Weehawken," breaking heavily against her turret. This was no unusual thing; the sea was even then washing over the decks of the other monitors; but we could see, by that part of the flag-staff at her bow which showed above the waves, that her deck was several feet lower than it should be, and was then steadily sinking. She was anchored abreast of our

vessel, distant only a few ship's-lengths, so that everything done on her could be plainly seen. An officer with the signal quartermaster on her turret had begun to hoist the signal of "Captain needed on board;" but they hauled it down, then brought out and began to bend on the numbers for the signal, "Assistance needed." We read the signal the moment we saw the order in which they were about to bend the flags on, and hoisted our answering pennant. Immediately after, the sea broke over the turret, driving them off. The Admiral's barge, the first cutter, and the whale-boat — our only boats fit for such service — were immediately lowered; simultaneously all the best sea-boats from the other ships of the fleet were lowered, and were dashing through the foaming seas toward the sinking ship, with a quickness that was surprising even when the extreme urgency of the case was considered. As the bow of the "Weehawken" sank, her stern was elevated until it was about twelve feet out of water. Then she careened to starboard until her deck was inclined toward us at an angle of about forty-five degrees, when she sank out of sight. At the first alarm, we saw the officers and men coming on deck through the few small openings that could be used to get up from below; a portion of them found refuge in her cutter, that was made fast at her stern. When the cutter was thus loaded with all she could carry, she was cast adrift. Those left on deck sprang overboard to get clear of the sinking ship. They were nearly all picked up by the boats that went to the rescue, and brought on board our ship. Her navigating officer was Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Reed, formerly of Chicago; he kept afloat by clinging to a hatch hopper until rescued, but he was afterwards drowned in the surf with Admiral Bell, at Osaka, Japan, January 11, 1867. After the gale, when the divers examined the wreck of the "Weehawken," they found that two of the crew had become jammed in the narrow hatchway below the turret,

thus preventing the escape of the rest of the crew, who went down with the ship.

A submarine torpedo-boat, built of boiler iron, was made by the Rebels, to attack the fleet off Charleston. She was to be worked by hand-power. Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate Navy, with eight men, started in her; but she was swamped by the sea, and they were all lost. The boat was raised, refitted, and started a second time. She was again swamped by the sea near Fort Sumter; this time six men lost their lives in her. She was again raised, when a third attempt was made. She sank again, and all her crew were lost. After the lapse of some time she was raised; then Lieutenant Dixon and eight men made a fourth attempt. This remarkable persistence in such a desperate undertaking shows the determined spirit of the men we had to contend with. Lieutenant Dixon ran out to the steam sloop "Housatonic," on the outer blockade, about nine o'clock at night. The officer of the watch saw a ripple on the surface of the water, looking in the darkness like a moving plank. He slipped the chain, started the engine, and opened fire with small arms; but before the "Housatonic" could gather headway, Dixon exploded his torpedo under her, and she sank, in twenty-eight feet of water. The torpedo-boat also sank,—from what cause is not known. Captain Gray, of the Rebel Torpedo corps, in his report wrote, "I am of opinion that she went into the hole made in the 'Housatonic' by the explosion of the torpedo, and did not have power sufficient to back out, and consequently sank with her." But our divers who went down to examine the wreck of the "Housatonic," some time after, found the torpedo-boat lying on the bottom, at a distance of many yards from the "Housatonic."

The ordinary duties of the blockading operations were liable to be disturbed by numerous accidents or incidents,

and no service ever required more foresight in preparation or more perseverance in performance. The most careful precautions and sustained watchfulness were sometimes unavailing. On the night of June 3, 1864, the blockading steamer "Water Witch" was anchored inside the bar, at Ossabaw Sound, below Savannah. The weather was so thick and hazy that objects could not be seen at any distance. Her boarding nettings were up; there was steam enough on to work the engines, and there were the usual number of lookouts at their stations. An attacking party of about double the number of the crew of the "Water Witch" came down from Savannah in eight cotton barges, commanded by Captain Pelot, formerly of the United States Navy. They drifted noiselessly toward the "Water Witch," at about three o'clock in the morning, approaching within forty yards of her before they could be seen by the lookouts. The moment they were seen and hailed, they dashed alongside. The engines were started ahead, but the ship did not gather headway soon enough to prevent the Rebels boarding her. The crew went to quarters and made the best fight they could under the circumstances; but, being so largely outnumbered, and half of them (the watch below) asleep in their hammocks at the moment of the attack, the resistance was ineffectual. Some of the Rebel party gained the engine-room, overpowered the engineers, and stopped the engine. The few men who were not overcome retreated to the quarter-deck. The officers were all below, except the two on watch; and rushing on deck, were obliged to snatch ship's cutlasses from the racks to defend themselves. Then ensued a hand-to-hand contest with cutlasses. Paymaster Billings, of the "Water Witch," who was an expert swordsman, killed Pelot, the Rebel leader; and soon after, the captain of the "Water Witch" fell, with three cuts on the head. The executive officer, Buck, fell, stunned by blows and loss of blood.

The unequal contest was prolonged for fifteen or twenty minutes, by which time the boarding party had obtained entire control of the ship. The executive officer, in his official report of the fight, subsequently made, wrote: "I heard none say they surrendered, nor any cry for quarter, and believe all who were engaged fought bravely and desperately, until cut down or overpowered by superior numbers." The Rebels afterwards ran the ship aground; as they were unable to get her out of the sound, she was subsequently destroyed.

This was simply an instance of a force stealthily surprised during thick weather and captured by overwhelming numbers. There were many cases to offset it, where our men, in very small forces and in the face of vigorous opposition, accomplished important results. A notable illustration of this was the case of Lieutenant Cushing, pushing eight miles inside the enemy's lines in an open boat, then, in the face of a heavy fire of great guns and small arms, attacking and sinking the Rebel ironclad ram "Albemarle."

In the last war with England, as well as in our great rebellion, the trained officers of our navy used the insufficient means furnished them with such ingenuity and audacity that they were enabled to overcome superior forces, well provided with the best-known appliances. It does not seem reasonable that a prosperous nation like ours should presume on these facts, and rely on the extra personal efforts of individual officers to preserve our national honor in emergencies. The *personnel* of the navy has shown itself worthy of the best material appliances that can be made; yet, at this moment, it is more inadequately supplied, in proportion to the times, than it was in 1861. It has recently been stated on the floor of the United States Senate that "there is no telling when we shall be involved in foreign complications, . . . and all we have to do to protect our national honor is, to

provide a decent naval force, able to cope with the naval establishments of other nations."

It would seem to be only a prudent precaution in our citizens to make sure that our naval officers are provided with vessels sufficiently effective to keep them from being a standing invitation to the menaces coming from the more powerful navies of other nations.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AN ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER REGIMENT IN 1861.

By GEORGE L. PADDOCK.

[Read December 7, 1881.]

TO the disunion agitators of South Carolina must be conceded the distinction, such as it was, of passing the first ordinance of secession. This act occurred on the 20th day of December, 1860. A few Unionists like Petigru, Mackey, and others, had uttered some feeble notes of protest or reproof, but such voices were soon drowned in the general tumult. The Governor, Pickens, made haste to proclaim the State "separate, free, sovereign, and independent"! The census had been taken that year; upon its pages was ascribed to this separate, free, and independent sovereignty a total male population of 347,320. The number of males within military age was recorded at 128,480. According to the same passionless authority, the aggregate population of South Carolina, at this critical moment, had an average density of but 20.7 to each square mile of its surface. More than one half of this sparse population — to be definite — 402,406, were slaves held in bondage by force. The remaining whites had for a generation been living in fear of servile revolt. These verities, among others, attest the nature of the frenzy that ruled the hour at Charleston and Columbia.

In other parts of the South events moved on with a feverish rapidity. Within a few weeks after the act of the South Carolina Convention, delegates from Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, joining those from the former State, hurriedly gathered at Montgomery, framed a provisional government, and devised the

heraldry of a new flag to be set up as the standard of civil war. The spirit of hostile enterprise soon made itself manifest in several Southern States. The flag of the nation was derided and profaned; and before the winter of 1860 was over, many local military bodies were gathering under the strange banners of rebellion to harden their hearts for the shedding of fraternal blood. Again and again, the tide of affairs moved onward. By the 18th of February, 1861, Jefferson Davis had been installed as President of the Southern Confederacy, and assumed control of the military operations then going on at Charleston and elsewhere. War had actually begun. On the 4th of March, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. On the 14th of April, Fort Sumter was surrendered by Major Anderson to the forces under General Beauregard, an expatriated officer of the United States Army, of ability and distinction. We need not dwell upon these well-remembered things, and still less need we discuss the causes of the war, or pause to restate the process of that argumentation which, in the judgment of the self-chosen exponents of secession, was deemed sufficient to justify a resort so hazardous and so foreign to the habits of an unmilitary people. At this time, that vague and distant treason against which with mournful eloquence a Webster had warned the Senate and people of an earlier day had drawn very near, and was clearly perceived in the act of arming itself for the final assault upon our civilization. The opportunity for discussion had gone by, not to return until after some sad years of confusion and estrangement.

Looking back upon that period of outbreak, some general facts appear which, in an introductory view, seem appropriate to the subject.

Taking the first muster-roll of the Twelfth Illinois Infantry as fairly representing the people of the State, it may be said that the great majority of the adult male citizens of Illinois were from the first impressed with

the belief that secession was illegal, wrong, and unjustifiable,—a thing to be resisted by force. By many, who were informed in American history, it was also recognized that the doctrines of secession ran counter to those tendencies toward a closer and better union which, as far back as the Colonial period, had been as evident in the annals of Southern communities as in those of the North. This patriotic impulse, this natural and human longing for the strength that is born of associated numbers, had brought together our forefathers from their scattered abodes, and inspired them, whether at Bunker Hill or at Yorktown, at King's Mountain or at Saratoga, to the achievement of a great and noble undertaking, in spite of difficulties almost insuperable. The historic scroll, also, showed that the same constructive forces which had created and preserved the infant republic continued their fostering influence until they produced their best fruit in the Constitution, and union of the States.

There resided in Illinois, also, many thoughtful men of alien birth who could detect in American secession a semblance of those dividing and repressive policies which in the mother countries had often defeated the efforts of kindred races to gain, through union and solidarity, a larger liberty and a happier fate.

These men were Unionists. Indeed, by republicans everywhere a Union embracing people of a common language and origin, having common interests and a common system of laws, had always been deemed an ideal worthy of the most heroic sacrifices. It was not strange, therefore, that the foreign-born citizens of Illinois, when the guns of Sumter sounded the call to arms, were as ready to share the perils of the moment as were their native-born neighbors. When the time of vacillation and divided counsels at Washington had passed, and the President had appealed to the country for aid, that appeal evoked an instantaneous response, a deep, enthusiastic assent, from millions of men, dwellers on the

prairies and by the lakes and rivers of the West. The men of Illinois, with those of Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and other valley States, set their houses in order, and made ready for a southward migration, the like of which had never yet been seen on this continent.

Of all Americans, Mr. Lincoln was probably best fitted to personify and declare the national opinion at that morning-time of conflict. To him American union was a very sacred and precious thing,—the chief public good, greater than any other; even as to the wise husbandman the land is always larger and of more enduring importance than the harvest of any one field. The preservation of this Union was therefore proposed by him as the sole object of the coming war. Such convictions were to him not new, but the orderly and matured outgrowth of his mind and experience. Chance and circumstance could not efface them, for they were a part of the man; or, rather, as far as his relations to the war were concerned, the whole of him. They would govern his conduct at the beginning, at every stage of progress, and abide until the end. Not that the cry of human suffering, even at this time of tumult, failed to reach his ear and touch his loving heart; not that, at such a moment or any other, he failed to note and sympathize with the purposes of social and political reformers. He merely and as President beheld the fact that the American Union was greater and more exigent than sects and reforms. He concluded that the patriotic motive of union, pure and simple, was likely to be stronger, more pervading, and more permanent than sectional sympathies or antipathies, than party enthusiasms or party machineries. It was a happy incident that in his previous course as a speaker upon the matters at issue, he had said no word that could be quoted to shake the popular belief in the sincerity of his official professions of attachment to the institutions he was seeking to protect. He was not remembered to have proposed at any time the disruption

of the Union as a means of excommunication of slavery, nor to have suggested the armed invasion of the South as a method of abolition. In plain and manly language Mr. Lincoln addressed himself to the people whom he knew so well and from whom he had come. In his view of it, the subject was a simple one, and the citizen's duty in the last resort a matter of course. No metaphysical subtlety, no fine-spun logic as to constitutional power, was needed to present that side of the case to the audience to which he addressed himself. The result was that at an early day the people derived a clear idea of the purposes of the government, and to a vast extent expressed their loyal approval.

To Union men of the Lincoln type, secession was not only treason, but a treason doomed alike by justice and force to defeat and final overthrow. So believing, the soldier of the Union might carry with him to the field, and through all the elations of victory and all the bitterness of reverse retain, an honest consciousness of right, and a reasonable hope of eventual triumph. Such a condition of mind is not to be forgotten by those who have felt its comfort in time of trouble, nor should it be overlooked on the present occasion as we glance backward at the beginnings of the Illinois regiment.

The Union forces were made up largely, almost wholly, of volunteers from civil life, destined at the close of service to return to the vocations of peace. Having this intelligent faith in himself and his mission, the volunteer possessed a consolation more real than that afforded by the marshal's baton which the conscript of Napoleon was said to carry in his knapsack as he marched beneath the eagles of the Empire along the path of glory.

The responsibilities of the contest were fully accepted by the citizens of Illinois, for they had taken a prominent part in the choice of the President whose peaceful and lawful election had been made the pretext for the rupture.

In his proclamation issued the day after the loss of Sumter, President Lincoln took the vantage ground of self-defence, and called forth the "militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress the combinations against the national authority, and to cause the laws to be duly executed." Of this force the quota of Illinois was six regiments, of seven hundred and eighty officers and men, each. These, immediately raised in companies as volunteers, were directed by Governor Yates to rendezvous at Springfield. The Fair Ground near the city, hastily prepared for their temporary quarters, was soon filled to overflowing. This camp of organization was given the name of Camp Yates, out of compliment to our active and public-spirited governor. The prize ox, the fatted calf, and the mammoth vegetables being out of season, the vacant sheds and booths were left to the service of the State, and afforded a convenient shelter to the incoming volunteers. Commissary stores of good quality were bountifully provided by the authorities; wood and water were at hand in plenty. The Fair Ground was not a place of sumptuous resort; yet those recruits who were transferred to Camp Yates, after a night or so spent at Camp Taylor, which was another and more military name for a brickyard near by, deemed it a comparatively spacious and habitable piece of land.

Six Illinois regiments had marched under Taylor and Scott in the Mexican war. Out of respect to these brave men and their gallant commanders, John J. Hardin, William H. Bissell, Ferris Foreman, Edward D. Baker, James Collins, and Edward W. Newby, the regimental numbers under the "first call" were to begin at seven. The last of these to organize was called the Twelfth. It was mustered by Captain (afterwards Major-General) John Pope into the United States service, for three months, on the 2d of May, 1861. The following day, the elections of officers were held. As thus organized, its colonel was

John McArthur, of Chicago; the other field officers being Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur L. Chetlain, of Galena, and Major William W. Williams, of Rock Island. Dr. Horace Wardner, of Illinois, was appointed surgeon, and Dr. James H. Faris, assistant. Arthur C. Ducat, of Chicago, became adjutant, and Stephen R. Wetmore, of Du Quoin, quartermaster. Non-commissioned staff: Sergeant-Major, James N. McArthur, of Chicago; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Duncan McLean, of Chicago; Commissary-Sergeant, Joseph E. Joslyn. Hospital Steward, John S. Powell. Principal Musician, Jacob L. Ruby.

The places at which the companies were recruited, the names of the company officers at organization, and other facts shown upon the rolls, are as follows:—

- A Chicago.* — Captain Joseph Kellogg, Lieutenants John Noyes, Jr., John B. Rowlands; 4 sergeants; 4 corporals; 84 privates.
- B Mendota.* — Captain Phineas B. Rusk, Lieutenants Tyler Hale, Henry Stevenson; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 75 privates.
- C Danville.* — Captain Samuel Frazier, Lieutenants Wm. Mann, Joseph Kirkland; 7 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 75 privates.
- D Rock Island.* — Captain David Benson, Lieutenants Dimick Lautris, Quincy McNeill; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 81 privates.
- E Paris.* — Captain Vincent Ridgley, Lieutenants John W. Fisher, Nathaniel Sandford; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 85 privates.
- F Galena.* — Captain Wallace Campbell, Lieutenants J. Bates Dickson, Nicholas Roth; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 81 privates.
- G Du Quoin.* — Captain Charles H. Brookings, Lieutenants S. K. Wetmore, Guy C. Ward; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 82 privates.
- H Tiskilwa.* — Captain Wm. T. Swain, Lieutenants Thompson Gordon, John M. Mills; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 64 privates.

I Princeton. — Captain Frank B. Ferris, Lieutenants George L. Paddock, G. Gilbert Gibbons; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 81 privates.

K Chicago. — Captain James R. Hugunin, Lieutenants William E. Waite, Eben Bacon; 8 non-commissioned officers; 2 musicians; 65 privates.

The above figures may not be entirely accurate, but are believed to be. They indicate an aggregate regimental force at muster in, of 911. Some of the companies, if not all, were at Springfield by April 25th.

An examination of the record will show that the decided majority of the men of the regiment, coming from agricultural pursuits, were habituated to manual labor and an outdoor life. Many mechanics came also, with skilled hands to contribute to the future success of the regiment. From sewing on a button to building a bridge, the means of all ordinary constructive enterprises were close at hand. Most of the men were young and industrious, and the regiment contained but few enlisted men who were not able to earn at home in their various pursuits wages larger than the stipend of the soldier. This, at that time, was for privates eleven dollars per month.

Such was the Twelfth as it came together to do its part in the war for the Union. With scarce a single exception, the men gave themselves cheerfully to the duties of their new life. Now and then, in the throng of recruits, a veteran of the Mexican or of some European service could boast of some knowledge of the art of war. These elder brethren duly accounted for, there yet remained a great majority of our numbers, nearly all, in fact, to whom the circumstances were wholly novel. A new language and new habits were to be acquired, and the time seemed short for the purpose. The words "rations" "commissary," "drill," "detail," "guard," "pass," "camp," "quarters," "reveille," "tattoo," "taps," "parade," "inspection," "review," "muster," "salute," "officer," "sergeant," "corporal," "private," "official business,"

"adjutant," "brigadier-general," and many others of the current military coinage, were to be fitted to daily speech, and even made smooth by constant use. The process of circulation began at Springfield, but had scarcely more than begun when the Springfield days of the Twelfth were brought to a close.

Rather late in the afternoon of May 10th, the regiment moved out of Camp Yates toward the Great Western station, to take passage by cars for Caseyville, St. Clair County, by way of Decatur and Sandoval. All day the sky had been overcast and gloomy; now and then drops of rain had fallen, so that a bad day was feared for the critical adventure of a first appearance in public. The departure of a regiment is always a scene of bustle and interest; especially was it so at that early period. Besides, the station was two miles away, and a march to so distant an objective called for the tactical skill of the entire command. However, an alignment, and in due time a facing to the right, were accomplished, and to the deep satisfaction of every one it was ascertained that the regiment could be moved in the proper direction at the word of command. From this moment all went well. The soldiers who were left behind—Barker's dragoons, the Zouaves from Chicago, and others, full of sympathy and good wishes—gathered in groups to see the last of us. As the companies filed through the gate, each was cheered by the Zouaves with their peculiar and customary yell,—“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven: Tiger!” This happy blending of mathematical accuracy with a martial enthusiasm rang in our ears as a parting salute, as well as an omen of good fortune to come.

Before long the clouds drifted away, and the evening sun shone brightly in the west, as we glided into the station. Taking the train,—a long and rather slow one,—we found ourselves at Caseyville without accident or delay at eleven that night, and quartered as best we

could in the village until daylight. The regiment had moved. Early as possible on the 11th, the command went into camp on the hills near by, headquarters of Colonel McArthur being established at a small farmhouse within the lines. As soon as the adjutant could set up his desk, a general order was published, announcing this encampment to be "Camp Bissell," and so it was afterwards officially known. Contrasted with the dust and discomforts of Camp Yates, the situation appeared delightful; and certainly every one strove to give something of comfort and decoration to the new abiding-place. The surroundings were pleasant to the eye; from the edge of the bluff at our left, looking westward, one saw cultivated farms here and there in the valley, separated by streams bordered with broad belts of forest. Beyond these and beyond the unseen Mississippi, could be discerned the distant spires of St. Louis. Our camp was set upon high and undulating ground; and the easy slopes over which the men had traced its regular streets were mantled, at that season, with a smooth, elastic turf, — Kentucky blue-grass, speckled with blossoms of white clover. This natural lawn covered all the clear spaces. Better parade and drill ground, regiment never had.

The tents were wisely pitched on the green in the open air and sunlight, but the hillsides near by fringed the camp, and were shaded with the richest foliage of our Southern Illinois woodlands. We thought it, when we had finished the building of our canvas-walled city, a charming scene; and it seemed to us that our men, their tents and flags, gave it life, motion, and a new color. Our country neighbors agreed with us, for they came in great numbers, of Sundays and pleasant afternoons, to see the show and the soldiers. As to this part of our history, a memorandum from Colonel McArthur's notebook reads: —

"We went into camp at Caseyville, with orders to be in readiness to take part in the capture of Camp Jackson, Mis-

souri, should our services be required. On consultation with General F. P. Blair, to whom I was introduced by General Lyon, General Blair remarked that he was glad loyal Illinois was so prompt to come to their assistance, but he believed he had a sufficient number of men enrolled at St. Louis to take care of Claib Jackson,— which subsequent events proved to be the case."

This point settled, Colonel McArthur at once entered upon the duty assigned him, of observing and protecting the western portions of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. Within a few hours after our arrival, Mr. Bacon, vice-president of the railway company, had opened for us a telegraph office at Caseyville station, and in many other ways aided the command in "getting settled." The sixty-nine miles of railway line in our charge comprised many important trestles and bridges, and had its western terminus at East St. Louis, or Bloody Island. At this latter point was placed a guard of forty men, under a commissioned officer, to be relieved daily. Thus, communication was established between the Illinois troops and the Union forces under General Lyon, at St. Louis. At various other points guards were posted, the movements back and forth for relief and supply being rapidly and regularly made by rail. Within a few days a two-story house in the village was taken for use as a hospital, for we had brought some sick with us from Springfield. One of these—Private Durkee Cole, of K Company—died May 12th,—the first loss of life in the regiment. During May, Captain U. S. Grant, under orders from Governor Yates, made a visit of inspection at Caseyville, and spent several days at headquarters. The field and staff officers enjoyed the benefit of many practical instructions concerning camp and army routine, given in a quiet and friendly manner, and have ever since cherished the memory of the occurrence as a part of the regimental tradition. It is also handed down from that high antiquity that the first morning reports at Camp Bissell were

prepared, according to a form pencilled, in columns and headings, upon a scrap of paper torn from a memorandum book, by the future victor of Donelson and Appomattox. It need not be added that the document accomplished the purpose.

While the regiment was at Caseyville the celebrated Camp Jackson capture took place, and Missouri was preserved to the Union. Among the prisoners was a Captain Emmett McDonald, who refused parole, and was sent to our camp at Caseyville, to be held as a prisoner of war. We held him; but it cannot be said that his durance was vile, since many of his city admirers daily brought him bouquets, also meat and drink in profusion, while other rebels, with more judicious kindness, initited a petition for his release, under the Habeas Corpus Act, to the United States Court at Springfield. During his stay upon the soil of Illinois as our unbidden guest, we treated him without severity, and sometimes gave him the freedom of our green lawns, where he was an attentive spectator at dress parade. His handsome face and fine figure, his Zouave jacket, well cut and gold-corded, made him a picturesque object at these occasions of ceremony. So affable and gay was the captain, so popular had he become, that when, by and by, the Habeas Corpus Act and an order of court parted us forever, he was really missed. There was sincere and outspoken regret in the Twelfth at a later day, when it was reported that a Union bullet, in some cavalry fight, had ended the career of our Caseyville prisoner-of-war.

Bloody Island being the nightly resort of very bad and turbulent citizens of the locality, as well as the same class of people from the other side, the service of preserving order was often a difficult one to the guard and all others in authority. This is putting the fact mildly, as any one who ever stood guard there will readily testify. On the 18th of May, during a disturbance at this post, the lieutenant in command, having unfortunately become intoxic-

cated, lost control of himself and his men, and the roughs and desperadoes seemed about to capture the outpost. The disturbance attracted the attention of the Union forces at the arsenal opposite, and a party was sent across to occupy the island. At this crisis, Major Williams, happening to be at St. Louis, came over to the post, and by prompt and energetic measures restored order, and saved our position from capture by either of the invading bodies, friends or foes. The mob was silenced, our friends from the arsenal returned, and the day was saved to Illinois and the Twelfth. However, the luckless officer of the guard was ordered back to Caseyville in arrest, to await some form of punishment suited to his offence. Some days of meditation at headquarters upon the power of a regimental court-martial to cashier a commissioned officer for the good of the service, resulted at last in the conclusion that in military law such a proceeding was not permissible. The culprit solved the problem by a timely resignation, which was cordially and promptly accepted. It is said that he joined another regiment, and there retrieved his good name.

The days at Caseyville were well spent in drill of officers and men, and practice in the usages of camp life. The traffic to and from St. Louis was inspected with vigilance, and now and then seizures of contraband goods were made. There was but little sickness; usually about thirty cases, in charge of Doctor Wardner and his assistant, and many of these off duty for a few days only. The constant guard, though at times quite severe, was in the end of great benefit to all. Officers and men gradually became acquainted with each other, and the foundations of the regiment were well laid. Here, also, the men received the first uniforms issued after their muster in; they were furnished by the State, and were of a color not at all welcome,—gray. The recipients of these ambiguous garments put them on as ordered, but no one enjoyed the spectacle of a Union

battalion clad in that tint. It was in vain to assert that the New York Seventh wore gray, as it provoked the retort: "So do the Rebels." Up to this time the Galena Company had been the only one uniformed, wearing a sort of *jäger* costume of green. Nor, with all this attention to dress, were the arts of alimentation neglected. In our comparatively primitive customs at Camp Yates we had been content to boil our camp-kettles in a rude and reckless way over open fires, the suspending contrivance being a pole resting on forked sticks set in the ground. At Caseyville, the men soon progressed beyond this gypsy expedient, and learned to build ovens and fireplaces of bricks cemented with clay. The question of water-supply arose at once. There are those who remember the digging of a certain well in the hollow back of camp, and the engineering devices brought to bear by the adjutant and a volunteer fatigue party in the construction of the curbing, and a way leading to the water. They will also recall the general sorrow, a few days after, when that well suddenly went dry, and would not yield another drop. But the water was good while it lasted, and the discovery of the fickle fountain and the adornment of the place about it had given us a pleasing employment. That the rural deities grew unkind, and refused further to slake our thirst, was a result which the martial powers could neither prevent nor punish.

June 3, 1861, was to be our last day at Camp Bissell, for it was then ordered that the regiment proceed immediately to St. Louis. At five o'clock that afternoon, every tent was struck; by six, the special train of ten passenger coaches and as many freight cars steamed away to the West, and Caseyville was no more. Before dark, the entire command had embarked on the steamer "Louisiana." The "City of Alton," the Seventh Illinois crowding her decks, was at the East St. Louis landing as we arrived, and the two boats swung clear of the shore and headed down the stream together. All was enthusi-

asm and wonder as we left the place. As we glided past the landings and settlements one after the other, the people would at sometimes greet us with cheers, and at others look over the water in sullen stillness. Once, on the shore, we beheld the Stars and Stripes gleaming amid the trees; and more than once Union ladies — for such, in our gratitude, we deemed them — waved their white handkerchiefs as we floated swiftly on and on. The "Alton," as we soon learned, was the faster boat. It grieved us to find this out, and see her take the lead before we had reached Cape Girardeau; but the master of the "Louisiana" did his best, and followed close in the wake of her consort. Faster or slower, our boat was hastening down the great river of the West, her passengers destined, no doubt, to share in the contest for the control of that national waterway which was so soon to begin. The summer heat was tempered by gentle airs that seemed to advance to meet us as we went, and the summer night had grown late before the men lay down upon the decks to sleep. Talk and music had passed the evening time; but at last the voices of the singers of songs and the tellers of stories died away, and the boat and the regiment became silent, save for the steady footfalls of the guard and a tremulous undertone of machinery, marking with unvarying cadence our southward way.

CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE FRONTIER.

By JOSEPH B. LEAKE.

[Read October 1, 1884.]

THE position of the State of Missouri at the beginning of the Rebellion was one which threatened great danger to the Union. An enemy in possession of it would dominate the Mississippi River from Keokuk to Columbus ; would absolutely blockade the Missouri ; would cut off the State of Kansas and the Western Territories from direct connection with the East ; would paralyze Iowa's assistance to the government, by invasion of her territory all along her southern border ; and would put Illinois on the defence of two-thirds of her western boundary. The armies of the Confederacy would have unopposed access to the State, from Kentucky and Tennessee on the southeast, and from Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and the Indian Territory, along the natural highway in the southwest ; and could concentrate within easy striking distance of Chicago, or any other centre of the loyal northwestern States. Stretching so far to the north, threatening danger on every side, it was but natural that within the boundaries of Missouri, or just beyond them, should be fought some of the bitterest contests of the early war.

The political condition of the State served only to increase the confusion and danger of the situation. In January, 1861, Claiborne F. Jackson was inaugurated governor, and, with a disloyal legislature, took immediate measures to precipitate the State into the vortex of secession. A convention was called, but the result of the

popular vote was the election of a majority of members opposed to the passage of a secession ordinance. Sterling Price, professing to be a Union man, was elected president of the convention. Unfortunately, the Union sentiment of the State was so tainted with the doctrine of secession that, while it opposed the policy of secession by Missouri, a large part of it admitted her right to secede, and affirmed the correlative proposition, that the United States had no right to coerce her from so doing. General William S. Harney was at St. Louis, in command of the Western Department, and Jackson and Price had the address to conclude a treaty with him, whereby in substance the State agreed to remain quiet and neutral, and the United States agreed not to invade the State. The agreement was soon repudiated, and Harney relieved from command. The State government called out its militia, nominally to preserve order, and established Camp Jackson on the outskirts of St. Louis, gathering about two thousand men, under the command of General Frost. Captain Nathaniel Lyon, an active, earnest, and intensely devoted officer, was in command of the arsenal, and was soon, with rank of brigadier-general, appointed to command the Department of Missouri. John M. Schofield, a graduate of the class of 1853 at West Point, who, after a couple of years' service at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, and in Florida, had been for about five years an assistant professor at West Point, was now on leave of absence at St. Louis, a professor of physics at Washington University. On April 20, he was appointed United States mustering officer for the State. Frank P. Blair, a member of Congress from the St. Louis district, brother of a member of President Lincoln's cabinet, became at once the political and civil leader of the loyal people, and the supposed representative of the wishes and intentions of the administration. Around these men rapidly gathered, and were mustered into the service, several regiments of volunteers from the city and neighborhood, with

which, with unhesitating energy, General Lyon, on the 10th of May, surrounded and captured the forces of the State at Camp Jackson. The State was thrown into a ferment of intense excitement. On June 12, the governor called for fifty thousand troops, to protect the State; but on the next day, General Lyon, with Major Schofield as his adjutant-general and chief of staff, started in pursuit of the State government and its forces. Sweeping around by Booneville, thence chasing and fighting across the State to Springfield, on the evening of the 9th of August, Lyon moved out with only about five thousand men, the term of enlistment of some of whom had already expired, and on the morning of the 10th, with sublime audacity, assaulted more than four times his number at Wilson's Creek, there surrendering his own life. The blow was so stunning that, while it failed to defeat and scatter the Rebel army, it left the Confederates in no condition to pursue, and a successful withdrawal in the face of an immensely superior enemy was made to St. Louis.

On July 19, General John Pope had assumed command of Missouri, north of the river, and with about seven thousand men from Iowa and Illinois held that part of the State effectually in check, driving the Secessionists south of the river. The retreat of the army from Wilson's Creek left southwestern Missouri in undisputed possession of the Rebels. General Price soon advanced north to the river, and surrounded and captured the forces at Lexington under Colonel Mulligan, after a most gallant and heroic defence. General Fremont, having been assigned to the command of the department, and having organized a new army, moved up the Missouri River and across the State in pursuit as far as Springfield, when he was relieved from command, and the department placed in charge of General Halleck. The command of the army in the field was given to General S. R. Curtis, who, having organized it into four divisions, moved, on February 11, 1862, from Lebanon toward Springfield. The campaign

resulted in the battle at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, where, after three days of desperate fighting, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th days of March, 1862, the Rebel army, under command of General Earl Van Dorn, was effectually repulsed. Van Dorn's army retreated across the Boston Mountains, and then dispersed, much of it going east across the Mississippi. General Curtis moved slowly back into Missouri, thence across northern Arkansas to Batesville, and thence, about the middle of July, to Helena on the Mississippi; thus again uncovering the whole of Southwest Missouri.

In the mean time, changes had taken place in the command at St. Louis. General Pope and his army had gone down the river. General Halleck had gone to the front, and been transferred to the general command of the army. Missouri was practically left bare of United States troops. Schofield was made a brigadier-general, on November 21, 1861, and assigned to the command of the District of St. Louis, and from February to September 26, 1862, to the command of the District of Missouri. The State government had been reconstructed on a loyal basis, and, during this period, General Schofield was engaged in the work of organizing and commanding the militia force of Missouri, to which the task of keeping the State from the control of the Rebels was largely committed,—there being only three or four old regiments of infantry and cavalry from other States still in the district.

While there was no large Rebel force then threatening the State during the summer of 1862, there was considerable trouble from bands of guerillas and Rebel partisans. In July, 1862, the President made the call for three hundred thousand additional volunteers, which was replied to by a general conscription on the part of the Confederate government, under which western Missouri became suddenly alive with recruits for the Rebel army. Concerning the condition of Missouri, a captain of the First Iowa Cavalry reported to the adjutant-general of his State in these words: —

"Large bodies of these men traversed the country from north to south ; emissaries of leading officers and leading traitors were to be found everywhere ; and the posts, during the months of June, July, and August, were threatened with attacks by night and day from those who had risen in opposition to the Federal and loyal State authorities. The country was in an alarming condition, and we were in the heart of a most disloyal and dangerous population, indifferently armed, unsupported by artillery or infantry."

At the same time, the Confederate government prepared to make another struggle for the possession of the State, proposing to enter it by the old gateway of the southwest with an army to be placed under the command of General Hindman. In this emergency, General Schofield called for immediate reinforcement from without the State, — in response to which the Nineteenth and Twentieth Iowa, the Ninety-fourth Illinois and the Twentieth Wisconsin regiments of infantry were hurried forward as soon as they could be mustered into the service. On the recommendation, I think, of General Schofield himself, the three districts of Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas were organized into the Department of Missouri, and General Curtis was assigned to the command, which he assumed on the 24th of September. On the 26th, General Schofield was placed in command of the troops in the field.

The four regiments above named rendezvoused at Rolla, and from thence, on the 16th of September, began the march to Springfield, distant one hundred and twenty-two miles, under the command of Brigadier-General F. J. Herron, who, as captain of Company I, First Iowa Infantry, had fought at Wilson's Creek, as lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Iowa, at Pea Ridge, and had just received promotion. We arrived at Springfield, September 26, and there found the Twenty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, and the Thirty-seventh Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Black, in command. General Schofield at once organized the troops present into two divisions, — the first

under command of Brigadier-General James Totten, of the Missouri State militia. The First Division was divided into three brigades,—the first, of cavalry, under Brigadier-General E. S. Brown (Missouri State militia); the second, under command of Wm. McE. Dye, colonel of the Twentieth Iowa, contained the Thirty-seventh Illinois, Battery F, First Missouri Artillery, Captain Murphy, Twentieth Iowa, Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Leake, and First Iowa Cavalry, Colonel Gower. The third brigade contained the Twenty-sixth Indiana, a battery of Missouri artillery, and later the Eighteenth Iowa infantry. The Second Division was commanded by General Herron. I cannot recall the brigade division and assignment. Its infantry was the Nineteenth Iowa, Ninety-fourth Illinois, and Twentieth Wisconsin, all new regiments. The artillery was Company E, First Missouri, Captain Faust; a section (two pieces) of another company of the First Missouri, Lieutenant Backhoff; and a section (two pieces) of the Peoria Illinois battery, Lieutenant Borries. The cavalry of the two divisions, variously assigned, consisted of the First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Missouri regiments, a battalion of the Second Wisconsin, and a part of a newly recruited First Arkansas regiment. I have no record of precisely how they were assigned, and think they were used without much reference to the brigade and division organization. The effective force was forty-eight hundred infantry, fifty-six hundred cavalry, and sixteen pieces of artillery; total, ten thousand eight hundred men. Twenty-five hundred men were required to guard the line of communication with Rolla and the depot of supplies at Springfield, leaving eighty-three hundred men for active operations in the field. General Schofield named this little army the "Army of Southwest Missouri." On September 27, General Blunt was placed under the command of General Schofield, and by direction of General Curtis the name of the army was changed to that of the "Army of the Frontier;" General Blunt's

command becoming the First Division, and Generals Totten's and Herron's being re-numbered as the Second and Third.

I propose now to give as brief an account as I can of the campaign of this little army which saved southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas, my point of view being that of a commander of an infantry regiment in the Second Division, and my desire being to call particular attention to the wonderful power of endurance shown by the infantry of that command.

General Schofield states in his report that it was his intention to move west from Springfield, and, having effected a junction with General Blunt, coming from Kansas, then to move south and occupy a position far enough in advance to cover both Fort Scott and Springfield, and there wait for the reinforcements which had been despatched from Leavenworth and Rolla. In accordance with this intention, the Second Division was moved west, on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of September, General Herron remaining at Springfield to take charge of reinforcements as they should arrive. The hurry of subsequent events changed the plan. The Rebels had gathered a large force, estimated at about seven thousand men, at Newtonia, which was being watched by General Brown's brigade of cavalry, and two brigades of Blunt's command, under General Salomon and Colonel Weer. An engagement took place on the 30th of September, resulting in the repulse of the Union forces, numbering about forty-five hundred men. General Schofield pressed forward to General Brown's camp, five miles east of Sarcoxie, and there, on the evening of October 2, met General Blunt, who had pressed forward rapidly with small reinforcements. General Schofield's force then amounted to about ten thousand men, while the strength of the enemy was variously estimated at from thirteen to twenty thousand. It was resolved to move upon the enemy the following night, and attack early in the morn-

ing. In the mean time, the Second Division had been moved forward on the first and second days of October, by long marches. On the 2d, the men came into camp late at night, and so jaded that they would not pitch tents. On the 3d, at three o'clock P. M., we were ordered to cook three days rations, and be ready to march at seven. The rations were not promptly issued, and the bread ration was issued in flour which there was no time to cook. Most of the men kneaded the flour into dough, carried it in their haversacks, and ate it in that condition. At eight o'clock, we began the march. The night was cloudy and pitch dark; in the middle of the night we forded a creek, and the march became much broken. Towards morning it began to rain, and we waded through another stream. A cavalry regiment, from somewhere in the rear, had been ordered to hurry forward, and it came on, running through us and over us; but we crowded on, and between seven and eight o'clock of the morning of the 4th of October we moved across the prairie on to Newtonia in line of battle from the east. We saw Blunt's forces come out of the woods in two columns from the north and west, and the cavalry disappearing after the retreating Rebels on the southwest corner of the same prairie. General Rains had failed to come up with reinforcements as expected, and the enemy refused to give battle to our force. The Rebels were pursued by cavalry with light howitzers over thirty miles of timbered country, through Pineville, into Arkansas. The infantry moved on about two miles, and camped, waiting for the trains with tents, etc., which did not get up until the middle of the night of the following day.

The operations at Newtonia convinced General Schofield that our movements were in advance of the enemy's preparation to meet us, and that he was not quite ready to carry out the plan for the invasion of Missouri. The General, believing that our army, though inferior in numbers was more formidable, determined to move forward

without waiting for reinforcements. General Herron, who had been left at Springfield, was ordered to move, with all his available force, to Cassville.

The Second Division was ordered to be ready to march early on the morning of the 9th of October. At dark, on the evening of the 8th, it began to rain, rained heavily all night, continued all the next day, the following night, and until about ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th. Reveille was sounded on the morning of the 9th, at three o'clock, and we began the march at five. We marched all day, wading two creeks, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted at Gadfly, where we spent the night as best we could in the rain. The wagons were all floundering in the muddy roads behind us, and did not come up until dark of the next day, the 10th. We remained over the 11th, drying out and repairing damages, and on the 12th marched to Cassville. General Herron with his division arrived on the 14th. The effect of all this upon my own regiment was that I left at Cassville in hospital seventy-eight sick and disabled men.

While waiting here, General Schofield obtained reliable information that the enemy was concentrating in our front at Cross Hollows, Arkansas. On the morning of October 17, we started after them, marching twenty-five miles to the Pea Ridge battle-ground. Here General Schofield learned that the enemy had divided; General Cooper, with cavalry and artillery, had gone west in the direction of Maysville to strike our Fort Scott line; General Rains, with the main body of infantry and artillery, had gone east towards Huntsville, leaving about three thousand cavalry in our front to conceal the movement. General Blunt, with Colonels Weer's and Cloud's brigades of cavalry, was sent after Cooper; he marched all night, and struck him at daylight next morning in camp near Maysville, captured all the artillery (four pieces) and thirty prisoners, and thoroughly routed his force. He fled in great disorder across the Arkansas River, to Fort

Gibson. General Salomon's brigade was left at Pea Ridge, and Totten's and Herron's divisions were sent off to Huntsville after Rains's forces. In Totten's division, on Saturday, October 18, we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We awaited orders all night and all Sunday. On Monday, we were ordered to take five days' rations, three in haversack, and at five o'clock in the afternoon began the march. We marched all night, finding the road much obstructed; crossed White River twice in the night; marched all day Tuesday, the 21st, until nine o'clock at night, when we formed in line on stony ground; slept on our arms till half-past four in the morning, when we formed in line and remained two hours, and were then dismissed. We were at a point eight miles west of Huntsville, where the enemy had camped the day before. At our approach he had fled across the mountains towards Ozark. About noon of the same day, we received orders to cook rations and be ready to march at sundown. We marched all night, on our return, by the Bentonville road, and the night was very cold; we continued all the next day until five o'clock, having covered thirty-five miles and forded White River. On the following day (the 24th), the Second Division marched to camp at Osage Springs, and General Herron's camped at Cross Hollows. This march from Pea Ridge and then back to Osage Springs is known in that army as the Grand Rounds. After being ready for two days to move at a moment's notice, which is not in itself restful, the infantry marched seventy-two consecutive hours, with only about nine hours' rest. Arriving at Osage Springs, the trains which had been ordered forward from Pea Ridge did not come up until the following morning. The night was stormy, and in the morning from two to three inches of snow was on the ground. It seemed then like pretty rough service.

The three divisions were now a few miles apart on the line of the Bentonville road. Here General Schofield

learned that three or four thousand of the enemy's cavalry were encamped on White River, about eight miles from Fayetteville. General Herron was sent with all his available cavalry across the White River mountains, to strike the enemy in the rear. General Totten, with his cavalry and a battery of artillery, was sent *via* Fayetteville to attack in front, while his infantry was moved forward to support the cavalry, if necessary. We started at dark on October 27, marched all night, got within three miles of Fayetteville at eight o'clock next morning, lay in the road under arms all day, and at five o'clock moved forward into Fayetteville,—to learn that General Herron had struck the enemy at early dawn, and at once attacked, driving them from their camp and pursuing them several miles, killing and wounding several, and destroying all their camp equipage. Our division, for some reason unknown, did not get up in time to participate.

General Schofield reported that we had now driven the last of the enemy's forces across the mountains, where it was impracticable to follow them with any valuable result. Information left no doubt that the enemy was receiving considerable reinforcements, and still preparing to contest the possession of Northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri. He estimated the enemy's effective force to be about twenty thousand men, which would be increased to about twenty-five or twenty-eight thousand, if arms could be got for all his conscripts. His own force was about sixteen thousand, but much superior in artillery and in efficiency of troops. Nothing was to be done but await the enemy's preparations. We moved leisurely back, and, on the 30th of October, the army was in its late position, General Blunt at Prairie Creek, a little west of Bentonville, General Totten at Osage Springs, and General Herron at Cross Hollows.

General Curtis, commanding the department, directed that General Totten's and General Herron's divisions should be moved back to Crane Creek, near Springfield,

in pursuance of which order our division moved on the 3d, and on the evening of the 5th camped at Marionsville, having averaged more than twenty miles a day. On the morning of November 10, our division started at seven o'clock, and marched all day to Ozark on the road south of Springfield, camping at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The distance, thirty-three miles, was made as rapidly as men could be forced. The whole command was very much broken up, and suffered more than from any other march we ever made. The Eighteenth Iowa was sent back to Springfield to hospital, and never rejoined the division again; leaving only three infantry regiments in the division. The explanation given for this forced march was that an enemy had attacked and captured a post at Clark's Mill, south on this road, and it was necessary to place our division between them and Springfield.

On November 14 and 15, we moved east as far as Finley in Webster County. It rained hard all the 15th and 16th. Here we received orders to march back to the relief of General Blunt, upon whom the enemy was supposed to be advancing. We started on the morning of the 17th, marched all day in the rain; marched in the night until the road became impassable by being blockaded by trains, and a battery stuck fast in the mud; settled down along the roadside (still raining hard) all night. At daylight we pressed on until four o'clock in the afternoon, crossing James River twice, when we halted and camped, learning that the report of the movement on General Blunt was premature. We were on the road to Cassville, near the camps we had left on the 10th, about twenty-two miles from Springfield. It continued to rain all night; the trains were all stuck in the mud behind us, and did not get up until four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, November 19. At this point we were still about one hundred and twenty miles from General Blunt and the First Division, which we had started to

relieve. Here we remained quietly until the morning of the 4th of December. In the mean time, General Schofield was taken sick with typhoid fever, and on November 20 relinquished temporarily the command and went back to St. Louis. General Totten also was ordered to St. Louis to attend a court-martial, as a witness, which left Colonel Huston, of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry regiment in First Brigade, in command of the division. Up to this camp my regiment had marched, by night and day, five hundred and twenty miles. When we left Rolla, September 16, there were present for duty thirty-seven commissioned officers, and eight hundred and forty-one enlisted men. On December 4, there were present thirty officers, and six hundred and thirty-seven enlisted men. One hundred and ninety-four enlisted men were absent, sick in hospital, and twenty-two present, unfit for duty, making two hundred and sixteen men disabled in that time.

In the mean time, the enemy was ready to take the field. All estimates placed the force at between twenty and twenty-five thousand men. It advanced through the Boston Mountains (a range running across Arkansas north of the river), under the command of General Hindman, with Generals Marmaduke, Parsons, and Frost in subordinate command. General Blunt reported their force to be twenty-four thousand. The Army of the Frontier had ceased to be the compact body of about sixteen thousand men it was on the 3d day of November, when the Second and Third Divisions were ordered to the rear, and jerked about over south Missouri. On November 29, General Blunt advanced the First Division from Bentonville to Cave Hill, driving out a Rebel detachment under General Marmaduke, and retaining possession of the place. He soon found that he was in front of the entire Rebel army. The Second Division was one hundred and ten miles away, at Camp Lyon, and the Third twelve miles further, at Wilson's Creek. He at once sent an order to General Herron to bring the Second and Third Divisions

to his support at Cave Hill. General Herron received the order on the morning of December 3, and the same day moved the Third Division forward to the camp of the Second. Both divisions started on the morning of the 4th, and marched twenty-five miles. On the 5th, they marched twenty-one and a half miles. On the evening of the 5th, in pursuance of orders, General Herron sent forward all his cavalry, consisting of the First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Missouri, and the First Battalion of the Second Wisconsin, all of which reached General Blunt in safety. On the 6th, the march began at five o'clock in the morning, and at five in the afternoon we had reached Cross Hollows, twenty-six and one half miles. Having rested until eleven o'clock, the march was continued all night; at nine o'clock in the morning, we were one mile beyond Fayetteville, where we halted about one hour. During the fifth and sixth days of December, General Blunt states that he was skirmishing with the enemy's advance in the Boston Mountains, trying to hold him in check. On the night of the 6th, making a heavy feint in front, the enemy drove in Blunt's outposts, and by a flank movement obtained possession of the road to Fayetteville, and during the night passed by unperceived with his entire force, to prevent communication between our division and Blunt's. On the morning of the 7th, about ten o'clock, our advance guard, a couple of companies of the First Missouri cavalry, came into collision, about six miles from Fayetteville, with the advance of the enemy, much to the surprise of both. After rather a severe skirmish, upon our bringing up a section of artillery, the Rebels fell back across Illinois Creek, and, taking position upon the wooded hills, waited our approach. At the sound of firing in front, a little after ten o'clock, the infantry moved rapidly forward, reaching Illinois Creek a little after twelve, having gone over nine miles in two hours' time. From such a march, one hour later, we began the battle of Prairie Grove, on Sunday, December 7, 1862.

General Herron said, in his report, "That the Second and Third Divisions came upon the field weak in numbers, thirty-five hundred men being all I had engaged." The whole force consisted of the six infantry regiments before named, viz., Thirty-seventh Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Black; Twentieth Iowa, Lieutenant-Colonel Leake; Twenty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark; Nineteenth Iowa, Lieutenant-Colonel McFarland; Twentieth Wisconsin, Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram; and the Ninety-fourth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel McNulta. We had all the artillery,—sixteen pieces,—commanded by Captains Murphy and Faust, and Lieutenants Backhoff and Borries; Colonels Dye, Orme, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram commanded brigades. We had no cavalry, it all having been sent to General Blunt.

To illustrate how the force had been weakened by the march, I will state that the Twentieth Iowa, on the morning of the 4th, had six hundred and fifteen enlisted men present for duty, and twenty-seven commissioned officers. It went into the engagement with only two hundred and seventy enlisted men and twenty-three officers. The men had had no shoes since the first pair issued in Iowa, which were now so worn that many walked with their feet upon the ground. Some boots had been issued at Camp Lyon, but they fitted so badly that the feet became inflamed and blistered, and many took them off and carried them marching in their bare feet.

Just beyond where the road crosses the Illinois River, there is a prairie about one thousand yards wide, extending westwardly for some miles. On the other side, this prairie was bounded by a high and heavily-timbered ridge, on which the enemy was posted in full force. The crossing of the creek was in full view from the ridge, and was commanded by the enemy's artillery. To feel the enemy's position, General Herron advanced the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and a section of Battery E, across the creek, and opened fire; but they were compelled to

fall back. Colonel Huston was then ordered to cut a road through the timber, with the Second Division, and move Captain Murphy's battery to a point on the south side of the creek, and half a mile from the ford. The battery was divided into sections of three pieces each, and successfully placed in full command of the enemy's position. It was supported by the Thirty-seventh Illinois on the right, the Twentieth Iowa on the left, and the Twenty-sixth Indiana a short distance in the rear; and between them, at one o'clock P. M., the battery opened fire, which drew the attention and fire of the enemy. Under cover of this firing, the Nineteenth Iowa, Twentieth Wisconsin, and Ninety-fourth Illinois, with ten pieces of artillery, were rapidly moved across the creek and into position on the left of the road, and the artillery opened fire before the enemy could get our range. Our firing was wonderfully accurate, and in an hour or so had silenced the Rebel batteries. The enemy made a movement of infantry on our left, when the Ninety-fourth Illinois, with some artillery under Colonel Orme, was ordered forward to the base of the ridge. While it was engaged, the Nineteenth Iowa and Twentieth Wisconsin, with the batteries under Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram, were ordered across the open field in front. They advanced to within one hundred yards of the ridge, the batteries firing grape and canister. The Nineteenth Iowa and Twentieth Wisconsin were then ordered to charge a Rebel battery on the edge of the hill. The charge was made, and the battery captured; but the position could not be held. General Herron reported that "regiment after regiment of infantry was hurled upon them," and they fell back under cover of the batteries. Colonel McFarland of the Nineteenth Iowa here lost his life. The enemy replied with a charge of infantry upon our batteries, but were driven back with heavy loss. The management of the artillery could not have been surpassed. Colonel Huston was then ordered to move

one of the brigades of the Second Division from the right to the support of the centre. The Thirty-seventh Illinois and Twenty-sixth Indiana were moved to the front, and across the road to the centre of the field. At the same time, three pieces of Battery F were moved forward—and the Twentieth Iowa in support of it—to the centre of the prairie on the right of the road. On the left, the Rebel infantry began to move down the hill, when the Thirty-seventh Illinois and Twenty-sixth Indiana were ordered to charge them,—which they did, Colonel Huston leading them. General Herron reported that "it was a repetition of the first charge. The same battery was captured, the enemy again driven back, and we in turn compelled to abandon the position by force of numbers." In this charge Lieutenant-Colonel Black, of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, was wounded in the left arm.

On the slope of the ridge to the right of the road occupied by the Rebels, the woods had been cleared off and an orchard raised. When the Twentieth Iowa reached the middle of the prairie, a force of infantry was seen coming down through that orchard. The regiment was moved to the right in front of the orchard, and hurried forward under fire to the fence at the foot of the hill. The enemy fell back under the fire we gave them, to the top of the hill. At this time, a heavy force was discovered coming down the valley on our extreme right. The regiment was ordered back to the middle of the field, and changed front towards it. An officer came riding rapidly forward and announced the arrival of the advance of Blunt's division. He had heard our firing, and—at once discovering that the enemy had passed him, and had engaged our divisions—moved with his division to our aid. A battery, with a regiment of Indians, rapidly took position upon the right of the Twentieth Iowa. This was at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The Twentieth Iowa and the Indian regiments were at once sent forward up the hill, through the orchard, to the top; but

finding the enemy in full force moving down upon us, we fell back fighting to the fence at the foot of the hill, from which we continued firing,—the Rebels swarming through the orchard after us. As soon as we were under the fence, Murphy's and Blunt's batteries shelled the orchard, and soon cleared it, and we fell back out of range to a fence, and formed line fronting the orchard. No further movement was made by the Rebels in front of the Second and Third Divisions, and our infantry remained quiet. Our sixteen pieces of artillery kept up an incessant shower of shells into the woods until dark. General Blunt's forces came up rapidly on our right, and at once entered into engagement, and we could hear the roll of their volleys until night closed the scene. He had engaged the First Indiana, the Second, Tenth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth Kansas regiments of infantry, and possibly another. The Eleventh Kansas was commanded by Colonel Thomas Ewing, Jr., who left the chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court of that State to take the field.

We lay under arms all night on the field, and in the morning learned that the enemy had fled into the mountains, leaving us in possession of the battlefield of Prairie Grove. The ground was such that the cavalry took no part in the engagement. The loss of the Second and Third Divisions was nine hundred and fifty-three killed, wounded, and missing; I have seen no statement of the loss in the First Division. The enemy's loss was stated to be about four to our one. This battle decided the fate of northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri, no further attempt being made to recover that territory during the war. We have always felt that the march and battle were unparalleled in their severity upon infantry. The march to the battle-field, from the morning of December 4, was one hundred miles; the last fifty-three and a half miles was made from the morning of the 6th to noon of the 7th, our troops marching all night, the last nine miles being made in two hours. From one o'clock

till dark of the same day, the troops engaged in battle, and slept on their arms all that cold night without shelter.

We buried the Rebel dead, cared for their wounded, and camped upon the ridge occupied by the Rebel army during the fight. On December 27, we started with five days' rations across the Boston Mountains, to capture Van Buren, Arkansas ; the distance was forty-five miles ; all our trains and camp were left behind in charge of about three hundred sick men. We marched that day and half the night till one o'clock in the morning. It was wretched work crossing the mountains in the dark. On the afternoon of the next day we reached Van Buren, scattered a small Rebel force, captured one hundred prisoners, and took and destroyed some camp equipage and three steamboats. We started back on the evening of the 29th, and at noon of the 31st were again in camp, having finished the active work of the Army of the Frontier. On the 29th, General Schofield overtook us near Van Buren, and resumed command of the army. General Curtis telegraphed to General Halleck, on December 29, that "the march of forty-five miles, with arms and service, over the mountains and through the deep mud of the valley, was a most hazardous and gallant affair." From this time, we slowly moved across the State of Missouri to Rolla, thence to St. Louis and to Pilot Knob.

On May 13, 1863, General Schofield was assigned to the command of the Department of Missouri, and on the 3d of June following, he sent the six regiments of infantry to take part in the siege of Vicksburg; and the Army of the Frontier ceased to be.

THE ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST AND THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

By EDWARD A. BLODGETT.

[Read December 10, 1891.]

AT the outbreak of the war there was practically no concert of action regarding Federal supervision of the organization of the Union forces. In the loyal States volunteers gathered for the protection of the principal cities, and the militia was drilled and strengthened; but aside from some interchange of troops among neighboring States, there was really no concerted plan of operations. In the border States, where the war was sure to be fought, this want of Federal direction involved the greatest peril. The possession of those salient points where many a contest was afterwards lost or won, was left to those who could first control public opinion and put a force in the field.

This state of affairs was particularly true of the great Western Department, of which St. Louis was the headquarters. Missouri is the pathway of the West. She commands the navigation of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland; and control of these waterways was of vital importance to the North. In this State the newly-elected Governor and the Legislature were actively supporting the South. Basil W. Duke and D. M. Frost were drilling Southern sympathizers in the streets of St. Louis, and throughout the State the Secessionists were preparing to take Missouri out of the Union. Opposed to them — hopelessly and alone, it seemed at first — were Francis P. Blair and Captain Nathaniel Lyon; and to the statesmanship of the one, and the generalship of the other, the salvation of

the State was due. A State convention was called for February 17, 1861, to declare secession; and although Lincoln had received but one-tenth of the whole number of votes cast at the presidential election, Blair, with consummate courage and tact, rallied to his support all those who, whatever their political affiliations, were yet loyal to the Union, and succeeded in electing a convention not a single member of which was an avowed Secessionist. Captain Lyon immediately assumed command of the arsenal in St. Louis, armed from its stores the Home Guards which Blair had organized a few months before, and began the organization of the Western Army.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter brought Governor Jackson to St. Louis to co-operate with Frost for the capture of the arsenal, where sixty thousand stand of arms were stored, and for possession of the city. But their plans were completely frustrated by Lyon, who sent part of the arms over to Governor Yates of Illinois, and distributed the remainder among his own troops. Frost then established Camp Jackson in a grove in the western part of the city, where he received a requisition of arms from Jefferson Davis, and proceeded to organize the Southern forces. Meanwhile, Blair and Lyon had been informed of every movement; and they now decided to capture the camp and hold the officers and men as prisoners of war. Frost went into camp on the 6th day of May. The arms from the Confederacy were received on the 8th; on Saturday, the 11th, the attack on the arsenal was to be made. Lyon had no time for hesitation. On Thursday, disguised as a pedler, he made a thorough inspection of the Confederate camp. Returning to the city, he ordered his men to be ready to move in the morning. The next day, he surrounded and captured the entire force.

The Legislature immediately conferred dictatorial power upon the Governor, and the State sprang to arms. Blair and Lyon would have crushed these demonstrations by force, driven Jackson from the capital, and occupied

the State with Federal garrisons; but their plans were held in check by General William S. Harney, commandant of the Western Department, who had resumed his authority at St. Louis the day after the surrender of Camp Jackson. Instead of making war, Harney counselled delay. Blair forthwith secured his removal; and on the 31st of May, Lyon was assigned to the command of the Western Department. Governor Jackson and General Price immediately ordered their forces to take the field. On the 11th of June, the Governor was on his way to Jefferson City. On the 13th, Lyon arrived there with two thousand men, only to find that Jackson had fled to Boonville. Pushing on to that place, he found the enemy, thirteen hundred strong. Attacking and dispersing these forces, on the morning of June 17, he drove the Governor southward, with only two or three hundred adherents remaining.

This was the consummation of the political and military campaign which Blair and Lyon had planned in St. Louis a few weeks before. The advance upon Jefferson City, and the dispersion of the State government, had rendered it impossible for Missouri to secede. The capture of Camp Jackson disarmed the State and made Lyon master of St. Louis. The dispersion of the volunteers, who were gathering at Boonville to fight under Price, had extended Lyon's conquest to the borders of the State, made the Missouri River a Federal highway, cut off the Rebels of northern Missouri from joining with Jackson and Price in the South, and made it impossible for the latter to hold the fertile southern counties until a Confederate force from the South could aid them in recapturing the State. Lyon started south in pursuit of the Governor, on July 3; but learning, on the 9th, that the Missourians had effected a junction with McCulloch, he hastened to the protection of Springfield.

Price, McCulloch, and Pearce now concentrated their forces at Cassville. On the 31st of July, the combined

Southern armies, eleven thousand strong, advanced on Springfield. On August 6, they went into camp ten miles from that place, at Wilson's Creek. Four days later, while resting here, they were surprised and attacked by Lyon in front, and Sigel in the rear. Lyon's main attack was met by Price, while McCulloch soon routed Sigel. Pearce's Arkansas brigade of reserves then started to the support of Price. Lyon saw at once that the crisis had come. The day was lost unless he could crush Price before the reserves came up. Urging his men into action, his horse was killed under him, and he himself wounded in the head. Dazed by the blow, his brave heart faltered, but only for an instant. Quickly mounting another horse, he swung his hat in the air, and, calling to his men to follow, he again dashed into the fight. A moment later a bullet pierced his heart. Major Sturgis now sought to continue the fight, but in vain; and the remnant of Lyon's brave five thousand were driven from the field.

Not in vain, however, had this gallant officer given up his life. In less than five months he had gained the confidence of every Union man in Missouri, had risen to the command of the Federal forces in the West, and boldly faced Price and McCulloch; while Blair deposed Governor Jackson, vacated the seats of the members of the General Assembly, and thus held Missouri loyal. Like General Warren, who, falling at Bunker Hill, died at the threshold of American independence, and left his influence as a guardian angel to hover around and inspire the soldiers of the Revolution, so General Lyon went down at the first onslaught, without the honors and without the fame of those who lived to serve on more eventful fields. He died as the common soldier who fell in the ranks of duty. The broken line closed up, and his name leaves no lustre. But these men have a higher influence. Their absolutely unselfish sacrifice appeals to and elevates the motives of all mankind. Heroes, states-

men, philosophers, and poets make up the roll of a nation's glory. But after all, though these for history and for scholars may make up the illustrious groups, for universal human nature there must be found in them, if their names are to live in the hearts and be ever on the lips of men, some "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." These are the characteristics which insure power and fame. So Lyon's name, meteoric though inextinguishable, will be linked with liberty and love of country as long as these great sentiments shall warm the human breast.

Wilson's Creek and Bull Run together were sad blows to the North. But there was this difference: The defeat at Bull Run simply served to awaken the loyal States to a better realization of the stupendous task that they had before them; and it undoubtedly served a much-needed purpose in this way. But, in the border States, Wilson's Creek was a real disaster. Under the vigorous leadership of Blair and Lyon, the loyal minority had held Missouri in the Union, and rendered it possible for the loyal men in the other border States to co-operate in the movement to hold the Mississippi open for Federal troops. But the majority of the people of these States were Confederate sympathizers, and no sooner had the South won a battle on this doubtful ground than the condition of affairs changed. Lyon had fallen, the Congressional duties of Blair had called him to Washington, and throughout the State the loyal people were despondent. The Confederates were correspondingly jubilant. Price was marching northward, joined on all sides by recruits anxious to cast their fortunes on the rising tide. McCulloch held southern Missouri with his victorious Arkansans. On the frontier, Pillow, with twelve thousand men, was advancing on Cairo; Thompson, with five thousand, on Cape Girardeau; and Hardee, with five thousand, upon Ironton. Confederate flags were openly displayed in the streets of St. Louis, and the timid and

the wealthy once more changed to what appeared to be the winning side.

Fortunately for the cause of the Union, a worthy successor to Lyon had in the mean time assumed command at St. Louis, and the presence of Fremont gave the Western Army new life. To whatever position he had been called,—whether as a senator in Congress, or as an humble surveyor, a soldier against the enemies of his country, or exploring with a handful of followers the perilous altitudes and passes of the Rocky Mountains; as the idolized political leader of the first forlorn hope of a cause which was destined to change the fate of a continent,—John C. Fremont was ever the same indomitable, courageous character, and his life was one incessant action. Already the hero of the frontier, his presence inspired the Western Army with new confidence.

Having been appointed a major-general in his absence abroad, he hastened home, was assigned, at his own suggestion, to command in the Mississippi Valley, and arrived at his post on the 25th of July, four days after the disaster at Bull Run.

Fremont immediately set to work to stem the tide that had set in against us. Receiving assurance from Lyon that there was no pressing need at Springfield, in five days he collected a force of three thousand eight hundred men, and transported them to Cairo, where General Prentiss had been holding on with only twelve hundred men. Fremont's sudden appearance induced General Pillow, who had landed at New Madrid, to beat a hasty retreat. This vital point being now saved, Fremont returned to St. Louis on August 7. Brigadier-General U. S. Grant was assigned to the command in southeast Missouri, with headquarters at Cairo, to guard the movements on the Mississippi, and the more immediate designs upon the Kentucky shore, together with the plan to hold the mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers.

In answer to Fremont's appeals to the loyal governors of the Northwest, regiment after regiment arrived in St. Louis; but they were poorly equipped, without experienced officers, and absolutely unfamiliar with military discipline. Fremont gained permission from the President to secure educated officers throughout the States to aid him in organizing these recruits; and the number of his subordinates who afterwards achieved distinction is a great tribute to his judgment. No man was ever thrown more on his own resources, for his requisitions on the quartermaster's department at Washington were repeatedly met with the reply that the department was unable to supply the requisitions for the Army of the Potomac, and that the preservation of the capital was of more importance than that of the State of Missouri.

On the 13th, he received news of the defeat and death of Lyon, and, in addition, pressing demands from General Grant for reinforcements at Cairo, and from General Anderson at Louisville. On the very next day came an absolute order from General Scott to "send five thousand well-armed infantry to Washington without a moment's delay." With fifty-two thousand men, three hundred field-guns, and the thousands of men who had hastened to Washington since the affair at Bull Run, the "Young Napoleon" was alarmed for the safety of the capital! Reinforcements were coming to McClellan so fast that a month later he reported over one hundred and fifty-two thousand men in his command. At the date of this order, the aggregate force of the Union army was nearly four hundred and twenty thousand men, exclusive of the three months' recruits, and there were more than one hundred thousand unemployed men nearer to Washington than the eastern boundary of the Western Department. But with unparalleled stupidity, at the risk of ruin to our interests on the border, reinforcements were drawn from a quarter which was in far greater danger than Washington.

Yet, in the midst of these cares, Fremont planned and built the gunboat system that did such effective service in later campaigns. His general line of defence was to fortify Cape Girardeau and the termini of the railroads at Ironton, Rolla, and Jefferson City, with St. Louis as a base, holding these places with small garrisons, and leaving the bulk of the army free for operations in the field. For the security of assailable points southward, eleven thousand men were stationed in Fort Holt and Paducah. Ten thousand men guarded Cairo.

On the 8th of September, he announced to the President his plan of offensive operation. With the co-operation of all the forces in his department, he would first endeavor to disperse Price's army; then march on and take Little Rock; turn back the Confederates under Polk, Pillow, Thompson, and Hardee on the southern frontier, and then make a combined advance by land and water upon Memphis. By a display of energy that was not excelled in the history of the war, Fremont was enabled to take the field in the latter part of September, with an organized army of forty thousand men. There were five divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Hunter, Pope, Sigel, McKinstry, and Asboth. It is safe to assert that no troops ever took the field with more enthusiasm, devotion, and determination, or with higher hopes of success, than did this Army of the Southwest. Lack of transportation prevented the General from giving the Confederates battle north of the Osage River, so he pursued them in their retreat southward.

The very elements combined to raise the spirits of the men. The beautiful Indian summer had come, the corn was ripening in the fields, and the air was fragrant and balmy. Flushed with the brilliant victory of Major Zagonyi, at length, on November 1, four divisions of the army — all but General Hunter's — reached Springfield, General Pope's division having marched seventy miles in two days.

Fremont was preparing to give them battle there, when, on the following day, a messenger reached him at Springfield with orders from General Scott removing him from command, and directing him to turn over his command to General Hunter. As General Hunter had not yet come up, it was decided, in a council of war, to advance and fight the intended battle on the following morning; but, unfortunately, General Hunter arrived in the evening, assumed command at once, and ordered, not a battle, but an immediate retreat. And now was witnessed the unparalleled spectacle of one of the bravest and most enthusiastic armies in the world, forty thousand strong, beating a hasty retreat before Price's twenty thousand poorly organized and badly equipped militia.

Hunter's excuse was that this order accorded with instructions from Washington; but this is without the least weight. By all the usages of war, and the very laws of nature, discretion is allowed as to the time when, and the manner in which, orders shall be obeyed when such orders are received from authorities at a distance, who cannot, from the nature of things, be aware of the exigencies of the moment.

The whole southwestern part of the State was once more abandoned by the Union troops, Springfield occupied a third time by the enemy, and our army reduced to the hardships of miserable winter-quarters. To the enthusiastic army and the loyal citizens of the State this proceeding was a bitter disappointment. The high hopes of the army were ruthlessly sacrificed to get rid of Fremont, and for the second time the enemy held the field.

Price was allowed to retake and hold peaceful possession of all southwestern and central Missouri, to burn Warsaw, and to perpetrate all kinds of barbarities on the defenceless Union citizens within his reach. Under the civil and military policy of the time, it became a common expression in that State that the Unionists were the only real sufferers from the war. The spirit of rebellion insti-

gated by Price's presence in the State became so general that martial law was necessary even in St. Louis. The burning of bridges, breaking up of railroads, and destruction of property became so general that an order was issued to shoot anybody engaged in such outrages.

General Halleck had assumed command in the Western Department, on the 12th of November ; General Buell assumed command in Kentucky, about the same time. And yet, notwithstanding this unendurable condition of affairs, the weary months dragged along, and not a movement was made to disturb the enemy. Indeed, but for the absolute order of the President that a general advance be made on February 22, 1862, and had McClellan and Halleck and Buell been retained in their respective commands, all would probably have remained, even unto this day, "quiet on the Potomac," quiet in Kentucky, quiet in Missouri, and quiet all along the line.

Spurred out of his listless idleness, General Halleck collected at Lebanon, about the middle of February, an army of twelve thousand men. There were four divisions, commanded respectively by General Asboth, Colonel Osterhaus, Colonel Davis, and Colonel Carr ; the combined First and Second Divisions being under the orders of General Sigel, and the whole commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis. The army left Lebanon on the 10th of February, and as Curtis advanced, Price retreated rapidly into Arkansas. This clearly shows what would have occurred had Fremont been permitted to pursue Price in November, 1861, as Curtis pursued him in the winter of 1862, and what Halleck might have done within two weeks after he assumed command.

We followed the enemy in two columns, — the left wing (Davis's and Carr's divisions) by the direct road to Cassville ; the right wing (Asboth's and Osterhaus's divisions, under Sigel) by the road to Little York and Verona. The army united at McDowell's, just north of Cassville, moved on to Keetsville, forced the defile of Cross Timber

Hollow on the Missouri-Arkansas State line, and, on the 18th of February, arrived at Sugar Creek.

General Curtis now established his headquarters twelve miles farther south, at Cross Hollow. Davis's and Carr's divisions were then advanced to this position; Asboth's and Osterhaus's divisions, to Bentonville, twelve miles to the southwest; while a strong cavalry force, under the personal command of General Asboth, went to Osage Springs. A few days later, General Asboth made a dash into Fayetteville, twenty miles in advance, and planted the Union flag on the court-house.

On the 4th of March, Sigel was four and a half miles south of Bentonville, at McKisick's farm, under the general orders to move around to Sugar Creek, about fourteen miles east. The Third Division, under Davis, had taken position immediately behind Little Sugar Creek, covering the road which leads from Fayetteville, by way of Elk Horn Tavern, to Springfield. General Curtis expected the enemy to approach on that road from the south; and Colonel Davis, therefore, fortified this position by crowning the hills north of the creek with abatis and parapets of felled trees, and by throwing up some intrenchments in the rear of the brigade. The Fourth Division remained at Cross Hollow, on the main telegraph road.

We were now over three hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis, and two hundred and fifty miles from the railroad terminus at Rolla. Our long line of communications required garrisons at Marshfield, Springfield, Cassville, and Keetsville, besides a constantly moving force to guard our train; so that our strength at this time was not more than ten thousand five hundred cavalry and infantry, and forty-eight pieces of artillery.

Since we had taken up our position on Sugar Creek, Price had made his way to the Boston Mountains, between Fayetteville and the Arkansas River, where he joined McCulloch. General Pike brought one thousand Indians from the Indian Territory. Price's command numbered

six thousand eight hundred and eighteen, and McCulloch's, eight thousand three hundred and eighty-four. The total Confederate force was therefore over sixteen thousand cavalry and infantry, with twelve batteries of artillery. In the middle of February, Major-General Earl Van Dorn had been appointed by Jefferson Davis to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and Curtis's appearance in Arkansas speedily brought him to the front. He arrived at Van Buren, on February 24, and on the 3d of March the Confederate army was on the move to meet the invaders.

The 5th of March was cold and blustering. Ever since we reached Arkansas the weather had been very severe ; the roads were frequently covered with a crust of ice, and the men were greatly impeded in their movements. On the night of the 5th, snow fell so as completely to cover the ground. Shortly after nightfall, Colonel Schæfer's outposts, near Elm Springs, were attacked by the advance column of the enemy. Price's troops were leading, followed by the division of McCulloch ; while General Pike, with his brigade of Indians, brought up the rear. The Confederates were thus within about a day's march of Sigel's position at McKisick's farm before we were aware of their approach.

Van Dorn's plan was to defeat our troops in detail before they could unite ; but this plan was completely frustrated by the expedition of General Sigel. At two o'clock in the morning of the 6th, General Asboth's division left McKisick's farm with the whole train, followed by the divisions of Colonel Osterhaus. They passed through Bentonville from four to eight A. M., and at two in the afternoon arrived at Sugar Creek, where the army was to concentrate. For the purpose of covering the retreat of his main column, and to discover the force and direction of the enemy, General Sigel remained behind at Bentonville with six hundred men and a battery of six pieces. The retreat of these Germans was one of the

gallant events of the war. Assailed by overwhelming odds, Sigel would make a stand on a favorable position, and with his battery open up a tornado of shot and shell on the leading column of the enemy, which would throw them into confusion and temporarily check their advance. Then he would limber up and fall back to the next position. In this way he fought the Confederate advance from early morning until late in the afternoon, when he was relieved by Asboth with part of the First Division. The fighting then closed for the day.

Before twilight on the 6th, our army was in a position behind Sugar Creek. The valley of the creek is low, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide. The hills are high on both sides, and the main road from Fayetteville by Cross Hollow to Keetsville intersects the valley at nearly right angles. The road from Fayetteville by Bentonville to Keetsville makes quite a détour, but it also comes up the valley; a branch, however, running off parallel to the main or telegraph road. The Sugar Creek Valley is, therefore, intersected by all these roads. Curtis had made all his preparations in anticipation of an attack from the South. General Asboth's division held the extreme right, at the entrance of the Bentonville road. Colonel Osterhaus was on his left, Colonel Davis in the centre; and Colonel Carr's division, which had fallen back from Cross Hollow the day previous, held the extreme left. Asboth's division was facing west and south; the rest, directly south.

On his arrival at Sugar Creek, General Curtis had, with great discretion, detailed parties to fell timber to obstruct the roads on our flanks; and this work was so well done on our right by Colonel Dodge's Iowa Regiment that the enemy was seriously delayed in his movements, and thereby gave us time at a critical moment. During the night of the 6th, the army rested quietly in its position.

General Van Dorn learned from McCulloch and

McIntosh that, by making a détour of eight miles, he could reach the telegraph road leading from Springfield to Fayetteville, in our rear. He therefore decided to take this route, and fall upon our rear and left flank.

General Sigel's scouts discovered the moving trains of the enemy during the night. A little later, the Confederate cavalry encountered our outposts, at Elkhorn Tavern, in our rear. General Curtis, therefore, received notice of this movement from both flanks at about the same time. In this emergency, at eight o'clock A. M., he directed a change of front to the rear, so as to face the road upon which the enemy were still moving. At the same time, a detachment of cavalry and light artillery, supported by infantry under command of Colonel Osterhaus, was directed to open the battle by an attack from our new centre on the probable centre of the enemy, before he could fully form. The change of front thus directed reversed the order of the troops, placing Asboth's and Osterhaus's divisions on the left, their left resting on Sugar Creek, part of Osterhaus's and Davis's divisions in the centre, and Carr's division on the extreme right. While General Curtis was directing the disposition of Asboth's troops on our left flank, an orderly arrived with intelligence that the battle had been precipitated at Elkhorn Tavern, where our new right was to rest, by an attack upon our picket. Colonel Carr was at once ordered to take up his position. The officers separated at half-past ten o'clock to direct their respective commands, and the army was soon in the midst of the fight.

Elkhorn Tavern was about a mile and a half north of our camp, the ground being smooth, and gradually ascending, with open fields on each side of the road, to within about a hundred yards of the house. Behind the house, to the west, is a rocky hill running off in a ridge toward the northwest. In front of the house is a level ridge, on which a road runs toward the east, having on

its south side the smooth slope, mostly timbered, and on its north side the heads of rugged gorges running down into Cross Timber Hollow. With the exception of a field of about twenty acres at Clemens's house, half a mile from the tavern, and an open space of about ten acres about the tavern itself, the ground was mostly covered with trees and underbrush. When Carr reached the field the enemy was trying to flank around beyond Clemens's house. General Curtis at once ordered the cavalry, under Major McConnell, to skirmish with them, followed by Colonel Dodge with his regiment and two pieces; while he himself led two other pieces down the road to a point where the bushes were open enough to see a little to the front and right, and opened fire on a battery on a bluff to our right. He received in return a perfect storm of shot, shell, and grape. Colonel Dodge having succeeded in frustrating the enemy's attempt to outflank us, Captain Jones brought his two pieces from the tavern to our position on the road, and the fire raged with great fury. The enemy seemed to have the range exactly, and did terrible execution. Colonel Carr had now been struck three times, but he remained at the front, under a brisk fire of shot and shell, coolly locating and directing the deployment of his troops. He had become satisfied that he was opposing a very considerable force of the enemy, and, having received only scattering reinforcements, in spite of continual appeals he retired to the top of the hill.

Only a short time before this, the commanding officer had visited the right, and, finding that the enemy was making a vigorous attack with superior numbers, he had promised reinforcements. Upon his return to headquarters, he had ordered Colonel Davis to move near Carr, with the Third Division. Before Davis could move, however, news came from the left that the enemy had driven in our cavalry and captured the flying battery which had advanced with it. Curtis considered this affair to be so critical that he changed Davis's orders, and directed him

to hasten to the support of the centre. The fate of the battle depended on the success of this flank movement of the enemy; and here, near Leetown, was the place to break it down.

When Osterhaus, with his advance column, arrived at Leetown, he had no knowledge of the whereabouts of the enemy; he therefore took position in the open fields north of the town, going forward himself with the cavalry and the flying artillery. The field in which the infantry and artillery were posted was divided from another tract of cultivated land by a belt of timber, with thick undergrowth. Debouching from this timber, he came upon the enemy, who occupied all the open fields in front and to the right, while the Bentonville road was also filled with his arriving regiments. Osterhaus at once saw that his command was entirely inadequate to the overwhelming masses opposed to him; but as this field was but one and a half miles from the headquarters of our army, he realized that our position was dependent upon his efforts to keep back the enemy until he could get reinforcements. He had succeeded in forming the cavalry in line of attack, and supported the flying battery so that it operated with most disastrous effect on the enemy, when a wild, numerous, and irregular throng of cavalry, a great many Indians among them, rushed toward us, breaking through our lines. A general discharge of firearms on both sides created a scene of wild disorder, from which our cavalry, abandoning the three pieces of artillery, retreated toward their old camping ground; while the enemy made their way across the field toward the Bentonville road.

It was now noon; and since the cavalry could not be formed again at once, Osterhaus had to rely solely on the infantry and artillery. Notwithstanding the scene of confusion which ensued upon the rout of the cavalry, the infantry stood without flinching, and Osterhaus soon succeeded in forming his line for a renewal of the attack.

The enemy had been unable to get our captured battery from the field. Around this battery in the open field was a mass of Indians and Confederates in the utmost confusion,— all talking, riding this way and that, and paying no attention whatever to orders. At this moment Captain Welfley's Missouri battery sent two shells into the field ; and before the smoke cleared away there was not an Indian to be seen.

For two hours the enemy repeatedly attempted to advance, each time bringing fresh troops into action ; but they were as often compelled to give way before the unflinching courage of our men. Their cannon were so quickly silenced that they were unable even to carry away the three pieces of flying artillery abandoned by our cavalry in the early part of the day.

At two o'clock p. m., Colonel Jefferson C. Davis arrived with the Third Division, and at once took up a position on the right of Osterhaus. The enemy were again rapidly advancing to the right of the road, and had already lodged themselves in large numbers in a thick oak scrub extending to our camp. Colonel Davis immediately ordered the Second Brigade, under Colonel Julius White, to deploy to the right and engage them. This was done in a vigorous manner by the Thirty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Illinois, assisted by Davidson's Peoria battery. Not a gun was fired by the brigade until they were within one hundred yards of the enemy, when the fire opened simultaneously from both sides, and was maintained at a very close range for about three-quarters of an hour.

By a fortunate chance, the flanking companies of the Thirty-seventh Illinois were armed with Colt's revolving rifles. Upon their arrival at Benton barrack in St. Louis, the men had been given some old muzzle-loading guns, made over from flint-lock muskets, which, when discharged, would do far better execution to the rear than from the muzzle ; the men had rebelled at this treatment,

and, as the regiment was known as the "Fremont Rifles," and carried a handsome banner with a beautiful painting of Fremont as regimental colors, Mrs. Fremont made personal intercession for them, and through her efforts the flanking companies and non-commissioned officers received the Colt rifles, and the other companies Enfield rifles, which enabled them to do such effective work in this engagement.

Colonel White became so hotly engaged that Davis ordered Colonel Pattison, with the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana, to his support. Marching in double-quick time by the right flank, and passing through the timber to a small hill, Colonel Pattison found the Fifty-ninth Illinois hotly pressed by the now concentrated forces of McCulloch and McIntosh.

The First Brigade advanced through the field, wheeled to the left, and fell upon the flank of the enemy's line. The enemy, exultingly following up a temporary success, was overpowering Davidson's battery, when the Thirty-seventh Illinois delivered a volley and charged, routing the right wing, at the same time that the First Brigade came into action on the right, driving the left wing of the enemy in confusion from the field, and retaking Davidson's guns. The Confederate infantry now came around the left of Colonel Davis's line, and opened on Osterhaus's unsecured right; but the latter quickly threw the Twelfth Missouri in double-quick on this exposed flank, and checked the further advance. Fortunately for our army, both Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, commanding the Confederate troops on this line, had been killed, Colonel Hébert captured, and General Pike so completely stampeded, with his Indians, that their troops were left without a commander, and their scattered forces fell back to the shelter of the timber. Desperate and bloody had been the contest on this field. The Thirty-seventh Illinois alone lost one hundred and twelve men, on the right. It was early in

this engagement that Major (now General) John C. Black was painfully wounded in the sword-arm, and yet continued on the field, gallantly directing his men, until peremptorily ordered by his colonel to be taken to the hospital.

Believing the left and centre no longer in danger, General Curtis now resolved to concentrate on the right to meet the assailants of Carr at Elkhorn Tavern. General Asboth moved by the direct road to Elkhorn Tavern, while General Sigel went by Leetown to unite with Davis, and press on to reinforce Carr.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when Asboth reached the beleaguered right wing. The gallant Carr had been shot four times. Many of his field officers had fallen, and his dead and wounded had greatly reduced his force. He had been nearly seven hours under constant fire, and had been slowly forced back almost half a mile; but the men were still fiercely contesting every inch. As Asboth came up, the Fourth Iowa was falling back on the right, for cartridges, in line, dressing up to their colors in perfect order. These men had been in constant action all day. The gallant Dodge was himself wounded, and three horses had been shot under him. But at the sight of support, the men fixed bayonets and moved steadily forward to their former position. General Asboth planted his artillery in the road, and opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy, who continued to reply until dark.

Meantime General Curtis arranged the infantry in the edge of the timber, with fields in front, where they lay on their arms and held the field for the night. And thus, without a murmur, these weary soldiers dropped to sleep in the midst of their dead and wounded comrades, and many of them within a few yards of the foe. The day had closed with some reverses on the right, but the left had been unassailed, and the centre had driven the foe from the field.

At midnight, Colonel Davis's division took up position

on the right, adjoining Carr. Sigel's command bivouacked two miles to the rear. The sun rose above the horizon before our troops were all in position; yet the enemy did not renew the attack. But the troops that rested on their arms in the face of the enemy, seeing him in motion, could not brook delay, and Davidson's battery opened fire on the right. The enemy immediately replied, with spirit, from the new batteries that had been placed during the night. Colonel White's brigade was at this time so much exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns that the right wing was ordered to fall back and take position under shelter of the timber. The First and Second Divisions soon got under way, and moved with great celerity to their position on the left.

This completed the formation of our line of battle. It was quite continuous, and much of it on open ground.

We now had the enemy before us where we knew the ground. The broken defiles occupied by him would not admit of easy evolutions to repel such movements as could be made by us on the open plain. Victory was inevitable. As soon as the left wing had extended so as to command the mountain, the right wing was directed to move forward to its former position. The battle commenced in earnest with a terrific artillery fire along the whole line; and while the artillery were thus advancing and taking position, the infantry moved steadily forward. The left wing, advancing rapidly, soon began to ascend the mountain cliff, from which the artillery had driven most of the Rebel force. On the right, the upward movement of the Twenty-second Indiana and the Thirty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Illinois, with its long line of glittering bayonets, rose steadily from base to summit, until it dashed into the forest on the heights. Everywhere our line moved forward. The roar of cannon and small arms was continuous, and no force could have withstood the converging lines and concentrated cross-fire of our gallant troops. Our guns, which had continued in

action some time after the enemy had ceased to reply, finally ceased firing. The enemy had suddenly vanished. Panic-stricken, they had gone in precipitate flight across the mountains in the direction of Van Buren and Fayetteville. General Sigel's command pursued several miles, gathering up a large number of arms and equipments which had been abandoned in the flight. The cavalry, under Colonel Bussey, followed beyond Bentonville.

Thus ended the battle. The wild, irregular fighting on our right, on the 7th, resulted in terrible loss ; Carr's division losing six hundred and eighty-two men. The total Confederate loss, killed, wounded, and missing, was about twelve hundred ; our loss fell a little short of fourteen hundred.

In reviewing these three campaigns, I cannot help expressing another regret at the untimely death of Lyon. It was, as Pollard says, in his "Southern History," "a serious loss to the Federals in Missouri. He was an able and dangerous man,—a man of the times, who appreciated the force of audacity and quick decision in a revolutionary war." He was forced by his officers into the battle of Wilson's Creek against his own better judgment; yet there can be no doubt that he would have been victorious but for his untimely death. This was something, however, which no human foresight could control.

But the collapse of the second campaign under Fremont was due to one of the most transparent pieces of political imbecility to be found in the annals of the war. When Simon Cameron visited the army at Tipton he was satisfied with giving a bad report of Fremont, because he imagined that the army was stuck in the mud, and its commander incapable of getting it out. But when its commander did get the army out, and was about to win a glorious victory, then he was no longer left to work out his own salvation or destruction, but was summarily removed. The sagacious Secretary of War gave the authority of General Hunter and "a large number of

intelligent men in Missouri," that Fremont was unfit for his extensive command. Subsequent events revealed to the satisfaction of every loyal man the extent of Hunter's capacity to discuss military affairs.

Had General Fremont been continued in command, the disaster at Bull Run would have been wiped out by a glorious victory in the West, and the Rebels would have been driven out of Missouri and Arkansas. This territory thus relieved, at least one hundred thousand men would have been precipitated on the forty thousand Confederates in central Kentucky, and have driven them out of the State, and beyond the southern borders of Tennessee. With the rebellion thus suppressed in Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky, by the opening of the spring campaign an army would have passed down the Mississippi under protection of the gunboats, captured New Orleans, and thus have cut the Confederacy in two.

The correctness of these intended operations of Fremont, as well as his administrative policy, was corroborated by subsequent events. His expenditures in the organization of the army were sustained by the courts. The establishment of martial law in St. Louis, which was denounced as arbitrary and unjust, was maintained by his successors until peace was restored. The occupation of Paducah was the pivot of success to others ; and the preparation of the gunboat system, which was countermanded as extravagant and unnecessary, became historic as the war progressed. It was by the aid of these vessels that Forts Henry and Donelson were captured, and that Pope took Columbus, New Madrid, and Island Number Ten. They destroyed the Confederate fleet at Memphis, brought about the fall of that city, and made it possible for Grant to succeed at Vicksburg ; and, without a doubt, they materially aided in the saving of the army at Shiloh.

The struggles, the triumphs, the sufferings of Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Pea Ridge, Chickamauga,

Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox,—whether victories or defeats,—were all essential lights and shades of a great heroic picture. On many a chance field deeds were done that left it ever afterwards a spot enchanted. In the fierce light of battle, the quiet landscape rises at once into history, and patriotism kindles with the story of its victories. On other fields, the only hope seemed to be the “serenity of death;” and the grateful heart of mankind broods over the sacrifice. Pea Ridge was one of those battles in which the magnitude of the results achieved is out of all proportion to the numbers engaged, or the loss in killed and wounded. It shattered the Confederacy west of the Mississippi. It saved Missouri to the Union, and transferred the theatre of operations from the Western border to distinctively Southern soil. It shortened the Federal line of operation from the Indian Territory to the Mississippi, and made it possible for the victorious troops of the frontier army, thus relieved, to go to the assistance of Grant, Buell, Rosecrans, and Sherman.

The “moving column” of Sherman, in his march from Atlanta to the sea, will go down to history as one of the greatest feats of the war; but the Federal army at the battle of Pea Ridge was farther from its base than Sherman’s army was at any time during his famous march.

Not only the number of dead and wounded; not the number of widows and mothers who were in a single day left to mourn for those whose feet were halted in death; not only the killing of men because they wore uniforms, make a great battle. Only as to results can a fitting comparison be made of the battles of the Civil War. The valor and devotion of the soldier were the same on every field. The aristocracy of Europe prophesied that the individual liberty of American institutions would render patriotism a thing of the past. But the Union soldier put the prophets to shame, and set the world a new standard of loyalty. Heroism in war had been shown before, but

never in a form so lofty. From Marathon, "fought by slaves unchained from their master's door-posts," on down through history, personal interest had furnished the motives for the noblest deeds of patriotism. It remained for the citizen soldier of America to undertake, with deliberate determination, the greatest contest in the annals of war for a great public principle,—the preservation of the Union. He is the consummate flower of freedom which America gives to the world.

And now that the passionate hopes and fears of those days are over, now that the grief which can never be forgotten is softened by the soothing hand of time, we love to recall the gathering of those hosts, and to —

“ Glean up the scattered ashes
Into History’s golden urn.”

Now we look out upon the grave of old enmities. Hostile breastwork and redoubt are softly hidden under grass and grain, and from the mouldering dust of mingled foemen springs all the varied verdure that makes a summer scene so fair. So the fallen soldier, “ disenthralled of the flesh, and risen in that unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, begins his illimitable work.” Mute though his lips be, yet they still speak. His voice is hushed, but its echoes of liberty will ring on through time, and the victories of his immortal example shall surpass the triumphs of his life.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST VICKSBURG.

By WILLIAM E. STRONG.

[Read April 7, 1880.]

IT is difficult to write anything new touching General Grant's memorable campaign, which began early in January, 1863, and ended July 4 of that year, by the surrender of Vicksburg, with its garrison, guns, and munitions of war.

General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," and Badeau in his "Life of Grant," describe in minute detail the operations of the army before Vicksburg. The historians of our day have also gone over the ground; and it would seem a hopeless task to attempt to present new facts, or paint in new colors the march from Milliken's Bend to Hard Times Landing,—the crossing at Bruinsburg, and the battles which were fought east of the Mississippi, between the dates of April 30 and July 4.

It was my fortune and privilege to serve in this great campaign as a member of the military family of Major-General James B. McPherson, at that time the commander of the Seventeenth Army Corps. It is well known that the relations existing between Generals Grant and McPherson were at all times intimate, and that Grant not only loved and admired McPherson, but trusted and relied upon him in a high degree. My position on the staff of General McPherson, and the intimate relations between that General and the Commander-in-chief, enabled me to know more of the stirring scenes which were daily transpiring than I could have known had I been serving in the line, or on the division or brigade staff.

Some of the incidents of the campaign which I witnessed, and which I consider as more brilliant, exciting, and interesting than any coming under my observation during the war, have been passed, by those who have heretofore written, as unimportant and not deserving of special mention. To illustrate more clearly, I wish to say that, in my opinion, one of the most perilous and gallant performances of the war was the running of the Vicksburg batteries by the wooden transport fleet, manned by volunteer soldiers. It was unquestionably one of the grandest and sublimest scenes ever witnessed, and upon its successful accomplishment depended in a measure the fate and reputation of General Grant, and of the army he commanded, and certainly the fate of Vicksburg; yet neither Badeau, nor General Sherman, nor any other writer, has, to my knowledge, devoted more than half-a-dozen lines to describing this grand exploit.

In order to travel a little outside the beaten trail, and possibly bring to light a few new facts, I have divided my paper on the Vicksburg campaign into three parts, as follows:—

First. Running the batteries.

Second. The siege.

Third. The interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton, and the surrender and occupation of the city.

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

The night was well chosen. It was black as the bottomless pit. The wind, which was blowing fresh at sunset, had died away, and not a breath of air fanned one's cheek. The fires burned low, the shouts of the men had ceased, and the stir and sound of evening no longer ran throughout the camps of the Army of the Tennessee. Tattoo had beaten, taps had been sounded, and on land the wary sentinels alone kept watch.

The signal was given by Admiral Graham, and one

by one, at intervals of ten minutes, the boats dropped by in the following order: The flagship "Tigress," the "Empire City," "Moderator," "J. W. Cheesman," "Anglo-Saxon," and, lastly, the "Horizon." Like grim spectres, like phantoms of the air, they one by one loomed up on our starboard quarter, came closer, swept on, and were lost in the gloom and mist and darkness which hung like a funeral pall over river, forest, and beleaguered city. Nothing could be seen but the dim, shadowy outline of each transport as it drifted by with the current, — photographed faintly for an instant against the inky background, and accompanied by a confused, muffled, half-suppressed ghostly murmur, like the rush of wind through forest trees, or —

"A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard."

There were no lights, no escape from steam-pipes, no ringing of bells, no throbbing of the piston-rods, no clang of machinery, no voices above a whisper. Every man stood grimly at his post, ready to do his full share and take his chances of life or death in the perilous and daring adventure.

The signal was given at a quarter of ten o'clock, and at eleven o'clock, the "Horizon," the last transport of the fleet, floated gracefully by, and was lost in the darkness.

The date was April 22, 1863; the place, on board the steamer "H. Von Phul," General Grant's headquarters boat, which was lying in the Mississippi a mile above the mouth of the famous canal, or cut-off, four and a half miles from the Big Bend, and five and a half miles from the upper Vicksburg batteries. The occasion was the running of the batteries by the wooden transport fleet, in command of Colonel Clark B. Lago, of General Grant's staff, and Colonel William S. Oliver, of the Seventh Missouri Infantry.

As the "Horizon" disappeared from sight, the "H. Von Phul" rounded to, swung into the current, and followed slowly in her wake. The "Tigress" had been drifting for at least an hour and a quarter, from the rendezvous at Young's Point, and must have been at this time near the Big Bend.

On the hurricane deck of the "H. Von Phul," forward of the pilot-house, stood the quiet, modest, unassuming commander of our army, U. S. Grant, and by his side Mrs. Grant and their two sons, Fred and Jesse, with John A. Rawlins and many other officers of General Grant's staff. Near by, and on General Grant's left, stood Major-General James B. McPherson, then the commander of the Seventeenth Corps, with Clark, Hickenlooper, Wilson, Willard, Gile, Steel, Knox, and myself, of his staff. General John A. Logan and other distinguished officers of the Army of the Tennessee were also present.

General Grant was the central figure of the group on the hurricane-deck. There was nothing in his manner to indicate, however, that anything unusual was about to occur. Cool, and collected, he stood there, and puffed at his cigar, anxious, without doubt, but apparently quite unconcerned as to the result of this most hazardous and desperate undertaking, —

" Patient in toil,
 Serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith,
 Invincible in arms."

Five, ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes passed, when suddenly from across the Big Bend, and from the direction of the upper water-batteries, came a single musket-shot from the enemy's picket-boats, stationed just in the bend. This was followed quickly by a second shot, and that by a rattling volley ; and then a rocket of immense size hissed, flashed, and shot out into the darkness, and then

another, and still another. The reports from the guns were sharp, clear, and very distinct; and the flash from guns and rockets shone brightly through the darkness, lighting up for an instant the embattled heights of Vicksburg.

I can never forget the intense excitement of that moment. Not a word was spoken; it seemed as though I could hear the pulsations of my own heart. We knew the "Tigress" was now fast approaching the fortifications which encircled Vicksburg, and the critical moment was at hand. We all had personal friends and companions on board that fleet of wooden transports which was about to run the gauntlet of guns, many of them at point-blank range. Would any one of those frail boats get safely by? Would any one of those brave men be left to tell the tale? These were the thoughts uppermost in my mind. Standing there within easy range of those heavy guns, and knowing full well the deadly fire to be encountered, the chances of any boat getting safely by, or any life being saved, seemed very slight.

At the first shots our boat rounded to, head up stream, and drifted with the current. The officers changed their positions to the after part of the boat, to get a better view. We were now below the canal, and about two and one half miles above the bend.

Five minutes, possibly ten, passed after the alarm given by the picket-boats, when a flash came from one of the eight-inch guns at the upper water-battery, followed by a sharp, deafening report, and the crashing and hissing of the projectile as it rushed through the air, directed at the "Tigress." One after another, in quick succession, the guns in this battery went into action. Those from the lower batteries joined rapidly in the cannonade as fast as they could be brought to bear on the approaching vessels, all of which now had on full steam and were rushing along at their utmost speed.

The sight was grand and thrilling beyond the power

of description. From the batteries along the river and just above its level, and from the terraced steps above, all the way to the crest of the Vicksburg hills was a mass of living flame.

As the fleet approached the city and passed it, fire was opened from innumerable batteries, which had hitherto been unable to bring their guns to bear. Light field batteries were hurried into position on the main streets of the city near the river, and on the sloping hillside in front of and between the fortified lines, until it seemed as though every square foot of soil possessed a gun. Heavy bodies of infantry were placed along the levee and wharf, and kept up a deadly fire upon the boats as long as these were within range.

Soon after the alarm was given from the picket-boats, houses and barns on the Louisiana and Mississippi shores were set on fire, and the bright glare thrown across the water, added to the incessant flashing of the guns, made the night as light as day. The men at the batteries and in the streets of Vicksburg could be distinctly seen from the "Tigress" and other vessels of the fleet, when they were opposite the Vicksburg court-house; and it was here that each vessel was exposed to the heaviest and most destructive fire. The guns from nearly every battery above and below the city could be brought to bear with deadly accuracy, and the broadside fire from the guns in the main line of intrenchments, covering the west front of the city proper, must have been terrible to face. A storm of solid shot and shell, of almost every variety and size, poured upon the fleet,—crashing through hull and pilot-house, shivering the machinery, cutting ropes and chimney guys, and bursting in the cabins.

A grand ball was in progress in Vicksburg at the time the alarm was given; General Pemberton and a large number of the prominent officers of the garrison being present. The greatest excitement and confusion prevailed when the opening guns were heard. There was

"hurrying to and fro," and "mounting in hot haste." The ball-room was quickly deserted, the officers hastening to their respective commands, and the ladies, in ball attire, rushing into the streets to witness the grand spectacle and the sinking of the Yankee fleet. The entire population was awake and out of doors, watching with intense interest the brilliant and indescribable scene on which the fate of Vicksburg depended.

The fleet was under fire for two and a half hours. But at length the last boat was out of range; "the blazing bonfires on the hills, and burning houses and barns along the stream, and beacon fires which lighted up the sky for many miles, burned low, flickered, and went out." The heavy guns ceased firing, and silence once more reigned over the beleaguered city.

On the night of April 16, 1863, three wooden transports with ten barges, all loaded with forage and supplies, were run by the Vicksburg batteries. These transports and barges were led by seven ironclad gunboats, with Admiral Porter, on the "Benton," in advance. The transport "Henry Clay" was set on fire by a bursting shell, and was burned to the water's edge. The two remaining transports, "Forest Queen" and "Silver Wave," passed by the batteries, but were considerably damaged, the "Forest Queen" being disabled by a solid shot, and towed past the lower batteries by the gunboat "Tuscumbia."

General Sherman in his "Memoirs," and Badeau in his "Life of Grant," give graphic descriptions of the running of the batteries on the night of the 16th of April, but barely mention the fact of the second attempt.

In the first instance, the ironclads convoyed the three transports by the batteries, engaging them sharply at every point, and drawing upon themselves a heavy fire, thereby increasing largely the chances of success. On the night of the 22d, the wooden transports had no convoy of ironclad ships to mark the way, cover the movement, and aid them if disabled.

General Grant's orders for the movement of the army past Vicksburg, by the way of Richmond and Carthage, were dated April 20. In order to carry out his plans, it was necessary to get a sufficient number of transports past the batteries of Vicksburg, Warrenton, and Grand Gulf, in order to ferry his army quickly across the river at any point he might decide upon. Two of the transports were already below the Warrenton guns, but five or six more were needed to make his new campaign a success. The second attempt was therefore decided upon.

Ten barges were secured, five stern-wheel steamers and one side-wheel (the "Tigress") were selected, and all were loaded with forage and supplies. Volunteers were called for from the army, to man them. Nearly the whole command volunteered. The best men only were accepted.

Colonel William S. Oliver, of the Seventh Missouri Infantry, Seventeenth Corps, one of the most gallant and determined officers of our army, was placed in command of the flagship "Tigress," and made captain of the fleet.

The following orders explain themselves: —

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
MILLIKEN'S BEND, LA., April 21, 1863.

Special Orders }
No. 111. } (*Extract.*)

Colonel William S. Oliver, Captain P. D. Toomer, Company H, Captain Monroe Harrison, Company C, Second Lieutenant Cirdell, Company D, First Sergeant Robert Minaugh, Company K, and twenty men of the Seventh Regiment Missouri Infantry Volunteers, are hereby detailed to run the batteries at Vicksburg, and will report on the steamer "Tigress" at two o'clock this day.

By order of Major-General U. S. Grant.

JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Admiral G. W. GRAHAM,
Master of Transportation.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS, NEAR VICKSBURG.
ON BOARD STEAMER "H. VON PHUL," April 22, 1863.

CAPTAIN STEAMER "TIGRESS":

SIR,— You will have your boat in readiness as soon as possible, and make a trip two or three miles up the river, so that your engineer, pilots, and crew will learn the ringing of the bells and the handling of the engine. Report here the result. I will give you the signal instructions at six o'clock this afternoon.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. GRAHAM,

To Colonel W. S. OLIVER,

Commanding Fleet.

Captain of Fleet.

HEADQUARTERS, NEAR VICKSBURG.
OFFICE ON BOARD STEAMER "H. VON PHUL,"
April 22, 1863.

CAPTAIN STEAMER "TIGRESS":

SIR,— You will have your boat in readiness at nine (9) o'clock this evening in the middle of the river at Young's Point, ready to move at the signal given by me. I will be alongside and give the signal to each boat. The line of boats will be as follows:—

"Tigress" (flagship), "Empire City," "Moderator," "J. W. Cheesman," "Anglo-Saxon," "Horizon."

You will have your crew in their proper places, with instructions to remain at their posts.

This is an important movement, and I trust every officer and man will do his duty.

Colonel Clark B. Lago, A. D. C. to General Grant, is on board the "Tigress," and will take charge of the fleet when under weigh.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE W. GRAHAM,

To Colonel W. S. OLIVER,

Commanding Fleet.

Captain of Fleet.

The six transports named were put in order and prepared for running the batteries, under the supervision and

direction of Colonel Oliver. A large quantity of cotton was gathered from the country adjacent to Milliken's Bend. Double tiers of cotton bales were placed forward and aft of engine and boilers, and on the sides as high as the cabin floors, and sacks of oats, corn, and bran were laid two and three tiers deep on the upper deck and cabin floors, to prevent plunging shots from going through to boilers and hull. Every boat was well loaded with forage and supplies, the same being placed with a view to protect to the fullest extent the machinery and hull. Barrels filled with water were placed in the hold and on the main deck, with plenty of buckets close at hand. Hose was attached to pumps, ready for instant use. Each boat had a crew of twenty-five men, including captain, mates, engineers, and firemen.

I very much regret that I cannot give the names of the officers and men composing the six crews. It would be a pleasure to mention them, as they are all entitled to equal praise and credit.

From the lips of Colonel Oliver I have heard most graphically described his experience on the flagship "Tigress." I give it here in substantially his own words. The experience of one boat and crew was that of all.

On the evening of the 21st, the transports and barges were in readiness for the trip, and the officers and men assigned to their positions. Colonel Oliver was furnished with a diagram of the river, showing the location of a bad bar at the Big Bend, and the general situation of the Vicksburg batteries. As the "Tigress" was to lead the way and mark the path of the fleet, Oliver suggested to General Grant the propriety of hugging closely the Mississippi shore as soon as he rounded the bend and passed the upper point of the bar referred to, running in as close as possible to the Vicksburg levee, or wharf, for the reason that most of the batteries were on high ground, and the guns were trained for the Louisiana shore. This plan was approved by all.

The officers of the "Tigress" were : Colonel W. S. Oliver, captain of fleet ; Lieutenant McBride, Seventh Missouri, mate ; Captain P. D. Toomer, Seventh Missouri, first engineer ; Lieutenant Cirdell, Seventh Missouri, second engineer. For pilot, they had a citizen, name unknown, who had had experience on the Lower Mississippi, and possessed great knowledge of the eddies and channels of the river about Vicksburg. This pilot was the only citizen on any of the boats. Sergeant Robert Minaugh, Seventh Missouri, was made second pilot, and had instructions from Oliver to keep a sharp eye on the citizen pilot, and to kill him and take the wheel if he attempted to leave the boat or refused to steer as ordered. The remainder of Oliver's crew were picked men from his own regiment.

At nine o'clock, the boats were in readiness in the middle of the river, at Young's Point. Colonel Lago and Colonel Oliver took positions on the hurricane-deck of the "Tigress," in front of the boat's bell. All officers and men were in their places, and eager for the signal, which was to be given by Commodore Graham from the headquarters' boat. The orders were to carry plenty of steam, but to float down without any noise until fired upon by the enemy's picket-boats. No lights were allowed on board, and even the light of fires under boilers was hidden by cotton bales and tarpaulins.

The signal was finally given, and the boats were off on' their perilous trip. They drifted with the current for about four miles, when the "Tigress" was discovered by the picket-boats and immediately fired upon, and signal rockets were sent up. At once steam was put on, and the "Tigress" headed for the Vicksburg shore, the other boats following directly in her wake. By the time the "Tigress" had rounded the bend and was opposite the upper batteries, the houses and buildings on the Louisiana shore were on fire. When a point opposite the courthouse was reached, hundreds of bonfires were burning, and all the batteries and field-pieces were firing, and it was

as light as day. As Colonel Oliver expressed it : " It was the most magnificent display of fireworks ever witnessed by man. Shot and shell showered upon us so thick and fast, and we were so wrapped up in the awful grandeur and sublimity of the scene, that we were in reality unconscious of danger, and gave no thought to our own safety. It seemed as though Heaven and Hell had turned everything loose to destroy us. I can never forget it, nor can I describe it. Only those who faced this terrible concentrated fire, or who witnessed it from Vicksburg or the headquarters' boat, can have the faintest idea of its beauty." The streets of the city were filled with citizens ; and hundreds of ladies, dressed in white, had congregated on the slope of a bluff called " Sky Parlor Hill." The gunners at work could be distinctly seen, and a newspaper could have been read with ease from the hurricane-deck of the " Tigress." It was twenty minutes past twelve by the clock in the court-house, when the flagship was abreast of it, and Lago and Oliver took out their watches and compared time.

Just above the city the " Tigress " ran very close to the levee, — so close, in fact, that the infantry and many of the guns for a few moments ceased firing, it being thought that the boat wished to surrender ; and at about the same time the " Cheesman," Captain Harrison commanding, struck the sand-bar, which rounded her to, head up stream. The enemy evidently thought this boat also wished to surrender. The " Cheesman," fortunately, soon backed off the bar, swung around into the channel, and kept on her course, closely followed by the remainder of the fleet. The enemy soon discovered his mistake, and the firing was renewed by the infantry and artillery, and never again slackened until the last boat was out of range. The scene about this time from the deck of the transports must have been grand. Solid shot, shell, and bullets were raking the vessels fore and aft. The Varrenton batteries were in full play, and the guns first enoun-

tered could still be brought to bear, and were firing with deadly accuracy; solid shot were tearing great holes through the upper works, and shells were bursting every second above and around the ill-fated vessel. One shot carried away the railing upon which Oliver's foot was resting; another cut the guy-rope of a spar to which he was holding. A moment later, an eight-inch shell exploded in the captain's state-room, sending splinters flying in every direction, one of which knocked Oliver down, injuring him quite severely. Hundreds of heavy shot struck short, and, ricochetting, passed clear over the boats. The men in the hold reported to the engineer that they were no longer able to keep the "Tigress" afloat, as the holes were made faster than they could stop them with cotton bags and plank; and the engineer asked the pilot to request Oliver to come into the pilot-house, so that he could communicate readily with him. When the "Tigress" reached the foot of the canal, or cut-off, some two miles below Vicksburg, Colonel Oliver left his position on the hurricane-deck and went into the pilot-house. Lieutenant Toomer then reported that there were already thirty holes in the hull made by heavy shot, and that the boat was making water very fast, and must soon go down. A moment later, a shot from the celebrated gun "Whistling Dick," in position in the upper Vicksburg battery, struck the stern of the "Tigress" low down, ripping the side plank half-way to her bow. This was the finishing touch. The boat was almost instantly reported to be sinking, and there was barely time for the men to get out of the hold. The orders to the engineer, however, were to stand by the engine, and to the pilot to try and run the boat ashore on the Louisiana side. McBride, the mate, with two men, stood ready to jump, with hawser in hand. When the boat was about twice her length from shore, she refused to answer to either rudder or wheel. The water in the engine-room was then waist deep, and the fires

were nearly out; but still the brave engineer stuck to the engine. Finally, the order was given to let off steam, to prevent the boilers exploding, and for all hands to come to the hurricane-deck. When the engineer left his post the water in the vessel was nearly up to his neck, and the cotton bales were floating.

McBride, with three of his brave men, volunteered to jump overboard and swim ashore with the hawser, and permission was given them to make the attempt; but as the boat was drifting into the channel again, and it was evident that it was impossible for the men to make shore with the heavy line, they were ordered to let it go and swim back to the boat, which they did. The water was then over the cabin floor. As the boat settled, her bow struck a reef and the hull broke in the centre, the decks being held together by the hog-chains. The "Cheeseman" was hailed and asked to round to; but the answer came that her steam-pipe was cut and steam nearly exhausted. She was, however, able to round to with head up stream, but could not run alongside the "Tigress." The officers and men, seeing this, clung to cotton bales and pieces of the wreck, and paddled towards the "Cheeseman," which was now floating slowly down the stream. The terrific fire from the Vicksburg guns was still kept up, and those of the Warrenton batteries were firing red-hot shot. The officers and crew of the "Tigress" got safe on board the "Cheeseman," and Toomer, who was a practical engineer, soon repaired the damaged steam-pipe. About this time, the "Empire City" was seen to be floating towards the Vicksburg side in a helpless condition, with a field battery firing into her. At the request of Captain Harrison, Oliver took command of the "Cheeseman," and went to the assistance of the "Empire City." Getting a hawser to her, she was towed out into the channel, and for some distance down the stream. The pilot of the "Empire City" was mortally wounded by a flying piece of the smoke-stack. The three remaining

transports were in a disabled condition, and had all they could do to take care of themselves.

Finally, about three o'clock in the morning, the five transports were out of range of the guns, and landed on the Louisiana shore, just above Grand Gulf. They were all in a disabled condition, the "Cheesman" and "Moderator" only being able to make steam.

The "Tigress" received thirty-five shots in her hull alone, besides others almost innumerable that passed through her cabin and upper works, — receiving more in her hull than any other vessel of the fleet, for the reason that she was loaded much lighter, and her hull was more exposed. The other transports were loaded down to the guards. They were all, however, riddled from stem to stern.

Of the six transports and ten barges in tow, which attempted to run by, one transport ("Tigress") and six barges were lost.

General Grant now had below the Warrenton batteries about fifteen or sixteen barges and seven transports, as follows: the "Forest Queen," "Silver Wave," "Empire City," "Moderator," "J. W. Cheesman," "Anglo-Saxon," and "Horizon."

Immediately after running the Vicksburg and Warrenton batteries, the transports and barges were repaired by direction of Admiral Porter, who furnished the material, the army furnishing the mechanics.

On the 29th of April, Admiral Porter began the bombardment of the Grand Gulf batteries with his seven ironclads; but at twenty minutes past one P. M. he withdrew, having been hotly engaged for nearly five and a half hours, and having failed to dismount or silence a single one of the enemy's guns, owing to their elevated position. The same night, the ironclads, the transports, and the barges ran by the Grand Gulf batteries, the wooden vessels receiving no damage, as the ironclads were between them and the batteries.

On the morning of the 30th of April, the Thirteenth Army Corps began crossing the river by means of the transports and barges, followed by the Seventeenth Corps. The landing was made at Bruinsburg, Mississippi, six miles below Grand Gulf.

THE SIEGE.

Over eighteen years have passed, and yet I distinctly recall the scene that burst upon us as we reached the cross-roads near an old log-cabin, where General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, had a few hours before turned to the right, heading for the Yazoo bluffs and Walnut Hills, and feeling for the Mississippi. The sun was almost down, but the last lingering rays shot out brilliantly for a few moments, lighting up with splendid effect the frowning heights before us. The scene is indelibly impressed upon my memory, and it seems but yesterday since that cavalcade, with McPherson at its head, went dashing down the Jackson road at a sharp gallop, crossed a small brook with swift current, gained the summit of a densely wooded ridge, and a moment later emerged from it, struck the open country, and drew rein at the intersection of the Graveyard and Jackson roads, two miles from the enemy's works.

There they lay spread out before us,—a long line of high, rugged, irregular bluffs, clearly cut against the sky, crowned with cannon which peered ominously from embrasures to the right and left as far as the eye could see. Lines of heavy rifle-pits, surmounted with head-logs, ran along the bluffs, connecting fort with fort, and filled with veteran infantry. The line of fortifications covered a city, and both flanks of that line rested on a great river. The approaches were over and across a succession of bluffs lying parallel to each other, or nearly so. The summits of these bluffs were generally quite free from timber or underbrush, but the sides were abrupt, and difficult to scale. Between the bluffs and at their base

were streams, along the banks of which grew dense thickets of willow and quaking aspen. Down the steep sides of these bluffs was a perfect labyrinth of fallen timber, with trunks and limbs entwined and interlaced. Some of this timber had been lying there for years; much of it was green timber, lately slashed by the enemy's axes. The guns from the intrenched line were trained with deadly accuracy for a space of at least two thousand yards in their direct front. The crest of every ridge, the summit of every hill and bluff, the main roads and by-paths, and every open stretch of meadow or sloping hill-side within the range of the heavy guns, could be reached and swept by solid shot and shell. The ravines between the bluffs, particularly those lying nearest the main line, could also be reached by the guns from the angles and curtains of the great redoubt in the centre, and from some of the adjoining works.

The position of the enemy was stronger than that of the Russians at Sebastopol. The approaches to this position were frightful,—enough to appall the stoutest heart. Stop for a moment and think of masses of human beings—line upon line of gallant men—moving over such a country, with such obstructions, opposed the while to the deadly fire of heavy cannon at short range, supported by a magnificent corps of sharpshooters and a solid line of infantry concealed in deep rifle-pits and protected by head-logs.

A wide, deep, swiftly flowing river was at our backs. We had crossed it before daylight with the heads of column, and had been marching straight on, with long, swinging strides, over good roads, until, at sunset, the glistening bayonets and gleaming guns and battle-flags of the Rebel army were in plain view just over there on the fortified crests of the Vicksburg hills. At last! At last! The enemy had been driven to bay. We had been following him sharply for eighteen days, and had tried his mettle at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Black River Bridge.

The country for fifty miles in every direction had been thoroughly exhausted of forage and supplies. We could not well fall back if we had wished to. We must go ahead; and what I have briefly described was in front of us.

Our supply trains were empty, and the haversacks of the men had had but little in them for twenty-four hours. Boomer's brigade had had nothing to eat for twelve hours, yet had marched bravely and cheerfully on since daylight; and as it passed McPherson, to take up the position assigned it, the men cheered lustily and threw high their hats, and the regimental bands all played "The Girl I left behind me." The tears came to McPherson's eyes as the men passed by with free and easy step, and in such good temper, for he knew full well they were tired, weak, and almost fainting from their long march in the hot sun without food; and he also knew that no hard bread could be procured for them that night, and that it was likely they would be called upon to fight the following day.

The battle of Port Gibson was fought May 1, that of Raymond May 12, that of Jackson May 14, that of Champion Hills May 16, and the affair of Black River Bridge occurred on the 17th.

On the night of the 17th, the Fifteenth Corps crossed Black River at Bridgeport, on a pontoon-bridge; the same night the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Corps crossed that stream a few miles further down and near the railroad, on floating bridges and on a bridge of cotton bales constructed by Hickenlooper. Early on the morning of the 18th, the three army corps were *en route* for Vicksburg.

General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, was in advance, and moved on what was known as the Upper Jackson road; and by ten o'clock, his head of column had reached the cross-roads two miles from the enemy's fortified line. General Grant in person directed General Sherman to take the right-hand, or "graveyard," road. By night, the divisions of Generals Blair and Steele, of the

Fifteenth Corps, were well closed up against the defences of Vicksburg.

General McPherson, with the Seventeenth Corps, struck into the Upper Jackson road some three miles from Black River, and moved in the rear of General Sherman's column, his advance reaching the cross-roads at sunset, as I have described. A portion of the Seventeenth Corps went into position the night of the 18th, at some distance from the enemy's line; and the remainder of that corps bivouacked two or three miles back on the road, where there was water, and came into line early the following morning.

General McClernand, with the Thirteenth Corps, marched by the Vicksburg and Jackson road to Mount Albans, and then turned to the left to the Baldwin's Ferry road. At sunset, he had reached a point four miles from Vicksburg.

General Sherman, therefore, had the right of the line, General McPherson the centre, and General McClernand the left.

Badeau says :—

"Grant was with Sherman when his column struck the Walnut hills. As they rode together up the farthest heights, where it looks down on the Yazoo River, and stood upon the very bluff from which Sherman had been repulsed six months before, the two soldiers gazed for a moment on the long-wished-for goal of the campaign, — the high, dry ground on the north of Vicksburg, and the base for their supplies. Sherman at last turned abruptly round and exclaimed to Grant, 'Until this moment I never thought your expedition a success. But this is a campaign ; this is a success, if we never take the town.' The other, as usual, smoked his cigar and made no reply. The enthusiastic subordinate had seen the dangers of this venturesome campaign so vividly that his vision was dimmed for beholding success, until it lay revealed on the banks of the Yazoo ; but then, with the magnanimity of a noble nature, he rejoiced in the victories whose laurels he could not claim. His chief had believed all along that he should accomplish what was now

performed, and the realization of this belief neither surprised nor elated the most equable of commanders.

"It was just eighteen days since the campaign began. In that time Grant had marched more than two hundred miles, beaten two armies in five several battles, captured twenty-seven heavy cannon and sixty-one pieces of field artillery, taken six thousand five hundred prisoners, and killed and wounded at least six thousand more. He had forced the evacuation of Grand Gulf, seized the capital of the State, destroyed the railroads at Jackson for a distance of more than thirty miles, and invested the principal Rebel stronghold on the Mississippi River. Separating forces twice as numerous as his own, he had beaten first, at Port Gibson, a portion of Pemberton's army ; then, at Raymond and Jackson, the troops under Johnston's immediate command ; and again, at Champion's Hill and the Big Black River, the whole force that Pemberton dared take outside of the works of Vicksburg. Starting without teams, and with an average of two days' rations in haversacks, he had picked up wagons in the country, and subsisted principally on forage and rations that he found on the road. His losses were six hundred and ninety-eight killed, three thousand four hundred and seven wounded, and two hundred and thirty missing ; in all, four thousand three hundred and thirty-five."

In this connection, an extract from Napoleon's proclamation to his army after his first great Italian campaign will show how strangely history repeats itself :—

"Soldiers ! in a fortnight you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one pairs of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont ; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. Destitute of everything, you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. The republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty alone, could have endured what you have endured. The two armies which so lately attacked you boldly are fleeing affrighted before you ; the perverse men who laughed at your distress, and

rejoiced in thought at the triumphs of your enemies, are confounded and trembling."

The night of May 18 was intensely dark, and the camp-fires shone brightly, illuminating the sky for miles about us. The regimental bands, although weary and footsore from their long march, were out in force and played their best, and cheer after cheer went up along the lines as the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Red, White, and Blue" floated softly out on the night air. At nine o'clock, the tattoo was sounded, and five minutes later, taps were beaten and silence reigned supreme throughout the Army of the Tennessee. The men were sleeping with their heads resting against their gun-stacks, and peacefully dreaming of home and friends and loved ones many of them would never see again. What visions were theirs,—those gallant men of that grand Army of the Tennessee! Who can tell? One who has been a soldier can picture closely the dreams of some of them, as they lay there on the hard ground, the night before the beginning of that memorable siege. Back to their homes hundreds and thousands of them would never march; yet in their dreams they were there,—and who can say they were not happy?

Here lay a youth who threw aside his books and volunteered while the echo of the first gun on Sumter was lingering in the air,—perhaps an only son, the pride and hope of his parents. The father may have struggled fiercely against the boy's resolve to volunteer, saying, "Wait, I cannot give you up now; later, if the country needs your services, I may consent;" thus, with tears and prayers and earnest entreaty, trying to dissuade his son from the duty which he felt he owed. The mother, when the news of the boy's enlistment was broken to her, more patriotic than the father, helped the youth to prepare, and with almost bursting heart and trembling hands, but without tears, buckled on his sword, kissed him fondly, pressed him to her heart, and bade him go.

The flags waved gayly from every mast and spire and house-top, and the band played the nation's patriotic airs, and mothers and sweethearts, fathers and brothers, were out to see the company off for the war. How grand it looked, as it marched down the village street for the last time. What tears were shed! What tender words were spoken! What fervent embraces between those linked together by holy ties! What hand-shaking at parting! And so, amid tears and prayers, and soft words and sacred promises, and waving flags and fluttering scarfs, and the shrill notes of fife and drum, and the booming of the village gun, the train pulled out,—and the boy was gone!

How that father and mother watched that boy's career! How they prayed for his safety and longed for his return! How eagerly they scanned the papers, and with bated breath, and that heavy, deathlike feeling at the heart, looked over from day to day the lists of killed and wounded! The days seemed months, the months seemed weary years. Two years have passed since the last good-bye was spoken, and the boy has become a man in experience. He fought at Donelson and at Shiloh; marched from Bolivar to Holly Springs, and back to Memphis; has been with his company and regiment in all the battles about Vicksburg, and has done his part bravely and well. Now he is lying there, close by, footsore and weary, but soundly sleeping, and peacefully dreaming of home and of that Spartan mother whose very life is bound up in his, and who bade him go, when her heart was breaking.

In the picture of his dream I see him as he glides softly up the path which leads to his home. It is after sunset, and the lights shine brightly through the window; and as he stops at the threshold for an instant, he sees within the faces of those so dear to him. He steps quietly in, without knocking, and they hardly know him with his bearded face, sunburnt cheeks, and well-developed form. Such sacred tears of joy and happiness, such clasping of

hands, and knitting together of loving hearts in fond embrace, come not often in this life. And then the vision vanishes, and there breaks upon the dreamer's ear the stirring notes of the army's *reveille*,—and the siege of Vicksburg is begun.

Three assaults were made by General Grant's army on the fortifications at Vicksburg,—the first one May 19, and the second and third May 22. The army was before the fortified lines forty-six days, excluding May 18 and July 4, and all its operations were in the nature of a siege, excepting the affairs of the 19th and 22d of May. The several assaults made on the days mentioned were desperate and bloody in the extreme, but all were unsuccessful. Our troops fought with almost unparalleled gallantry, but in no instance were they able to carry and hold any portion of the enemy's main line of intrenchments. No official reports were made to General Grant of the losses of our troops on the 19th of May, but they were estimated at about five hundred in killed and wounded. The losses on our side May 22d were over three thousand. The assaults made during May have been accurately and most graphically described by General Badeau and others. One of the important incidents of the siege, however, which took place on McPherson's front, and about which little has been written, was the mining and blowing up of Fort Hill by Hickenlooper, chief engineer of the Seventeenth Corps. I will, therefore, confine myself to the affair of the 25th of June.

At this date, Grant's army before Vicksburg was over seventy-five thousand strong, forty thousand of whom were in the trenches, and the remaining thirty-five thousand formed an army of observation looking to the rear and watching the movements of Johnston. Since the commencement of the siege, Grant had received reinforcements of twenty-one thousand troops from his own department, and, in addition, Herron's division from Scho-

field's command, and two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps, under Major-General Parke. Herron's division was placed on the left of the line, completing the investment of the city. The divisions of the Ninth Corps, under General Parke, were sent to Haines's Bluff.

The position of the army was, in detail, as follows:

The Fifteenth Corps held the right of the line, Steele's division resting on the river, and Blair's division forming a junction with the Seventeenth Corps. On the extreme left was Herron's division, its left flank resting on the river, and its right flank joining Lauman's division of the Sixteenth Corps. Then came the three divisions of the Thirteenth Corps,—Hovey's, Carr's, and A. J. Smith's. The Seventeenth Corps still held the centre, Logan's division being squarely in front of Fort Hill. On Logan's right was Ransom's brigade of McArthur's division, joining the left of the Fifteenth Corps; and on Logan's left was Quimby's division, now commanded by General John E. Smith, the left brigade joining A. J. Smith's division of the Thirteenth Corps. The position of the regiments and brigades of the Seventeenth Corps was as follows:

Ransom's brigade of McArthur's division, composed of the Seventy-second Illinois, Ninety-fifth Illinois, Seventeenth Wisconsin, Fourteenth Wisconsin, and Eleventh Illinois, on the extreme right, and in the order named from right to left.

Leggett's brigade of Logan's division, joining Ransom's left, and composed of the Twenty-third Indiana, Twentieth Illinois, Forty-fifth Illinois, Thirty-first Illinois, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Illinois, and substantially in the order named from right to left.

Stevenson's brigade of Logan's division, on Leggett's left, and composed of the Seventh Missouri, Eighth Illinois, Eighty-first Illinois, Seventeenth Illinois, and Thirty-second Ohio, and in the order named from right to left.

The Third Brigade, Seventh Division, commanded by Sanborn, was on the left of Stevenson; then came the

Second Brigade, Seventh Division, commanded by Holmes; and last, the First Brigade, Seventh Division, commanded by Putnam, and joining the right of A. J. Smith's division of the Thirteenth Corps.

The Third Brigade of the Sixth Division, commanded by Colonel Alexander Chambers, and the Second Brigade of the Third Division, commanded by Colonel Manning F. Force, were in reserve.

The left flank of Leggett's brigade (Thirty-first Illinois) rested on the Vicksburg and Jackson road. The right flank of Stevenson's brigade (Seventh Missouri) rested on the same road. Along the line of the Seventeenth Corps, and well advanced, a number of light field-batteries were in position, strong works having been constructed to protect them. Among the most prominent on Ransom's front were batteries Ransom and Powell. In about the centre of the Seventeenth Corps line, on Leggett's left front and on the right of the main approach, and the farthest advanced of any, was Battery Hickenlooper. A short distance in rear was Battery Rodgers, with the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Illinois in position in front of it, and the Forty-fifth Illinois just in rear of it, the Thirty-first Illinois being on the left of the Forty-fifth in echelon. On the left of the Vicksburg and Jackson road, and in rear of Stevenson's brigade, was Battery McPherson, mounting four thirty-pounder Parrots and four nine-inch naval guns. Stretching along the front of Sanborn's, Holmes's, and Putnam's brigades, of the Seventh Division, and well advanced beyond the main line, were a number of light field-batteries, among which I now remember Battery De Golyer, occupying the extreme left of the line.

General Logan's headquarters were near the centre of his division, just in the rear of and close to Battery McPherson. General McPherson's headquarters were from half to three-fourths of a mile farther to the rear.

Battery McPherson was squarely in front of the centre of Fort Hill, and less than fifteen hundred yards from it.

The rifle-pits, trenches, and many of the light field-batteries — notably batteries Ransom, Powell, Hickenlooper, Rodgers, and De Golyer — were very close to the enemy's main line of intrenchments.

This was substantially the position of the army on the 25th of June. About the 25th of May, Hickenlooper had begun his approach and covered way, with a view of mining and blowing up Fort Hill. He began it north of the Vicksburg and Jackson road, near the position occupied by the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Illinois, and in front of Battery Rodgers. The trench was constructed about six feet deep and eight feet wide, with a parapet and banquette to be occupied by infantry. On the parapet sand-bags and head-logs were placed, through which embrasures were made of suitable size for sharpshooters. Several hundred men were kept at work day and night, but the head of the sap was advanced only at night. During daylight large details were kept at work widening the trenches and putting in position on the parapet the sand-bags and head-logs, making the embrasures, etc. For more than a thousand yards Hickenlooper constructed this approach and covered way, to the very base of the Rebel fort, and in the face of a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. It was a remarkable work, and will be handed down in history as one of the most successful exploits in military engineering. Many officers predicted its failure; but General McPherson believed in Hickenlooper, and allowed him to construct the work in his own way; and it worked like a charm, exploding at the appointed moment. "The mine extended thirty-five feet from the point of starting; fifteen hundred pounds of powder were deposited in three different branch mines, and seven hundred in the centre one; fuses were arranged so as to explode them all at the same instant, and the mine was tamped with cross-timbers and sand-bags." The date fixed for the explosion of this mine was June 25, at 3.30 P. M. No general assault had been ordered, but the

whole army, was to be under arms, and ready to move on the works in case the troops of General Logan's division were able to gain possession of and hold the enemy's line, upon the explosion of the mine. The Thirty-first and Forty-fifth Illinois infantry were massed in the approaches and covered way near the mine, and were to charge, the moment the explosion took place.

How well I remember that bright sunny June day, when we crept forward together on our hands and knees from the terminus of the covered way, and fired the dozen strands of safety fuse; and how coolly yet eagerly Hickenlooper watched the burning train until it reached the embankment, and how we hurried back to "Coon Skin Tower," and held our watches and counted the seconds! All was quiet along the entire line from right to left, save a shot at long intervals from some wary sharpshooter on the other side. The Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Thirteenth Corps, and the Fourth Division of the Sixteenth, with General Herron's command, on the extreme left, in fact, Grant's whole army before the fortified lines, at least forty thousand strong, were under arms and ready to assault if ordered, and the explosion of Hickenlooper's mine was to be the signal for the bombardment, and the movement of the attacking column from Logan's division. Two hundred guns, many of them of heavy calibre, were loaded and directed, the gunners, with lanyards in hand, awaiting the signal.

The great redoubt loomed high above all other points on the Rebel centre, and was distinctly visible to the officers and men of the Seventeenth Corps, and could also be seen from many points along the fronts of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Corps. As the hour set for the explosion drew near, the silence became oppressive, almost painful. The eye of every soldier in the besieging army was fixed intently upon Fort Hill, or in that direction. Even the Rebel army seemed conscious that something startling was about to occur, but little dreamed

of what was actually coming. Hundreds of Rebel infantry peered over the line of rifle-pits, as if to unravel the mystery. 3.30 P. M. was the appointed hour,—only thirty seconds more! It seemed an age. The cannoniers stood to their pieces; sharpshooters cocked their rifles and settled into easy positions for good shots, with finger on trigger and eye glancing down the sights; cartridge-boxes were shifted to the front, and muskets were grasped with firm hands all along the line.

I looked at Hickenlooper. He was leaning carelessly against the base of Coon Skin Tower, with his eyes intently fixed upon the hands of his watch. His face was white, and there was an anxious expression about his eyes; but I never saw him cooler or more self-possessed. His reputation with that army was at stake, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. What if it should fail? Three seconds more,—tick! tick! tick! Then the huge fort, guns, caissons, and Rebel troops inside the curtain were lifted up high into the air; a glimmer, and then a gleam of light—a flash—a trembling of the ground beneath our feet, and great clouds of dense black smoke puffed up from the crater of the mine, like jets from a geyser! The next instant, a sheet of flame eight miles long burst out along our lines from flank to flank, and two hundred guns opened fire on the works of the doomed city. What a glorious sight! It makes the blood fairly dance through my veins now to think of it. How the shot and shell poured over the parapet of the enemy's forts and lines of intrenchments, and ricochetted over and through the city! How magnificently and heroically those superb regiments of Leggett's brigade, Logan's division, the Thirty-first and Forty-fifth Illinois Infantry, stood up against the death-dealing bullets of the enemy, and took possession of and held the crater of the exploded mine! It was a forlorn hope, and everybody knew it; but these splendid regiments claimed the honor of making the attempt to carry

the line by assault upon the explosion of the mine, as Fort Hill was directly in front of the positions occupied by them in the intrenched line of battle.

The explosion failed to make a breach in the main line. It has been claimed that the enemy knew of the construction of this mine, or suspected that our troops would attempt something of the kind, and therefore built a new line for the infantry in rear of the fort. Be that as it may, the fort was manned by a considerable number of Rebel soldiers, who were hurled into the air, and two or three of them came down alive inside the Federal lines. A negro was thrown up to a great height, with a huge mass of earth, and came down near Coon Skin Tower. Captain Steele, one of General McPherson's aides, ran quickly to him and raised him from the ground. He was somewhat bruised and badly shaken up by his rapid transit from the Rebel lines ; blood trickled down his forehead from an ugly cut in his head, and his body was smeared with mud. He trembled violently, and was evidently very much frightened. Captain Steele, as he picked the old negro up, asked him how high in the air he thought he was thrown by the explosion. A smile crept over the old darkey's face as he replied, "Dis chile dunno, Massa, but he tinks about free mile." The negro recovered from his injuries, and was for a long time a servant at General Logan's headquarters.

The crater of the mine was cone-shaped, and very much exposed. Sharpshooters at high and commanding points fired into it with deadly accuracy. The enemy, from the new line in rear of the crater, being much higher than the position occupied by the Federal troops, threw over the parapet hand-grenades, and rolled down the embankment a great number of loaded shells, many of which exploded among our men with terrible effect. The cavity made by the explosion was not large enough to hold two regiments, and no formation whatever could be preserved. The men were crowded into this frightful

pit like sheep in a slaughter-pen. Flag after flag was planted on the outer face of the enemy's main line of works, but one after another was cut down, riddled by bullets, and torn to shreds. Colonel Melancthon Smith, the gallant commander of the Forty-fifth, was killed soon after gaining possession of the crater. All that afternoon and night, our troops held their ground. Soon after dark, General Logan drew out portions of the Thirty-first and Forty-fifth Illinois, and sent in the Fifty-sixth Illinois, commanded by Colonel Green B. Raum; and the most desperate efforts were made to hold the crater of the exploded mine. Major C. J. Stolbrand, chief of artillery of General Logan's division, remained in the crater most of the night; and the bravery and reckless daring displayed by him has rarely, if ever, been equalled. Many of the shells and feathered grenades thrown over the parapet by the enemy failed to explode at the instant. Stolbrand would pick them up and hurl them back, and a number of them exploded among the Rebel soldiers with dreadful results. Boxes of cartridges and light field ammunition were placed on the parapet by the Rebels, lighted with port fires, and then pushed and rolled down the embankment. Stolbrand in a number of instances stamped out the fires with his feet, or tore the fuses from the boxes with his hands, thus preventing the explosion and saving many lives. He faced death hundreds of times during that dreadful night, and how he escaped is beyond comprehension. Shells, hand-grenades, and field projectiles burst under his very feet and by his side. Bullets whistled past him, cutting his clothes and grazing his skin. His face, hands, and hair were powder-burnt, but he received no serious wound.

The crater was named by our soldiers "The Death Hole," and the name was significant and appropriate. The horrors of that night no pen can describe. Before daylight of the morning of the 26th the troops were withdrawn.

The month of June was past. July 2 came. The siege had now lasted forty-five days. The anniversary of American Independence was rapidly approaching. It was believed by all that Grant would order a general assault on the morning of July 4. The outlook from the Rebel standpoint must have been discouraging and distressing. The city of Vicksburg, with its garrison of over thirty thousand men, was surrounded,—shut in by a cordon of mortar-boats, ironclads, and a veteran army. Every approach by land or water was in possession of the Federal troops and commanded by Federal artillery, while forty thousand infantry and hundreds of heavy guns were thundering at the gates. Step by step, day by day, the Army of the Tennessee had crept forward by approach and sap and covered way, until, on the 2d of July, its lines were close against the Rebel fortifications. More than half the besieging army could be massed in order of battle within pistol-shot of the enemy's lines, without the loss of a man. The Rebels knew this, and dreaded the next assault. They had long since given up all hope of the siege being raised by Johnston's army. Quarter rations only were issued to the troops, and for many days mule-meat was the only meat to be had, and the men were glad to get even that. Starvation stared the Rebel garrison in the face. The hospitals were filled to overflowing with the sick, the wounded, and the dying. For forty-five days the men had been lying in the trenches, without being relieved for a single day, exposed to the scorching rays of the summer's sun, drenched by the rain, covered with filth, subsisting on scanty rations of the poorest quality, barefooted, ragged, worn and weak and suffering from their exposures and privations, their ammunition about expended, and supplies of every kind exhausted; yet this heroic garrison still held their forts and lines of rifle-pits, and defended their city with a gallantry worthy of a better cause.

The Rebel General Johnston was massing a large force

near the Big Black River, with the avowed intention of attacking Grant's rear. General Sherman, with his army of observation, was watching closely the movements of Johnston from the west bank of Black River. Sherman's command consisted of two divisions of General Parke's corps, Tuttle's division of his own corps, and McArthur's division (except Ransom's brigade) of the Seventeenth Corps, and Osterhaus's division of the Thirteenth Corps.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS GRANT AND PEMBERTON, AND THE SURRENDER AND OCCUPATION OF THE CITY.

The hour fixed by General Grant for the interview was three o'clock P. M., July 3. The rendezvous named was between the lines on General Logan's front and near the southernmost curtain of Fort Hill. Promptly at the hour named, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by Major-General James B. McPherson, Major-General E. O. C. Ord, Major-General A. J. Smith, Major-General John A. Logan, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Rawlins, Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Wilson, and myself, rode through the Federal intrenchments, halted, and dismounted near a large oak-tree which stood alone within easy pistol-shot of the Rebel line. The orderlies led the horses some distance to the rear, and the party patiently waited the arrival of Lieutenant-General Pemberton. The day was hot and sultry; heavy black clouds banked up the horizon to the south and west, and there were strong indications of a storm. Not a breath of air was stirring. From right to left, as far as the eye could see, white flags were planted upon the advanced lines of both armies; but the streamers clung lifelessly to the flag-staffs. The silence was oppressive. For the first time in forty-six days musket and cannon were idle. Near by and far away the works were swarming with men, who, for the first moment since the 18th of May, could stand erect and exposed

without the fear of instant death. Fifteen or twenty minutes passed, but the Rebel commander did not appear. General Grant was evidently annoyed at the delay, but said nothing. At length there was a commotion among the Rebel soldiers standing on the parapet, not two hundred feet from us ; they separated and fell back, and the Rebel commander rode out, followed by Colonel Montgomery, one of his aides, and Major-General Bowen, accompanied by their orderlies only. They halted within thirty feet of our party, and immediately dismounted. General Grant advanced a few paces, and stopped ; General Pemberton did the same ; but neither spoke, although they had known each other as young officers during the Mexican War. General Pemberton gave no sign of recognition, and seemed determined that Grant should be the first to speak ; but in this he was disappointed. The silence was extremely embarrassing ; but at length Colonel Montgomery, who had met General Grant the evening previous as the bearer of a flag of truce, stepped forward and formally introduced the two generals. His words were, "General Grant, this is General Pemberton." They advanced and shook hands. General Pemberton then said, in an insolent and overbearing manner : "What terms of capitulation do you propose to grant me ?" To which General Grant replied : "Those terms stated in my letter of this morning." Whereupon General Pemberton, in an excited manner, said : "I have been present at the capitulation of two cities in my life, and commissioners were appointed to settle the terms, and I believe it is always customary to appoint them. If this is all you have to offer, the conference may as well terminate, and hostilities be at once resumed." "Very well," said General Grant, in his usual cool and collected manner ; "I am quite content to have it so," and, turning quickly away, called for his horse. General Bowen, however, suggested that two or more of the officers retire and talk the matter over informally, and suggest such terms as they might think

proper for the consideration of Generals Grant and Pemberton. To this General Grant assented, but with the proviso that he should not be bound by any agreement of his subordinate officers. Generals McPherson and A. J. Smith, General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, separated from the party, and sat down to talk over the terms; while Grant and Pemberton went away by themselves, and likewise sat down on the slope of Fort Hill, near the Vicksburg and Jackson road. The conversation that passed between the parties could not be heard from the oak-tree. General Grant sat on Pemberton's right, and both were facing us. General Pemberton showed by his manner that he was laboring under great excitement; while Grant was, as usual, perfectly cool, and sat smoking his cigar and pulling up tufts of grass. Generals Grant and Pemberton were engaged in conversation about fifteen minutes, when they returned to the tree of rendezvous, and were soon joined by Generals McPherson, Smith, Bowen, and Colonel Montgomery.

The proposition made by the Rebel officers to Generals McPherson and Smith was, substantially, that the city of Vicksburg should be surrendered, with the heavy artillery, but that the Rebel army should be permitted to march out with its guns and field artillery, horses, wagons, and private baggage, and with colors flying,—in fact, with all the honors of war,—and be at liberty to resume hostilities the moment it crossed Black River. Of course General Grant promptly declined to entertain any such proposition, but agreed to send General Pemberton his final terms by ten o'clock that night. The interview then terminated, having lasted about an hour and a half. The armistice was to continue till that hour, or until their correspondence was at an end.

General Grant and the officers who accompanied him returned to their respective headquarters, and General Pemberton returned to Vicksburg.

The first communication sent by Pemberton, on the morning of July 3, was as follows:—

"I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view of arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen."

General Grant's reply was as follows :—

"Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

The foregoing letter was carried to General Pemberton by General Bowen, and General Grant also sent a verbal message to the effect that if Pemberton wished to see him personally, an interview could be had between the lines near Fort Hill, in McPherson's front, at three o'clock that afternoon.

Badeau says: "Grant returned to his quarters from the interview, and for the only time in his life held what might be called a council of war. He sent for all his corps and division generals on the city front, and received their opinions as to the terms which should be allowed to Pemberton. With one exception (General Steele) they suggested terms that Grant was unwilling to sanction, and their judgment was not accepted." General Grant,

however, wrote and forwarded to Pemberton the following letter :—

" In conformity with agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following propositions for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, etc. On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession, at 8 A. M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

General Pemberton submitted Grant's letter to a council of general officers, all of whom, except Baldwin, recommended acceptance of the propositions it contained ; and late at night, the following reply was made :—

" I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, proposing terms of capitulation for this garrison and post. In the main, your terms are accepted ; but in justice both to the honor and spirit of my troops, manifested in the defence of Vicksburg, I have to submit the following amendments, which, if acceded to by you, will perfect the agreement between us. At 10 o'clock A. M. to-morrow, I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take

possession. Officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

This was received after midnight. The answer was immediate, and in these words: —

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of July 3. The amendment proposed by you cannot be acceded to in full. It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which, with the completion of the roll of prisoners, will necessarily take some time. Again, I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations. The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening; that is, officers will be allowed their private baggage and side-arms, and mounted officers one horse each. If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten o'clock A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine o'clock A. M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly. Should these terms be accepted, white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified, from firing upon your men."

The following letter from Pemberton, in reply to the above, concluded the correspondence: —

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this day, and in reply to say that the terms proposed by you are accepted."

General McPherson remained at Grant's headquarters until the receipt of the above communication, about half-past two or three o'clock in the morning of July 4. Upon

his return to his own headquarters, he notified Colonel George Coolbaugh (volunteer aid) and myself that we could take our own headquarters flag (garrison flag), and raise it over the Vicksburg court-house as soon as the terms of capitulation were signed by Grant and Pember-ton, which would likely occur about ten o'clock. The flag was therefore rolled in a compact bundle and strapped to the cantle of the saddle of one of our orderlies, and two men from our escort company were directed to accompany us. A few minutes before ten o'clock, General Grant and his staff, and General McPherson and staff rode to the front, passed through our line of intrenchments fronting Fort Hill, and halted for a short time near the place where the interview between the two army commanders had occurred the day before. The sight that met our eyes was a grand one, and can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. General Badeau thus describes it: —

“ At ten o'clock of Saturday, the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of the lines it had defended so long, and stacked its arms in front of the conquerors. All along the Rebel works they poured out in gray, through the sally-ports and across the ditches, and laid down their colors, sometimes on the very spot where so many of the besiegers had laid down their lives ; and then, in sight of the national troops, who were standing on their own parapets, the Rebels returned inside the works, prisoners of war. Thirty-one thousand six hundred men were surrendered to Grant. Among these were two thousand one hundred and fifty-three officers, of whom fifteen were generals. One hundred and seventy-two cannon also fell into his hands.”

For a few minutes General Grant and the officers who accompanied him watched with intense interest the stack-ing of arms and planting of colors, and then rode through the Rebel line on the main Jackson road, followed by General Logan at the head of his division, which was to garrison the city.

Half a mile or more from the outer line of Rebel intrenchments, and on the right-hand side of the main road, General Pemberton and his prominent officers were waiting to receive General Grant. They were at the headquarters of one of the division commanders. The house was a quaint old-fashioned one, and sadly out of order; but the grounds surrounding it were lovely, and the approach from the main road was lined with shade-trees, rare shrubs, and flowers of great variety and beauty. The treatment of General Grant on this occasion was simply disgraceful. General Badeau describes it better than I possibly can, and I give his own words:—

“He went direct to one of the Rebel headquarters. There was no one to receive him, and he dismounted and entered the porch where Pemberton sat with his generals; they saluted Grant, but no one offered him a chair, though all had seats themselves. Neither the rank nor the reputation of their captor, nor the swords he had allowed them to wear, prompted them to this simple act of courtesy. Pemberton was especially sullen, both in conversation and behavior. Finally, for very shame, one of the Rebel officers offered a place to Grant. The day was hot and dusty; he was thirsty from his ride, and asked for a drink of water. They told him he could find it inside; and, no one showing him the way, he groped in a passage until he found a negro, who gave him the cup of cold water only, which his enemy had almost denied. When he returned, his seat had been taken, and he remained standing during the rest of the interview, which lasted about half an hour.”

I was present during the entire interview, and can bear testimony to the correctness of the above statement.

As the interview was about drawing to a close, General McPherson gave Coolbaugh and myself the signal to go in with the flag. We mounted our horses, which were close at hand, and, with the four men mentioned, galloped into the city some distance in advance of Logan's division. The streets were thronged with citizens and soldiers, who scowled upon us, and vile epithets came to

our ears from every side. As we turned the corner of a street near the court-house, on the sidewalk near the gate of a pretty cottage stood a young lady whom I subsequently knew very well. As our party passed her, she drew up her skirts slightly, as though she were being contaminated by our very presence, and sang out, with a strong nasal twang: "Yanks! Yanks! you think you're smart, don't you? Vicksburg is only a fair exchange for Washington."¹

As we reached the hill on which stood the Vicksburg court-house, we found it fairly surrounded and shut in by citizens and soldiers. Our advance on horseback was finally almost barred, although no hostile demonstration was made towards any one of our party, and, so far as we could see, none of the people about us were armed. Without doubt, many of them had side-arms, but none were displayed. Half way up the hill we dismounted; our flag was unstrapped from the saddle which bore it, and I took it into my possession. The two orderlies were left with the horses, and the two remaining cavalrymen, carbines in hand, accompanied Coolbaugh and myself to the court-house steps, and thence to the cupola.

The scene that burst upon us as we gained the great bell in the cupola, the highest point attainable, was indescribably beautiful. For a moment we forgot our mission, and were fairly wrapped up in the grand panorama which lay spread out before us.

At our feet lay the city of Vicksburg,—a magnificent plateau extending for four or five miles north and south by two and a half or three east and west. For forty-six days, shot and shell had been rained upon it from every direction. Houses, stores, and public buildings were riddled from foundation to coping; the shade trees were everywhere shorn of their branches and shattered to the

¹ The people in Vicksburg at this time had information, which they deemed reliable, that Washington had been captured by General Lee.

roots ; fences were destroyed, and the public streets up-torn. For days and weeks there had been no spot safe from solid shot and bursting shells, except the caves in the great bluffs near the river, and to these the entire population had been driven early in the siege. Daily the ill-fated fortress had been subjected to a frightful cannonade from our army and navy, often continuing for hours without cessation. Sometimes the guns opened fire at midnight, sometimes at dawn, and frequently at sunset. At an hour when least expected, the iron hail swept like a cyclone over and through the city. Men, women, and children were killed in the streets. No tongue can tell, no pen describe, the suffering and terror experienced by the citizens of Vicksburg.

The outline of the Rebel intrenchments which encircled the city, and a perfect labyrinth of bold bluffs and sharp ridges this side and beyond, were in view, clearly cut against the sky. Stretching away to the north and northeast, and beyond the Vicksburg hills, lay the Yazoo country,—one grand, never-ending landscape of forest trees. The eye searched in vain for something further on to relieve the monotony ; but there was nothing to be seen in that direction, save a broad expanse of dark green foliage. To the west, northwest, and southwest, lay the lovely country through which our army lately marched from Miliken's Bend to Hard Times Landing, its broad plantations at that time teeming with corn and cotton, but now, alas ! ruined and desolate. To the south, southeast, and east, lay the country over which our victorious army had marched from Bruinsburg, by way of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, and Champion Hills. At our feet, to the left, was the Mississippi. The ironclads and mortar boats could be distinctly seen two or three miles up the river, and lying near the Mississippi shore, and there were also a number of gunboats down the river.

For a moment we enjoyed the magnificent view, and then quickly made fast the flag by attaching the cords to

one of the pillars which supported the roof and weather-vane of the cupola. When it was firmly tied, I gathered it up in both hands, and, stepping to the railing, tossed it out vigorously into the wind which was blowing quite fresh from the northeast. It floated out grandly! I looked at my watch, and found it was a quarter past eleven. Hardly had the flag straightened in the breeze, when the gunboats and ironclads above and below swung into the channel of the river and made for the Vicksburg wharf, firing as they came, broadside after broadside. Soon the head of General Logan's column could be seen coming in on the main Jackson road, with bands playing and colors flying; and in a short time the city was in possession of the Federal troops.

The Forty-fifth Illinois infantry marched at the head of General Logan's division, and placed its battle-torn flag on the Vicksburg court-house.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, MINOR MILLIKIN.

By ALEXANDER C. McCLURG.

[Read June 13, 1890.]

THE profession of the soldier is usually looked upon by those who do not think very carefully, as having something cruel and almost wicked about it; and yet we are met by the fact that it has in all ages of the world drawn toward it some of the noblest, gentlest, and tenderest of natures. Such natures respond most quickly to the call of duty when their country is in danger. No love of bloodshed draws them, but a love of right and justice, and a high spirit of self-sacrifice.

This has been particularly true among the young, and Philip Sidney, of England, who died at the age of thirty-two on the field of Zutphen, is only a type of the generous and brave young natures who have rushed to arms to defend what they believed to be right, in all times.

It has been said that our War of the Rebellion was fought by boys; and it followed, as a matter of course, that many a brave and gallant young spirit laid down his life on our Southern battle-fields. Many of them were as gentle and as loving as they were strong, gallant, and brave. A genuine poet has said: —

“ The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

It is of one such that I will try to tell you the story, — a story which may well teach the boys of to-day how noble it is to be not only fearless and brave and heroic, but also truthful and honorable and gentle and loving.

It is the story of my boyhood friend and companion, — Minor Millikin.

I first saw Minor Millikin as I walked down the long path which led through the college campus, to what modestly called itself, not the University of Oxford, but Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio.

It was the first day of a new term, and many new students had arrived. It was raining hard. A rather tall, slender, and finely formed fellow, carrying an umbrella, strode along in front of me. He soon overtook another student walking in the rain without shelter, and, naturally enough, took him under his umbrella. They walked on together for a few minutes, when, to my surprise, the new recruit stepped out again into the rain, and the stalwart, supple fellow strode on as before, with his umbrella, but without a companion. The thing looked very odd, and naturally it puzzled me. I could not understand it.

That evening I met, in the room of a fellow-student, a merry, cheery-faced young fellow, full of life, vigor, and fun, in whom I at once recognized the hero of the umbrella. It was Minor Millikin. He easily and at once took his place as the marked and striking figure in the room. As soon as I had an opportunity I reminded him of the incident which had puzzled me in the morning, and asked an explanation. At first he could not remember it; but soon he burst into a hearty laugh, and said: "Oh, yes, I recollect the fellow. I did not know him, but I took him in out of the rain, of course; but directly he said so and so" (quoting some ignoble sentiment), "and I couldn't let a man walk under my umbrella who talked that way; so I told him to get out."

No little incident could have been more typical of Minor Millikin as I afterward learned to know him. Everything ignoble, everything base, common, or vulgar was not only distasteful to him, but it received his instant and emphatic condemnation. Policy never restrained him. He was outspoken and frank to a fault. Hence, his path

among his fellows was never the smoothest. He always had some battle on hand: he was always ready to fight for what he conceived to be right. He made many enemies; but he also made friends who would risk everything and do anything for him.

Of his early boyhood I know but little. It was spent among the gently rolling hills and the beautiful woods and fields of southern Ohio. His father was a retired lawyer, whose tastes led him to a rural life, and who owned a large and fertile farm about three miles from Hamilton, which, more than once, I am told, received the prize as the model farm of the State. The home was a capacious and a lovely one; and, while round about lay a beautiful landscape, within were refinement and culture, music and books. Minor loved books, but he loved even better the open air and the sunshine. He was almost reared on horseback, and was always, seemingly by nature, a superb horseman. From boyhood he was devoted to athletic sports, was a trained and skilful boxer, and, I believe, early won a belt offered at the Ohio State Fair for the best jumping.

One anecdote of his early boyhood aptly illustrates what sort of a boy he was,—an anecdote which an old man, who was once his teacher and who still lives in Hamilton, Ohio, delights to tell.

Back of the little country schoolhouse was a group of tall and slender young-hickory trees, which the boys, under Minor's lead, used to climb, bending them over to the ground. It was dangerous sport, and the master forbade it. The next day at recess a youngster rushed in with the shout, "Oh, master, Minor Millikin is up in a tree!" The master hurried out, and there, sure enough, not in a hickory-tree, but clear up in the top of an immense oak near by, and standing well out on a large limb, thirty feet from the ground, balancing himself with his arms in the air, stood Minor. When ordered down and called to account, his eye had a merry twinkle in it

that disarmed the master, as he said, "Why, master, you did not say anything about the *oak-tree*!"

In college, Minor was a good student and fond of his books, but never a remarkable scholar. Like many another promising fellow, he thought more of preparing an occasional essay, and of excelling in the college debating society, than of shining in the class-room. Efforts at oratory had for him a special attraction; and he very soon had a reputation as a speaker which we then thought presaged great things in later life. But in college, as always, he devoted constant attention to athletics. He was the best horseman, the finest jumper, the best and most fearless boxer, and withal an unrivalled master of the broadsword. So ardent was his passion for physical development and exercise that, as one of his professors recently reminded me, though he owned his own horse, he used frequently on Saturday afternoons to walk from the college to his father's home, a distance of thirteen miles, doing it in about three hours, always carefully timed by his watch, and returning in the same way on Monday morning. Such tramps were taken alone, for no one could keep up with him.

He was graduated when not yet twenty years of age. He went soon after to the Law School of Harvard University, Cambridge, and there he quickly became a leader of the Northern students in the controversies forced upon them by the aggressive Southerners. Later he spent some time in the law office of the Honorable Thomas Corwin, in Cincinnati, whose warm friendship he held until death.

So ardent and loving a nature as his could not long remain insensible to the charm of woman, and very soon after being admitted to the bar he married, while still very young, a lady to whom he had become engaged while in college. His marriage was a most fortunate and happy one, and it could easily be seen that the sorest trial in his military life was his separation from his dearly loved young wife and his home.

Just after his marriage he sailed with his wife to Europe. Few were better fitted to enjoy and to be benefited by such a trip. To wide reading, which had familiarized him with the scenes which he was to visit, he united the abounding health and life and the high spirits which befit the fortunate traveller. His young wife so matched him in these respects that they were constantly taken for brother and sister travelling together. Switzerland and other parts of the Continent were visited on foot, and every moment of the grand tour was thoroughly enjoyed ; while observation and reflection — both of which are constantly noticeable in his full and faithfully kept journal — gave him abundant material for future use.

He had never, I think, really contemplated devoting himself to the practice of law, but rather to a life of reading and study, with the thought of ultimately fitting himself for a career as a writer and speaker, possibly in the higher spheres of public life.

He bought a beautiful little farm lying close to his father's, and built upon it a pleasant and comfortable home, and there, when I visited him just before the war, I found him enjoying a life that for the time filled all his wants and desires. He was devoting himself to a little farming in a very comfortable way ; to the society of his wife, to whom he was as devoted as he was to a beautiful little boy who was now added to his household ; and he had set himself deliberately to a course of historical reading, and the study of political economy and international law, upon which he expected to spend several years. Meanwhile, he was writing a little, and occasionally delivering a lecture in some of the neighboring cities where a local reputation brought him invitations. In his journal, under date of July, 1859, we find the following : "That I have something of importance to do, and that I feel myself now quite disqualified to do it as I would, is certain. I believe I can make an orator of myself ; and to this I will grow, quite satisfied that if I prepare myself, a real occa-

sion for usefulness will arise." In other words, he was planning and entering upon a life of study and culture, satisfied that in due time it would, without particular concern on his part, bring him into usefulness, if not into prominence and fame. He was too active and hopeful, too capable and too thoroughly alive, not to be ambitious of well-won distinction. He was, almost of all the men I have known, the typical American; yet he was quietly devoting himself in retirement to letters, as men in England who were not unlike him had done long before,—such men as Walter Raleigh and Philip Sidney.

These were happy years, and life with him was developing in an almost ideal manner. He was willing and anxious to study, and willing and anxious to enjoy life as well. He was surrounded with friends, books, and music; need I add that his singularly attractive manners, his vivacious and merry disposition, and, most of all, the fascination of his talk, made him courted and flattered everywhere? To his many other accomplishments he united a passion for and a great facility in music. He was a skilful performer on the violin, the piano, the bugle, and the cornet. Can any one doubt that his home was an unusually happy one, and that these days of 1859 and 1860 were almost ideally perfect?

But into this quiet and beautiful life, as into so many other lives in that ill-starred time, soon came the great anxiety which every patriot was compelled to feel over the political situation of his country. His faithful diary shows his increasing uneasiness and solicitude. In December, 1860, he writes:—

"The great crisis looms up in terrible proportions daily. The South raves; the North stands firm, and tries to pacify. I fear, but I have great hope. I cannot believe anything serious will happen to the Union."

On April 17, 1861, we find this entry:—

"An indescribable thrill through the community. . . . As for myself, I feel as if a load was upon my heart. During the

day and in the night, while at work or in the midst of any gayety, at all times the thought, so new, so sudden, so terrible, so portentous, 'War is declared between the States of America,' sits heavily on my soul. I cannot grasp or comprehend it."

These were his thoughts and his words, and no one could doubt what his action would be. When his country was in danger, Minor Millikin could not long hesitate. Such hearts as his are born to be the champions of law, of justice, and of liberty. The fires that glow within them cannot brook inaction. His quick response to the call for men was inevitable, and it is not surprising that his next letter comes from a camp of three months' troops, already in the field. He says :—

"Immediately on the breaking out of the glorious feeling of devoted love to our troubled country, I started to help raise a company of dragoons."

He not only helped to raise the company, but he secured a large part of the horses, by paying for them or becoming responsible for their price. He was first a private, but was soon made lieutenant of the company, under Captain Birdsall, of Cincinnati; and soon after, on August 5, 1861, he writes from Clarksburg, Virginia :—

"A peremptory order from General McClellan brought us to Virginia, and we have been in most active service under him ever since. We have been scouting, escorting, carrying messages through the enemy's country, and driving about generally in the most breakneck and exhausting manner to man and beast. Our company has done the work which four ought to have done. We have been in six or eight skirmishes, and in the Battle of Rich Mountain."

He does not yet love his new profession, with all the discomforts that attended the early days of service, and he speaks of being "separated from all I love on earth except duty;" but immediately he adds :—

"As for the interest I take in this contest, I say nothing. I am pledged to see our country redressed, redeemed, and reunited. God bless us in all our efforts for law and right!"

Few could be more bitter in their denunciation of the men who organized the Rebellion, or of the men who engaged in it; yet immediately after the battle of Rich Mountain, this significant sentence appears in his diary:—

"My conversations with the prisoners revealed some strange things in others and in me. War is a great leveller of prejudices and softener of hearts. I feel as kindly to them, and I know they feel as kindly to me, as ever men did to each other anywhere."

After this promiscuous and breakneck service, the short-lived three months' company was mustered out of the service, on August 23, 1861; and of course Lieutenant Millikin with it. He went home determined at once to raise a company for the three years' service; but such good reports of him as an officer of high patriotism and great capacity had already reached the ears of Governor Dennison that Millikin found awaiting him at his home a commission as major of the First Ohio Cavalry, then mustering at Camp Chase, near Columbus. This commission, entirely unsought by himself or his friends, was a gratifying surprise. After a few days' rest at home, we find him in camp, with the new command, busy helping to discipline it and prepare it for efficient service in the field.

As an officer of cavalry, his old facility with the broadsword, now still more assiduously studied and practiced, stood him in good stead. His skill made him easily the leader, in this exercise, of all the officers of cavalry and infantry then in Camp Chase; and he greatly enjoyed instructing in the use of the broadsword a class of officers which was formed for that purpose. He used

frequently to throw himself into an attitude of defence and invite his pupils to attack him, saying: "Hit me if you can!" He used afterwards to say that no one gave him any considerable trouble except one large-framed, broad-shouldered colonel of infantry. This colonel, he said, possessed no skill, no science; but he was so much in earnest, and so vigorous, that it took sharp watching on the part of the instructor to prevent his guard being broken down. That vigorous colonel was James A. Garfield.

It need not be said that Major Millikin's whole heart and soul were in his work. The regiment was a fine one, and, being Ohio's first regiment of cavalry, it was easily filled with picked men. All was going well except one thing: the colonel of the regiment, a much older man than Millikin, and of the regular army, was a fine officer, but he had one very grave fault. Major Millikin bore with this fault until he thought forbearance no longer a virtue, and then he quietly wrote to the colonel a letter which began thus:—

"It is with extreme reluctance I bring myself to write this letter. In the beginning, I beg you to believe that nothing but the strong sense of duty, too long smothered by a desire to avoid even a suspicion of fault-finding or disaffection, now moves me to its composition. At last, thoroughly convinced of the necessity of acting on the convictions I have for weeks entertained, I shall no longer try to avoid any pain these convictions may bring.

"Your habits, Colonel Ransom, your intemperate excesses, are of such a character as to entirely negative my faith in and respect for your other good qualities. Since in command of this regiment, they have oftener than twice or thrice brought all your ability into contempt, all your nobleness into humiliation, all your dignity into ridicule."

He goes on:—

"Under the circumstances, I do not believe it my duty to serve under you. I believe it would be unjust to you, unjust

to my own character, unjust to those who love my life, unjust to the many lives under us, unjust to the great cause for which we fight. Either my colonel, or my colonel's habits, must be changed. I have only, then, to say that on a recurrence of your unfortunate habit, I, with other officers of the regiment, will prefer charges in such a way as will be effectual. I do not fear, Colonel Ransom, that you will find any touch of unkindness or disrespect in this. You are too generous for that."

And so this very remarkable letter goes on, until it ends:—

"With many misgivings, but with a firm faith in my honesty and your magnanimity, I subscribe myself, very faithfully,

Your friend,

MINOR MILLIKIN."

Of this letter, the historian of "Ohio in the War" says:—

"If any more manly and touching words were addressed by any subordinate to his superior during the war, I have failed to see them."

Colonel Ransom took the regiment into the field; but in January, 1862, his continued infirmity compelled his resignation,—a step regretted by no one more sincerely than by his frank and plain-spoken young major. Without consultation with him, Governor Dennison immediately promoted Millikin to the colonelcy of the regiment. It was a promotion that might well gratify his pride and soldierly ambition, and there is no doubt that it did gratify them; but, like most promotions of this kind, made over the heads of older men and senior officers, it gave its recipient much trouble. There were officers and men in the regiment who, though they admired Millikin, thought his promotion to the colonelcy unwise and unjust; but coming to him as it did, unsought, he thought it right to accept it. He had a long and, at times, bitter struggle with the opposition; but throughout this struggle he had

the firm support and the warm friendship of General George H. Thomas, then entering upon that career which afterward crowned him with such undying affection and such brilliant renown. Minor Millikin did not live to command the regiment many months, but he lived quite long enough to gain the affectionate admiration of every man under him.

It is not necessary to follow him closely during the eventful summer of 1862. Much of the time the regiment (as was so often the case with cavalry regiments) was scattered, one or two companies here, and others there, doing all sorts of duty; but during all the time, as opportunity offered, Millikin was drilling and disciplining it, and fitting it to be that effective instrument of war that a well-drilled regiment of cavalry should be.

While preparing to write this paper, I have corresponded with many officers of his regiment, and all unite in saying that there could be few finer sights than this young, dashing, handsome, and athletic officer at the head of his regiment. He was always superbly mounted, usually on "Archie," his own Ohio horse, which had been given him when a colt by his father, and which no one had ever mounted but himself; and his horsemanship was so perfect that man and horse moved as one. His mastery of the sabre was such that Colonel Lister, of the Thirty-first Ohio, who had been an officer in the British army, and before the war was a fencing-master in Cincinnati, has frequently said to me that Millikin was easily the finest swordsman in the Army of the Cumberland. We can well believe that his regiment soon learned to love him, and to feel absolute confidence when Colonel Millikin was at its head. He was developing into the ideal soldier; but whenever I met him in those exciting days, I found him always the same tender-hearted, delicate friend he had been in his boyish days. He had always time for a friendly thought, a friendly word, or a friendly act.

I shall never forget our meeting on the night before the battle of Perryville. I was then a captain in the Eighty-eighth Illinois infantry. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, our regiment, with the other regiments of the brigade, was toiling in suffocating heat along a road over which the dust-laden air hung like a cloud. We were to take position on a ridge supposed to be just in front of the Rebel line. The column was moving in absolute silence, for orders had been given that not a sound must be made, not even a tin cup must rattle against a bayonet. The men were too tired to talk, and the few orders were given in an undertone. As we toiled along in the dark, I thought I heard a voice ahead asking for Captain McClurg's company. I heard the inquiry repeated once or twice in a low tone as the column moved on, and then again just at my side. It was Minor's voice; and in a moment, with a strong, hearty grasp of the hand, he drew me to the side of the road, saying: "Aleck, I knew you were to come along this road, and I have been waiting an hour here for you. The whole army is without water to-night, and no one knows how soon we shall have any. I have had access to a spring at headquarters which will soon be dry; and here is a canteen of good, fresh water to keep you alive." It requires a soldier who has marched all day through heat and dust, without water, and has faced the prospect of lying through a hot night without a drop to quench his burning thirst, to appreciate what such thoughtful friendship means. I think our comrade, Lieutenant Boal, had, and appreciated, a drink of that precious water that night.

The dashing colonel of cavalry had not ceased to be the affectionate friend, nor could he cease to jot down in letters to his friends, or in his diary, as he went along, quick and graphic sketches of the curious or humorous scenes that so constantly occur in the soldier's life. Let me give one of them, from a letter written in Tennessee. He had been describing a time when anything like proper food was very scarce, and adds:—

"But I got some meat to-night. Hall told a darkey boy we wanted a ham, and after dark I heard a fellow inquiring for the colonel's quarters. I went out, and found the evening darkened by a chap with two hams and a shoulder. I brought him into the quartermaster's and adjutant's tent, and found one of the best-made men I ever saw, with an intelligent, cunning face. I paid him \$5.00 for the lot, in silver, and got into conversation. His name was Stevens.

"*Colonel.* Well, Stevens, how's your master now?

"*Stevens.* Hi ! Yah ! Don' get along very well dese yah times.

"*Col.* Why ?

"*S.* Kindah 'fraid, — 'fraid you fellahs ; and I blief he 'fraid me, — Yah !'

"*Col.* 'Fraid of *you*. What can *you* do ?

"*S.* He, — yah ! He tink I steal things 'un sell 'em.

"*Col.* Why, don't he keep everything locked, — whiskey, money, etc. ?

"*S.* Yes, sah, he put de blacksmith [lock and key] on 'dem.

"*Col.* Well, you get enough to eat and wear, don't you ?

"*S.* Yes, sah, most, — but I play de Jack on him sometimes.

"*Col.* What ?

"*S.* Plays de Jack on 'dat old boss of mine 'cazionly — He ! Yah-h-h !

"*Col.* Well, Stevens, you must play fair, — no luck in cheating, you know.

"*S.* Why, Massa Colonel, how you 'spose you get de hams dat way ?

"*Col.* What ?

"*S.* How you 'spose ? You tink Massa sell *you* dem hams dat way ?

"*Col.* Why not ?

"*S.* He, yah ! Good Lawd ! Good Lawd ! Nebber git dem hams for you fellahs for less dan five dollahs piece, — had to play my Jack on dem, — tell you — played my Jack on de boss, Stevens did. He, yah ! He, yah ! He, yah !

"*Col.* [After a roar all around.] Now, tell me what you did.

"*S.* Well, Massa had some gen'lem to supper, and I'm de

cook. Yes, sah, an' he tolle me to go git out a ham, and gin me the little blacksmith [key] to get 'em. 'Den I played my Jack, kase I jus' took out dese yeah, an' lay 'em way till I come ovah here to see my wife [house near by], and den I gets dat ar ole kind money fur 'em. [Satisfied expression of face.]

"*Col.* But, Stevens, ain't that stealing?"

"*S.* No, sah! [emphatically.] *No, sah! He done owe me more'n dem hams long ago,* and I know I nevah get pay any oder way, so I plays my Jack on him every time. Dat's *jestice.* Dat's *scriptur'*, you know. No, sah! dat ain't stealing. No, sah!"

"Need I here stop to say that we kept the hams, and when we eat them will ask no questions for conscience' sake."

The last day I spent with Minor was Christmas Day, 1862. He died December 31. I dined with him, at his camp near Nashville. An hour before the mid-day dinner, we strolled a little distance from his camp, and lay down on the bank of a creek near by. The day was mild and soft, and as we loitered there for an hour, Minor filled the air and the echoes with the splendid stirring music of the bugle. He told me how he had himself taught his buglers to give the proper dash and spirit to the calls; and he blew the stirring cavalry calls as I have seldom heard them given.

He told me about some matters that were troubling him, and how important it was that he should go North to attend to them. He said he had applied for a leave of absence, and hoped to get it. While we were at dinner, soon after, an orderly arrived and delivered an official envelope. He opened it, and was immediately as unrestrained and demonstrative as a boy. It was the hoped-for leave of absence; and he would start North the next morning. From that time he was the picture of life and hope, until, half an hour later, another official document was given him. I saw a change at once come over his face, but he said nothing.

"What's the matter, Minor?"

"Aleck, I can't go home."

"Why not?"

"This is an order for the regiment to move in the morning."

"Well, what of that? Your officers are present, and can take care of the regiment."

"Oh, this means fight, and the regiment has never gone into a fight without me."

I urged him to go on his leave of absence, knowing how his heart was set upon going, and how important it was to him; but I might as well have tried to move a mountain. He was a soldier, and he could not leave his post. That was the end of it.

He showed me a very fine sabre which his father had sent him as a Christmas present. It was a splendid weapon, of the finest metal and the best workmanship, but without ornament. "You see," he said, "this is for use, not show."

In the afternoon our horses were brought, and we took a long ride, during which we visited the beautiful Acklen Place, near Nashville. It was a fine afternoon, and Millikin was fully alive to the beauties around us; but in spite of everything, he seemed somewhat depressed. He talked of the Rebellion, and of the wickedness of those engaged in it, saying, with emphasis, "I never will surrender my sword to a rebel against this government."

We returned to Nashville, had supper together, parted — and I never saw him again.

Nearly every one knows something of the battle of Stone's River, which followed. The First Ohio Cavalry marched toward the front the next morning, with Colonel Millikin at its head, his leave of absence in his pocket. It moved in the advance upon the Franklin Pike. It was brigaded with the Third and Fourth Ohio Cavalry and the Second Tennessee. It is useless to tell of the part it took in the incessant skirmishes of the next four or five days.

On December 31, this Second Brigade of cavalry was on the extreme right of the army, — that is, on the right of Johnson's ill-fated division of infantry. In the sudden disaster of the morning, when this division fell back, the cavalry did its best to check the pursuing hosts; but it too was pressed back from one position to another, fighting as best it could. It is said, and probably with truth, that the regiments received no orders from the brigade commander during the day; and it seems certain that at least a part of the command, the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, joined itself voluntarily to Colonel Millikin's regiment and acted under him.

Finally, they had fallen back to near the Nashville Pike, and all were closely pressed. Just in their rear were the supply and ammunition trains of the army, and great masses of disorganized and demoralized men. The trains and everything seemed lost, without some desperate effort. Comprehending the situation, and not waiting for orders, but, on the contrary, sending Captain Fordyce of his regiment to the brigade commander to beg support, and at the same time sending orderlies to each of the other regiments with the same request, Colonel Millikin dashed to the head of his regiment, formed it in line, commanded "Draw sabre!" and "Charge!" Away went his little battalion, supported by a part of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, into the midst of a sea of victorious Rebel cavalry, infantry, and artillery. On like a whirlwind they swept for nearly a quarter of a mile, driving the enemy before them, but receiving none of the support for which the gallant leader had begged. At last, hemmed in on every side, and seeing further effort vain, he ordered his men about, and began the retreat. He himself, when his line had faced about, was, of course, in the rear of his men. Then and there took place the final struggle. Single-handed and alone, surrounded by Rebel cavalrymen, with his father's gift in his hand, — that sword that was intended for use, and not for show, — his splendid swords-

manship came into play. He defended himself against a host, was himself untouched, and had cut down and disabled three of his assailants. Unheeding the shout of his adjutant, Scott, who lay wounded on the ground near him, "For God's sake, Colonel, surrender; they'll kill you!" and acting on his resolve, "I will never surrender to a Rebel," his splendid skill and valor had nearly extricated him from the mêlée, when a pistol-shot struck him, and as gallant a soldier as ever drew sword for his country, in that war or in any other, lay dead upon the field. He had saved the trains of supplies and ammunition, and this secured the safety of the army.

In "Ohio in the War," Whitelaw Reid, who knew Millikin well, says of this charge: "The First Cavalry fell back from the field of its glory, where it had made one of the most heroic charges of the war, with saddened hearts, for, weltering in his life's blood, in the midst of the carnage, lay its young and gallant commander, Colonel Minor Millikin. Justice never lost a more faithful champion, nor his country a more promising genius or heroic son. Fame on the list of her favored ones has few younger, and no brighter names. Had Minor Millikin's life been spared — but we dare not say it! He lived long enough to die for his country; and who would or could ask a more glorious destiny?"

General Thomas, the idol of the Army of the Cumberland, who was always most temperate in the use of words, announced his fall to Colonel Millikin's father, in a touching letter, and adds: "It affords me the most sincere pleasure to express to you and to Mrs. Millikin my great confidence in him, both as a friend and as a brave, accomplished, and loyal officer, — one on whose judgment and discretion I placed the greatest reliance."

Colonel Millikin certainly had a strong premonition of his death in the approaching battle. A few days ago, at his old home, I was permitted to read a letter written by him two weeks before he fell. It was, clearly, written in

the face of death. Though addressed to his wife, it was not sent to her, but left among his papers, to be read after he was gone. In it tenderness and affection were expressed in a sublimity of eloquence that I have never seen anywhere else but in the pages of Dante's "Vita Nuova." Its words are far too touching and sacred to be quoted even here.

Only a few days before his death he wrote his will, and had it witnessed by two of his officers. In it was this explicit direction: "I wish to have placed over me a plain slab of native stone, inscribed with my name and the date of my death; let wild vines grow over my grave, and then forget that I am there."

There was a large boulder on his father's farm on which the little Minor had often played. This, with infinite labor, his father had placed over his grave. The side was smoothed, and his name and the date of his death were carved upon it. The wild vines were trained over it; but no friend of his has ever succeeded in forgetting that he is there.

Those who knew him well, and I among them, would claim that among all her heroes of all ages, history enrolls no purer, nobler, or more heroic soul, and few more attractive figures, than that of the Western American boy, MINOR MILLIKIN.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH,
OCTOBER 3 AND 4, 1862.

BY AUGUSTUS L. CHETTAIN.

[Read February 6, 1884.]

THE close of the year 1861 found the Union army generally inactive. A large number of battles had been fought, with various results. The people of the North were getting impatient and restless over the slow and uncertain progress made by our large and well-equipped army in suppressing the Rebellion. No decisive or important victory had been won in the West. The Confederates in west Kentucky and in middle and west Tennessee had been active and aggressive, and their movements had caused much annoyance to the Union forces. They had fortified themselves at Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, at Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River, and at Island Number Ten on the Mississippi River, thereby successfully barring the progress of our gunboats and transports into their territory.

On the opening of the year 1862, it was decided at Washington to remove the obstructions to the free navigation of these rivers; and to effect this, as a first step, an expedition was determined upon against Fort Henry. General Grant was placed in command, with General Charles F. Smith as second in rank. The result of this expedition, with the aid of our gunboat fleet, was the capture of Fort Henry, on the 7th of February. Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, was soon after invested by land and by water, and also captured. These important and brilliant victories sent a genuine thrill of joy throughout the Northern States. They were the first important successes gained by our Western army.

The next month (March), a more formidable expedition moved up the Tennessee River, under the same able commander, and Pittsburg Landing was selected as the base of operations. By the 1st of April a force of nearly forty thousand men was concentrated there. The Confederates had an army of over fifty thousand at Corinth, a point of great strategic importance, under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, the equal, if not the superior, of any general in the Confederate army. The Confederates, fearing the massing of so formidable a force at Pittsburg Landing, only twenty miles distant, and being aware of the advance of Buell's army, decided to attack before the arrival of the latter force. On the 6th and 7th of April, a hotly contested and bloody battle was fought, resulting in the defeat of the attacking party. The Confederate army fell back to Corinth.

General Grant, who had been in command during the operations just described, was now superseded by General Halleck. A movement on Corinth was at once commenced. By the middle of May a splendid army of over a hundred thousand men was investing Corinth. Probably no better equipped and disciplined army was ever seen on this continent. It was composed of the best brain, bone, and sinew of the West, under brave, able, and experienced commanders, such as Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Pope, Rosecrans, Logan, and Buell. On the 1st of June, Corinth was evacuated by the Confederates, giving to the Union army a barren victory.

Two months previous to the evacuation of Corinth, Island Number Ten had been captured, and our gun-boats and transports pushed down the river to Memphis, when, on the 6th of June, after a brilliant naval engagement, that place surrendered.

During the summer of 1862, Halleck's grand army was scattered, nearly one half moving eastward into middle Tennessee. General Halleck was ordered to Washington to supersede General McClellan, and General

Grant was reinstated as commander, with headquarters at Corinth. His army of less than fifty thousand men was scattered from Memphis, on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, to Tuscumbia, a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles. About the 1st of September, General Grant's headquarters were moved to Jackson, Tennessee. General Sherman was then in command of Memphis, with one division. Generals Ord and Hurlbut were at Bolivar, with ten thousand men, and a few thousands were with Grant at Jackson. The remainder of Grant's army, and Rosecrans' two divisions, were in and about Corinth and on the railroad to the eastward. During the latter part of the summer, Grant's army was so scattered that he had not been able at any time to take the active offensive against the enemy.

About the middle of September, General Price, with less than ten thousand men, had attacked Iuka, and, meeting a feeble resistance, easily captured it. He was then ostensibly on his way to join Bragg's army in Kentucky. Soon after, he was confronted and attacked by Union troops under Rosecrans, and a bloody engagement followed, ending in the defeat of Price, who hurriedly fell back towards Holly Springs, having lost nearly one fourth of his men in killed, wounded, and captured. At Holly Springs, Price was joined by General Van Dorn, whose army was composed mostly of trans-Mississippi troops. The combined forces numbered nearly forty thousand men. It was a brave, hardy, well-disciplined, determined, and hopeful body of men, commanded by the able Generals Van Dorn, Price, and Lovell. An offensive movement by these forces was at once decided upon. The route of march was northward to Pocahontas, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, on the west bank of the Hatchie River. The ultimate objective point of the movement was a matter of doubt to General Grant. On the 2d of October, however, the enemy's advance was discovered by scouts on the

Chewalla Road, some five miles west of Corinth. The entire Union force in and about Corinth, under General Rosecrans, was not over eighteen thousand effective men. The five divisions composing this force (four of infantry and one of cavalry) were commanded respectively by Generals Davies, McKean, Hamilton, and Stanley, and Colonel Mizner, of the regular army. The first two were of the Army of the Tennessee, and Hamilton and Stanley were of the Army of the Cumberland.

As soon as it was known that the Confederates were advancing from the west, Colonel Oliver, of McKean's division, with three regiments of infantry, was sent out on the Chewalla Road beyond the old Rebel earthworks, with orders to resist the enemy sufficiently to ascertain if he was advancing in force. On the morning of the 3d, Oliver was hotly pressed, and fell back to the earthworks two miles from Corinth, at the intersection of the Memphis railroad, on favorable ground for successful resistance; and here he was reinforced by McArthur's brigade. By this time it became clear that the enemy was in force, and General Rosecrans, at eight o'clock, sent out the whole of Davies's division and the remainder of McKean's division. Davies was placed on the right of McKean, in the old Rebel earthworks. This extended line was formed by General Rosecrans on account of the uncertainty as to where the enemy would strike, as all the ground southwest, west, and northwest from the town was equally favorable for attack. The enemy pressed McKean in large numbers and with vigor, and soon after attacked Davies. The position of the Union troops was naturally a strong one, and McKean resisted the enemy's attack with great obstinacy. Through a misconception of orders, or by inadvertence, Davies's left did not touch McKean's right by several hundred paces; and before the engagement had fairly begun on Davies's front, the enemy had passed through the gap and flanked his left. A retreat was rapidly made by both divisions, and a new line formed one thousand paces to the rear. In

the early part of the afternoon another change was made, and a new line formed on favorable ground half a mile from the town, on the edge of the timber, the right resting on the Columbus railroad. General Mower's brigade, of Stanley's division, was brought into line on the extreme right. At four o'clock, the enemy attacked in force with great energy, and a severe engagement of over half an hour followed. A movement by Hamilton's division on the enemy's left flank caused him to change his front ; firing ceased, and the battle closed for the day. The Union losses in this open field engagement were great, especially in officers ; Generals Oglesby, Hackleman, and Mower and Colonel Sweeney, commanding brigades, were wounded,— the first two mortally, as was then believed. Hackleman died the night succeeding ; and Oglesby, after suffering a hundred deaths, recovered, but never to take the field again.

It was at the close of this engagement that Van Dorn, flushed with his success, sent a despatch to Richmond announcing a great victory. The Southern historian, Pollard, says : " This announcement was made with an exultation so hasty and extreme that it is to be supposed that this commander was entirely unaware of the strength of the enemy's works, and consequently of the supreme trial which yet remained for the courage and devotion of his troops."

During the succeeding night, Rosecrans made a new disposition of his troops. McKean was placed on the left, at and near Battery Phillips ; Stanley on his right, in support of Batteries Williams and Robinett, his right resting on the Memphis Railroad ; Davies on the ground lying between Batteries Robinett and Powell ; Hamilton on the right, across the Hamburg road north of the town, with one brigade (Sullivan's) in reserve. This force of seventeen thousand men was therefore concentrated on the arc of a circle, around Corinth, a little less than two miles in length.

At daylight on the morning of the 4th, the enemy's artillery, less than half a mile distant, opened a terrific and destructive fire on the town. All the Union batteries, of heavy and light artillery, replied vigorously and effectively, and within an hour silenced the Confederates. At ten o'clock, the enemy, having completed his dispositions for a general assault, moved out of the timber in columns of regiments in echelon against our right and centre, and made a fierce and determined attack, Van Dorn directing the storming column against Battery Robinett and Davies's left, and Price against Battery Powell, Davies's right and Hamilton's left. Van Dorn's column moved with steady determination against Battery Robinett, and reached the redoubt, but was compelled to retreat in a shattered condition. Price's column, more fortunate, overwhelmed its opponents, captured Battery Powell and a large number of troops in a disorganized condition, forced its way into the town, and for a few minutes occupied General Halleck's old headquarters. The day seemed lost and defeat certain ; but a well-directed volley from Sullivan's brigade, and a few rounds of grape from Immell's battery of light artillery, checked the enemy's progress, and soon compelled him to fall back hurriedly and in confusion. Battery Powell was retaken, and its guns turned on Price's retreating and disorganized column. Price soon after ordered another full brigade to charge on Battery Powell. A splendid assault was made, but it was driven back before the destructive fire from Battery Powell, and the musketry of Davies's right and Hamilton's left. Price's defeat was complete.

Van Dorn, evidently deeply chagrined at Price's signal failure, called for volunteers to make another assault on Battery Robinett, the key of the Union position. A large brigade, under Colonel Rogers of Texas, responded. This gallant body of men moved forward steadily and unflinchingly, under a most deadly fire of

musketry, grape, and canister, from Battery Robinett until they reached the redoubt, which they scaled, entered, and held for a few minutes, when they were driven out at the point of the bayonet by a portion of Stanley's division. The few that remained of that heroic band, whose intrepid leader lay dead near the redoubt, sullenly retreated, and disappeared in the woods. Lovell, holding the Confederate right, seeing the general rout of the left and centre, declined to assault the Union left, as was intended, and withdrew in retreat, acting as rear-guard to Van Dorn's disorganized and fleeing army. Thus ended, by midday of the 4th of October, a most sanguinary battle, resulting in a decisive and glorious victory to the Union army. All honor to the brave men who participated in it! The loss to the Confederates in the two days' engagements was in killed fourteen hundred and twenty-three, in wounded about six thousand, and in prisoners twenty-two hundred and forty-eight, besides fourteen stands of colors and thirty-three hundred stands of arms. The Union loss was in killed three hundred and fifteen, in wounded eighteen hundred and twelve, and in missing two hundred and thirty-two.

I have in the foregoing brief sketch given the leading facts connected with one of the most hotly contested battles of the war in the West. There is no doubt the Confederates moved on Corinth confident of success. Their knowledge of our numerical strength and of the nature and extent of our defences, and their familiarity with every foot of ground in and about Corinth justified their sanguine expectations.

It was a matter of surprise to many officers at the time that a force was not sent out at once in pursuit of the routed and retreating enemy. It was ascertained by reconnoissance soon after the battle that he was in actual and hurried retreat, and General Grant was so informed; yet for some unexplained cause no pursuit was begun until daylight the next day. General McPherson arrived

from Jackson the afternoon of the 4th, with Colonel Lawler's brigade. General Grant, anticipating a victory, had given orders to General Rosecrans that in case of such a result he was to pursue vigorously, as Grant had ordered General Ord, with two divisions, to Pocahontas, on the west bank of the Hatchie, to strike the retreating enemy on his flank. General Rosecrans's tardy movement placed him twelve miles in Van Dorn's rear, when the latter confronted Ord's divisions and gave him battle. It is evident that had the order to pursue been promptly executed,—which could have been done on the afternoon of the 4th, with comparatively fresh troops, such as Lawler's, Buford's, and Sullivan's brigades, and a portion of the seven regiments of cavalry that had taken but little part in the battle,—and Rosecrans kept on the heels of this mass of confused and routed men, Van Dorn's army would have been again beaten, and dispersed in the woods and swamps of the Hatchie.

Every battle of any importance has peculiarities that mark it and distinguish it from other battles. The battle of Corinth was peculiar in several respects: First, in the great disparity in the number of the forces actually engaged; second, in the thorough knowledge the attacking party had of the ground held by his opponent; and last, in the completeness of the victory won by the Union forces. Had the Union army unfortunately suffered defeat in that battle, and had that important military post fallen into the hands of the Confederates, the loss to the Union cause in the West would have been incalculable. It is certain that the loss of Corinth would have meant the surrender to the Confederates of the territory in west Tennessee and in west Kentucky to the Ohio River,—a territory that had been gained by the expenditure of so much blood and treasure,—and the contending armies would have stood on almost the identical footing they had occupied a year and a half before.

General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says: "The effect of the battle of Corinth was great. It was indeed a decisive blow to the Confederates in the West, and changed the whole aspect of affairs in west Tennessee. From the timid defensive, we were at once able to assume the bold offensive."

A distinguished Union general, who was active and prominent in many of the great battles of the West, justly observes: "Upon the issue of that battle depended the possession of west Tennessee, and perhaps even the fate of operations in Kentucky."

Another gallant officer of the regular army, who was an active participant in that battle, writes: "I look upon the battle of Corinth as one of the most important victories in its results achieved during the late war. If we had been defeated, I think we would have been driven back to the Ohio River. Corinth was certainly one of the most important strategic points in that section of the country. The determined efforts of the enemy to get possession of it showed his appreciation of its value."

A brave officer who was in that battle, and who is now one of the most prominent men in the Northwest, recently wrote: "It is certain it was a hotly contested battle; it is equally certain the victory was complete,—that the line of operation and of communication of our army remained intact as before the battle; that the enemy, after a bold march and vigorous attack, retired utterly overwhelmed and dismayed. The commander-in-chief of our armies, and the country, felt that the victory was an important one, and officers and men, soldiers of all ranks and grades, received in the way then in vogue the hearty thanks of the nation over the result."

Another distinguished officer, now governor of one of the States of the Northwest, who took an active part in that battle, says: "It was certainly one of the most decisive battles, in its immediate results and in its effects

upon subsequent campaigns, of the early engagements of the war."

The Southern historian, Pollard, calls it "the great disaster which was to react on other theatres of the war, and cast the long shadow of misfortune upon the country of the West."

WITH SHERMAN'S CAVALRY.

By SMITH D. ATKINS.

[Read October 9, 1890.]

THE Ninety-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry was mustered into the service at Rockford, Illinois, September 4, 1862, and was ordered to Covington, Kentucky, where it reported to Major-General Gordon Granger. The regiment served with him until August 9, 1863, when it was mounted, and armed with the Spencer magazine metal-cartridge repeating-rifle, and attached to Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry. It remained with that famous brigade until April 4, 1864, when it was attached to a brigade of cavalry. The men believed that the order was issued so that those armed with the Spencer rifles might do all the fighting, and the cavalry get all the glory. They were mistaken; there was fighting and glory enough for all.

The regiment marched from Triana, Alabama, to Ringgold, Georgia, and became a part of Kilpatrick's division of cavalry. On May 13, 1864, the division moved out of Snake Creek Gap at daylight, with orders to take and hold the cross-roads west of Resaca, to enable the infantry columns to deploy on them. There was found a strong guard of Rebel infantry at the cross-roads; and when the Tenth Ohio Cavalry charged them, that regiment swung off to the left under fire; whereupon the Spencer regiment was dismounted, and sent forward to dislodge the enemy. The little brigadier commanding the division, always impatient and always brave, dashed ahead, riding into the thicket, and was shot by a Confederate not ten feet distant, the ball passing through his thigh.

The enemy was pushed back, and held until the infantry columns deployed and advanced upon Resaca.

Why Resaca was not captured and held by McPherson's corps, which had five days previously, unopposed, passed through Snake Creek Gap, effectually corking up Johnston's Confederate army, is a subject much discussed; the more the writer reads and hears about it, the less he knows.

Kilpatrick went home on furlough, and the division was assigned to the important and irksome duty of protecting the "cracker line."

After the fall of Atlanta, the division camped ten miles southwest of that city. Hood was active. On October 1, 1864, Kilpatrick marched westward to learn what Hood's activity meant. He soon struck the trail of the enemy, who, it was plain, was moving in force. On October 4, the enemy was found on the opposite bank of Powder River, about two miles from Powder Springs village; the long-range Spencer rifles soon drove him away. A bridge was made of pine-trees and rails; the Spencer regiment, dismounted, was crossed, and advanced in line, finding considerable opposition, to a house on a hill. A section of the Tenth Wisconsin Battery, Lieutenant Stetson, crossed the river and was placed in position at the house; two regiments of cavalry, mounted, also crossed the river and moved into line on the flanks of the dismounted regiment; but when ready to advance, a thunder-storm resembling a cloud-burst came up, and for two hours the troops waited for the storm to abate.

That morning the enemy had taken shelter around the house, and at Kilpatrick's order Stetson had trained his guns upon it from the opposite side of the river, and his shells had gone through it. When he had placed his guns by it he went into the house, and found a woman sitting in a chair slightly wounded in the head by a splinter, and her little child, also wounded, lay moaning in her lap. The woman was dazed with fright,

and speechless ; and when the lieutenant came out of the house, wiping the moisture from his eyes, he declared that his guns should never be aimed at a house again unless he knew that there were no women or children in it.

There was a sweet-potato patch by the house, and the sweet potatoes all came out of the ground. Good old Chaplain Cartwright, of the Ninety-second Illinois, was on his knees helping the sweet potatoes to come up, when the owner of the patch came out of the house, and, standing by the chaplain, said : " My last hope is gone,— my family will starve. I have nothing left, and I am a non-combatant,— I am a minister of the gospel." Chaplain Cartwright looked up at him from his kneeling posture, and replied, " Ah, brother, I am a minister of the gospel too."

The storm abated ; Stetson's guns flashed out ; the Spencer regiment advanced on foot, sweeping back the enemy down through the valley, and on up the hill close to Powder Springs village, when a heavy line of earthworks with head-logs confronted them, stretching far to the right and left. Hood's infantry was behind it. To advance was impossible ; to withdraw might be difficult. The mounted regiments were sent back toward the river ; the skirmish line of the Spencer regiment exchanged shots with the enemy behind their earth-works, while the regiment fell back in line as soon as the mounted regiments were gone. The bridge across Powder River had been swept away by the flood. Should the enemy discover the movement and advance in force, the little command on that side of the river would be crushed like an egg-shell. The building of a new bridge was begun, when the enemy opened fire apparently with twelve guns, dropping shells into the command near the bridge. Horses and men were killed, and it was plain that the work could not be prosecuted under such a fire. The writer does not hesitate to say that he did not know

what to do ; disaster appeared inevitable ; but Kilpatrick, as quick-witted as he was impatient, stood on a bald hill on the other side of the river where he could take in the entire situation, and his piping voice was heard, " Atkins, oh, Atkins ! " and, swinging my hat in token that I heard him, he continued, " Send your artillery out on that hill, and draw their fire." Stetson was placed on the hill with his section of ten-pound Parrots, and worked his guns with such success that he drew the entire fire of the Rebel artillery until the bridge was built and the command crossed. The display of a dismounted line of battle, with mounted regiments flanking it, and the free use of artillery, must have induced the enemy to think that there was a large force of all arms on his side of the river.

That night there were many amputations for the surgeons ; a large house was used for a hospital, and it was so full that not another patient could be taken into it. Private Haggart, Co. F, Ninety-second, was shot in the head about ten o'clock A. M., the musket-ball going through and through, and he was left with the dead until night, when one of the surgeons discovered warmth about the heart, and he was brought into the negro shanty used as brigade headquarters, and a pocket-handkerchief drawn through his head under the skull. Restoratives were applied, and in an hour he talked, and within ten days was again on duty. Poor fellow ! he died from his wound after the war.

The division was actively engaged scouting in all directions, until Sherman decided to cut loose from Atlanta. Kilpatrick's cavalry division was chosen to accompany Sherman, and lay at Marietta, Georgia, waiting for the start, foraging on a country in which there was little left, every wagon-load of corn costing a wound, or the life of a soldier. It was a sad sight to see the forage trains return with their wounded and dead upon their light loads of corn. The daily trading of men for

corn was the saddest service performed by the writer during the war.

On November 14, 1864, Sherman was ready for the start. Of course, the object of the cavalry was to screen, as far as possible, the movements of the army. The division, consisting of two brigades, pushed for Forsyth and Macon. On the 16th, the advance reached Jonesborough, capturing several prisoners, besides horses and forage. That evening, Lieutenant Cockley, A. A. D. C., Second Brigade, armed with only a sabre, riding about alone to examine the roads to establish pickets, suddenly confronted two mounted and armed "Rebs," and, drawing his sabre, shouted, "Come on, men!" charged them, and captured both.

Passing through Jonesborough the next morning, while many houses were burning, one large mansion was left undisturbed, on the porch of which sat several ladies; a Freemason's apron was pinned up against the side of the house, and that talismanic emblem gave them and their property complete protection.

At Lovejoy's, the old Rebel earthworks were occupied by the enemy, and Kilpatrick instantly charged them with the first brigade mounted, routed the enemy, capturing two pieces of artillery — the identical guns lost by Stoneman in his raid around Atlanta — and a squad of prisoners. The prisoners were mounted, and not heavily guarded; one made a dash for liberty and escaped into the thicket, when the remaining prisoners set up a shout of triumph, declaring that it was the Rebel General Wheeler who escaped. Whether it was or not, the writer never knew. A few miles farther south, the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel Sanderson, made a gallant charge, capturing thirty privates and three officers.

November 20, the division approached Macon, finding the enemy — Crew's brigade — about eight miles from the city. A trap was laid for them. About two hundred Spencer rifles, under Captain Becker, Ninety-second Illi-

nois, were concealed in the woods, a battalion of mounted cavalry being temptingly displayed to invite a charge; and on the enemy came, charging with a yell; but the concealed dismounted men with Spencers demoralized the "Rebs," and the cavalry charged in turn, scattering the Rebel brigade in all directions, like a covey of flushed partridges, leaving the road clear to Macon. Here Howell Cobb's militia were behind earthworks, and, being boldly charged by the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, they fled, leaving that regiment in possession of their works and nine pieces of heavy artillery. But a steadier line was back of Cobb's militia, and the Tenth Ohio, not without loss, withdrew. Our object, however, was attained: all the available Rebel forces in that vicinity were cooped up in Macon, determined to defend that city against an assault that Sherman never intended to make. Showing just force enough to keep the "Rebs" in their works, all hands fell upon the railroad east of Macon and destroyed it. After dark, the brigade withdrew about eight miles to the Clinton, Macon, and Milledgeville cross-roads, to care for the safety of the infantry trains moving on a road still farther to the east, while Sherman's army made the turn, and headed for Louisville, Georgia.

The Ninety-second was left on picket about three miles from Macon, strongly barricaded, at a place where two roads from Macon came together. In the morning, orders were sent for the regiment to withdraw; but Lieutenant-Colonel Van Buskirk desired to remain, as the enemy was preparing to charge, and he wished to give him a repulse. A column of "Rebs" was already well in rear of Colonel Van Buskirk's left flank, to gobble him up when he should retreat from the Rebel onslaught in front. The enemy soon came with a yell, charging headlong down both roads in front with mounted columns, riding boldly up to the barricade full of dismounted men, when the death-dealing Spencers, in the hands of old soldiers familiar with that kind of fighting, turned back the two charging

columns; and then Colonel Van Buskirk gave his attention to the "Rebs" in rear of his left flank, that were in danger of being gobbled themselves; and so severe was the enemy's repulse that he did not pursue, as the regiment fell back to the brigade. A prisoner afterward captured reported the Rebel loss at sixty-five killed in that repulse, with no loss in the Ninety-second, the enemy depending upon the sabre and the momentum of his mounted charging columns, while the Ninety-second, lying quietly close down behind their barricade, dismounted, relied confidently upon their repeating rifles.

The next day, November 22, the brigade joined the infantry; and while on the march witnessed from a hill, at some distance on Walcutt's right flank, the repulse given by Walcutt's brigade of infantry to the desperate charge of the Confederates under Cobb, who had come out from Macon. It would be difficult to find language of praise too extravagant for Walcutt and his command.

The cavalry had curtained the movements of Sherman's army on the right flank and on November 24 it crossed to the left flank to curtain that by demonstrating strongly against Augusta, with also another object in view,—to rescue, if possible, the Union soldiers confined at Millen. We marched through Milledgeville, the then capital of Georgia, the authorized advance of Sherman's army; but the "bummers" were ahead of us, and had driven the legislators out, and, with rare humor, had organized a burlesque legislature and brought Georgia back into the Union,—a story often told. "Bummers" they were, brave to recklessness, loving adventure, not wholly bad, and sometimes furnishing valuable information. The cavalry marched early on November 25, no enemy impeding, and they captured hundreds of horses. They continued the march unimpeded on the 26th; and early that evening, the Rebel cavalry assaulted our rear furiously, pushing the pickets inside the barricades, and keeping up the firing all night. The captured animals were a great incumbrance,

and, after each trooper had secured a good mount, over five hundred horses were killed by the Second Brigade. They were first inspected by the light of huge rail-fires; the older animals with harness-marks were reserved, and the others killed, by covering their heads with blankets and striking them between the ears with an axe. In the morning, over five hundred dead horses lay in ranks around the Georgia mansion used for brigade headquarters. The owner of the mansion appeared on the porch at daylight, and taking in the situation at a glance, he raised both hands, exclaiming, "My God, I will have to move away!" He was informed that he "had it down fine," as that was easier than removing the dead horses.

November 27, Murray's brigade took the advance, the Second Brigade holding the rear, Colonel Van Buskirk, of the Ninety-second Illinois, being in rear of the brigade, with one rifled cannon; the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, armed with Spencers, supporting the Ninety-second. The regiment dismounted, and lay concealed by willows that grew along a large creek, with an open field in rear; and when the mounted rear-guard of the First Brigade came over the field, crossed the creek, and rode away over the hill, the enemy in strong force came charging over the open field. The Ninety-second had long served in Wilder's brigade, and knew the advantage given them by their metal-cartridge repeating-rifles; they knew that no charging column had long continued in front of them, and, confident and quiet, waited for the enemy until he came within close range, then opened on him,—not one volley and a wait to reload, but a continuous volley that turned him back; then, quickly mounting, followed the column.

About ten A. M. the column turned squarely to the right, and the road was soon impeded by the troops that were slowly crossing a creek by twos, on a rickety old bridge below a flouring mill; the enemy was pressing

desperately, and, passing across the angle, was attacking the column in flank. A battalion of the Ninety-second on foot, with their repeating rifles, was deployed to protect the flank while the column slowly crossed the bridge; the rifled cannon and a company of Spencer rifles were stationed on a knoll beyond the mill and stream, concealed by a growth of thorn-brush and crab-apple trees. When the column was over, the mill and bridge were fired, and the mounted rear-guard passed over the hill. The enemy could not cross the creek at that point, and gathered in the open space about the burning mill, when the concealed cannon and Spencers opened upon them at short range. They then found a crossing farther up the creek, and it was not long before they were again attacking the rear with desperate courage. Their style of fighting was more dashing and desperate than usual, and it appeared certain that other troops than Wheeler's cavalry were following us. Desiring positive information, two half-breed Indians, soldiers in the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, dressed in the butternut clothing worn by the citizens generally and by the servants of the Rebel officers, were sent to a house in the woods, a mile from the road, with instructions to remain until the Rebel column came up, then mingle with the Rebel foragers, and ride through the Rebel column. They did it successfully, riding with Wheeler's escort, finding all of Wheeler's command, with two brigades under Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton from Richmond; then, starting out with the Rebel foragers, they pressed along through woods and fields to join the column, with the information. The reckless, dashing courage of the enemy in his persistent attack was explained. A note was sent to General Kilpatrick, at the head of the column, with the information, and a suggestion that we had better turn around and give them a square fight; but the jolly little brigadier replied: "Hold them steady, and keep well closed up. I am going to Millen, and don't want to fight, and shall not stop to

fight if all of Lee's army is after me." Desperate and continuous were the enemy's assaults all day. At dark, the rear passed through the burning town of Waynesborough, finding the First Brigade encamped behind strong barricades, upon which the enemy kept up a continuous fire all night long, but made no assault in force.

Kilpatrick had made a strong demonstration against Augusta, and had learned during the night that the Union prisoners at Millen had been removed, and on the morning of the 28th of November marched toward Louisville, Georgia, where the infantry columns were to rendezvous. General Kilpatrick in person held the rear, with the Ninth Michigan Cavalry from the Second Brigade, and the Eighth Indiana Cavalry from the First Brigade, both armed with Spencers. Early in the forenoon, he formed both regiments in good position to give the enemy a repulse; but they refused to assault, and with overwhelming force passed both flanks, and held the road in Kilpatrick's rear. News came to the head of the column that General Kilpatrick had been captured; but the "Rebs" only got his hat. With his Spencer regiments he turned upon the enemy in his rear, and came to his division, mad as a hornet, and sat down in the road with his two brigades strongly barricaded, and gave the enemy an opportunity to run over him. He dismounted his entire command, double-shotted his eight pieces of artillery with grape and canister, deployed a strong skirmish line well in front to induce the enemy to deploy, and when they came close up, with desperate courage, in full force, Kilpatrick opened from behind his barricades with his Spencers and artillery, and although the enemy bravely pressed forward they were broken and soon turned back. One of the Confederates, presumed to have been an officer, seemed determined to find out just what was in front of him, and, mounted on a beautiful white horse, with reckless courage rode up to within twenty paces of the barricade, glanced from right to left

along the line, when, turning to retreat, horse and rider were killed, and many a soldier wearing the army blue almost regretted to see so brave a foeman fall. A Rebel prisoner reported the enemy's loss in killed and wounded at three hundred; a major in General Howard's corps, who afterward marched by that plantation, reported that the Rebel cavalry buried two hundred of their dead there; and if that was true, their total loss must have been near five hundred. The Rebel cavalry had dogged Kilpatrick most persistently for two days, with many times the force Kilpatrick had, and probably concluded that because Kilpatrick did not choose to fight, he was afraid to fight. That repulse must have undeceived them.

On November 29, the cavalry joined the infantry at Louisville, Georgia, and waited a day or two for Sherman to tell them when to go again, and where. No one except General Sherman, and possibly a few generals under him, knew where we should "come out;" whether on the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic Ocean, or by making a bold dash at Richmond in the rear. And nobody cared. The confidence of Sherman's troops in their commander was absolute.

On December 1, 1864, at ten o'clock A. M., Baird's division of infantry and the cavalry division marched toward Augusta, the enemy apparently regarding that as Sherman's objective, the road to Augusta being held by Hampton and Wheeler. The infantry marched in the road, a regiment of infantry in line of battle on each side of the road, a brigade of cavalry in column on each side through woods and fields flanking the infantry. We were holding up a curtain so that the enemy might not know what our army was doing behind it; and it was a magnificent curtain, the entire force being frequently displayed in the open country as we marched leisurely along, with banners flying. The plan was successful; the enemy concentrated all his available forces in Augusta, leaving the road to Savannah clear.

On December 4, 1864, the cavalry, the Second Brigade leading, moved out alone to attack the Rebel cavalry under Wheeler and Hampton, at Waynesborough. Around a house on a knoll by the road-side the enemy had constructed a heavy rail barricade. The Ninety-second Illinois was dismounted, and moved toward it in line of battle. In a ravine, ten rods in front of the Rebel barricade, was a rail fence; a Rebel officer was distinctly seen and plainly heard as he rode along back of the barricade, urging his men to hold their fire until the Yanks came close up. Letting down the fence, the Ninety-second, in line of battle, each man with his Spencer rifle aimed at the top of the Rebel barricade, slowly and in silence approached it, and when about twenty paces from it, the enemy rose up to deliver his fire; but the Ninety-second was first to fire, and down behind the barricade the enemy dropped, few venturing to raise their heads above it again, and the Ninety-second steadily and silently marched over it, capturing eighty-seven of the enemy, who lay down close behind the barricade declining to join their comrades who retreated. The Ninth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel Hamilton, was ordered to push forward, mounted in column, on the left flank; the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel Heath, mounted on the right flank; and the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, Colonel George S. Acker, mounted in column in the road. But the road was obstructed by fallen trees, and the horses jumped them in single file, going slowly into line beyond the Ninety-second; and when only a battalion of the Ninth Michigan had formed, the enemy demonstrated as if he intended to charge; and following the maxim, "Meet a charge with a charge," the Ninth Michigan, or what there was of it in line, sprang forward. It was a trap for us, into which we immediately jumped, for we had not gone ten rods until the land dropped suddenly down into a deep ravine, where the enemy had another barricade full of men, who gave the Ninth Michigan a warm reception, and turned it back.

Lieutenant Smails, the adjutant of the Ninth Michigan, did not stop; his horse ran away with him, and he joined Wheeler's cavalry on a dead run. Wheeler accepted his word that he would not attempt to escape, and permitted him to ride to his headquarters, and eventually sent him back to his regiment, under promise to send to Wheeler an officer of equal rank in exchange. Gede Scott, the brigade color-bearer, was instantly killed in front of the enemy's barricade, the colors falling to the ground, and a Rebel major sprang forward to capture them; but when he took hold of one end of the flag-staff, Orderly Hiram Hayward took hold of the other. The Rebel major, armed with his sabre, demanded Hayward's surrender; but Hayward had his navy revolver, and "drawing a bead" on the major he invited him to "come along." The Rebel major did this, Hayward saving the brigade colors, and capturing him. The Ninth Ohio soon flanked the enemy's barricade, and he retreated. The Tenth Wisconsin battery, Captain Beebe, was brought up, and silenced the Rebel battery in the town of Waynesborough; the Ninety-second Illinois, dismounted, was advancing in line of battle, and the enemy was in full retreat toward and through the town, when Kilpatrick ordered the brigade to halt. The Rebel cavalry under Wheeler and Hampton, that had tried to run over Kilpatrick on November 28, and been repulsed, had here chosen its own ground, erected two separate barricades, one in rear at some distance from the other, and one of Kilpatrick's brigades, by a square assault in front, had driven them out. The Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel T. T. Heath, followed the enemy ten miles toward Augusta, and burned the bridge across Brier Creek, for which the colonel was worthily promoted.

The brigade turned to the right from Waynesborough down the right bank of the Savannah River, no enemy following for a couple of days; and when he did attack the rear-guard, it was not with vigor. Kilpatrick, with the First

Brigade, marched down the left bank of the Ogeechee River, thus covering the rear of Sherman's army as it approached Savannah.

During the first few days of the siege of Savannah, the Second Brigade picketed the rear. Kilpatrick, with the First Brigade, crossed to the right bank of the Ogeechee River, and, passing Fort McAlister, opened communication with the Federal fleet in Ossabaw Sound. General Sherman gave Kilpatrick a partial promise that his division of cavalry, dismounted, might assault Fort McAlister, and the Second Brigade was ordered up; but Sherman gave that honor to Hazen's division of infantry, and that general accomplished his task so gallantly that the cavalry dared not boast that they could have done it better.

We were entirely out of provisions, and as soon as King's Bridge was crossed, foraging details were made. The orderly of the brigade-commander captured a turkey, boiled it, and, setting it on the table, ran to the door of the house occupied by the brigade-commander to call him to supper, when some hungry soldier "sniped" the turkey from the table, and the brigade-commander went supperless to bed.

The cavalry "lived upon the country," between the Ogeechee and Altamaha rivers; everything — animals, grain, and provisions — was taken, and the plantations were stripped bare. One day, a lady wrote a note saying that she and her daughter were destitute, and asked to be provided with means to reach Savannah. An ambulance was sent, and they were brought to brigade headquarters. Apologies were made, at the supper-table, because there was no butter; but the colonel's servant, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, produced a crock of butter, whereupon the lady, in the most artless manner, remarked, "Why, Colonel, that is the very crock of butter that was stolen from my house this morning." The colonel with great dignity replied, "Ah, madam, partake of it freely; you know how good it is." The following unique note from the

exuberant little brigadier commanding the division was received : —

TAYLOR'S CREEK, GEORGIA.

COLONEL ATKINS, commanding Cavalry.

COLONEL, — I have heard from Colonel Jordan. He is doing well. Has been directed to push in to-morrow and form a junction on or beyond Taylor's Creek. I wish you to thoroughly scout the country, capturing all the horses and mules possible. Be bold. Times have wonderfully changed. One Yankee can run sixteen lousy Rebs. Is n't it funny? Keep your tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and farmers, poor cowardly devils from the North, constantly at work, and don't give the brave, chivalric, and magnanimous sons of the sunny South a chance to steal, cook, and eat ary a tater. I desire you to remain until Saturday morning. No news of importance.

Very respectfully yours,

J. KILPATRICK,
Brigadier-General.

The writer ventures a single comment on this campaign: Sherman's army necessarily "lived upon the country," in its march of over three hundred miles from Atlanta to Savannah. He had but two brigades of cavalry. The enemy was supplied with five times as many. The enemy, massing all his cavalry, attempted to overwhelm the two brigades of Sherman. Many of Sherman's cavalry regiments were armed with the Spencer repeating rifle, and had so great an advantage in that arm that ten times their number, armed as the enemy was, could not have overwhelmed them. It was a great mistake in the Rebel commanders. Had they broken up their cavalry into small parties to annoy the infantry foragers, they might have inflicted great suffering upon Sherman's army. Sherman's two brigades of cavalry induced the entire force of the enemy's cavalry to follow after them wherever they went, and the scattered infantry foragers were left unmolested to scour the country and gather provisions for the marching army.

The writer has endeavored to avoid boasting of the achievements of Sherman's cavalry on the march through Georgia. He will close with General Sherman's official letter to General Kilpatrick :—

HEAD QUARTERS, MIL. DIV., Miss.
IN THE FIELD, SAVANNAH, GA., Dec. 29, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, commanding Cavalry Division,
Army of Georgia.

GENERAL,—I have read with pleasure your report just received, as well as those of your brigade commanders. I beg to assure you that the operations of the cavalry under your command have been skilful and eminently successful. As you correctly state in your report, you handsomely feinted on Forsyth and Macon ; afterwards did all that was possible toward the rescue of our prisoners at Millen, which failed simply because the prisoners were not there. And I will here state that you may have it on my signature that you acted wisely and well in drawing back from Wheeler to Louisville, as I had instructed you not to risk your cavalry command. And subsequently, at Thomas Station, Waynesborough, and Brier Creek, you whipped a superior cavalry force, and took from Wheeler all chance of boasting over you. But the fact that to you, in a great measure, we owe the march of four strong infantry columns, with heavy trains and wagons, over three hundred miles, through the enemy's country, without the loss of a single wagon, and without the annoyance of cavalry dashes on our flanks, is honor enough for any cavalry commander.

I will retain your report for a few days, that I may, in my own report, use some of your statistics, and then will forward it to the War Department, when I will indorse your recommendations, and make such others as I may consider necessary and proper.

I am truly your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General commanding.

A COLORED BRIGADE IN THE CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

By HENRY V. FREEMAN.

[Read March 8, 1888.]

IN the summer of 1863 there was gathered together at Elk River Bridge, in Tennessee, on the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railway, a motley collection of men who had come to be known as "Contrabands." They were of all colors, ages, and sizes. Nearly all had been slaves. They still wore the dress,—or more properly, in many cases, the undress—of the plantation. There were rag-tag and bobtail; and this material was to be organized into what was afterwards known as the Twelfth Regiment, United States Colored Troops.

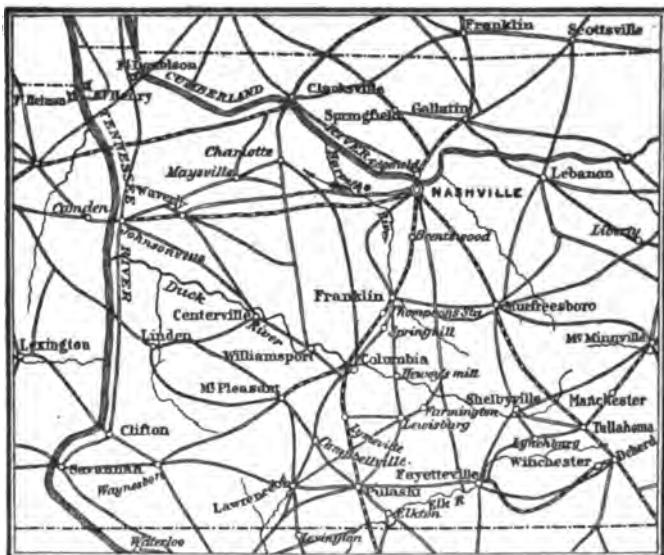
The officers of the regiment—all white men of course—had been appointed after examination by one of the boards established by the bureau, under the direction of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas and Major-General Casey. These examinations were rigid, and took a wide range, covering not only military tactics and drill, but outside topics as well. Only about one third of those appearing before the boards for examination passed. The result was that the officers of colored troops were often cultivated and trained men. General Casey says of them: "From my knowledge of the officers of white volunteers, gained by my duties connected with receiving and organizing in the city of Washington three hundred thousand of them, and also as a commander of a division in the Peninsula, I have no hesitation in saying that the officers of the colored regiments who passed the board, as a body, were superior to them physically, mentally, and morally." The officers of

the Twelfth were all veterans, and, with perhaps one or, at the most, two exceptions, subsequently proved to be thoroughly competent men for the positions to which they had been assigned. They would compare favorably, I think, with those of other regiments. Some were exceptionally good officers.

Reporting for duty at Elk River Bridge, the work of organizing the companies and welding them into a battalion at once proceeded. It was not at first a very inviting prospect. Not only was the material out of which the regiment was to be organized entirely unused to military life, but the habits and feelings engendered by slavery could not be immediately changed. Many of the men were literally clodhoppers, with no ideas of neatness or cleanliness. Some were lazy, having only one idea of liberty,—that it meant freedom from all work and care. But there was plenty of material to choose from. The best men were selected. Weeding-out processes were instituted, and before a great while military order began to grow out of former chaos. The men showed an aptitude for drill and military duties somewhat surprising, considering their antecedents. They were pleased with their guns, pleased with their uniforms, and impressed with their own importance as soldiers. From slavery to freedom was itself a grand transition; but to become Union soldiers was a still higher promotion, exceeding their most sanguine hopes,—a privilege estimated at its full value.

There was plenty of work. Drill was incessant. The whole regiment was at first an extremely awkward squad. But some of the men proved apt pupils. The more intelligent were soon able to assist in drilling their more awkward comrades. In what seems now a remarkably short space of time the men were making good progress in company and regimental drill, and were in a fair way to become soldiers, so far as drill and a knowledge of the routine of camp duties could make them such.

The necessities of the case threw upon the new regiment at the outset the responsibilities and duties of soldiers in an enemy's country. Elk River Bridge was a very important structure. The force left to guard it, aside from the new regiment, was small. Just at that time there were several raids of Rebel cavalry through that section of the country, intent upon destroying General Rosecrans's communications. Several times the little force at Elk River Bridge was threatened with attack.



The officers of colored regiments at this time had every incentive to do the utmost within their power to make their men good soldiers. Their own personal safety was dependent on the fighting qualities of their men, more than in white regiments. Immediately after the organization of the first regiment of colored troops, in the spring of 1862, an order was issued by the Rebel War Office declaring that officers connected with such organizations should be treated as outlaws. On January 12, 1863, the Confederate Congress enacted that "every white person, being

a commissioned officer, or acting as such, who, during the present war, shall command negroes and mulattoes in arms against the Confederate States, or shall arm, train, organize, or prepare negroes or mulattoes for military service against the Confederate States, or shall voluntarily aid them in any military enterprise, attack, or conflict, in such service, shall be deemed as inciting servile insurrection, and shall, if captured, be put to death or otherwise punished, at the discretion of the Court."

This was no idle threat. The Confederates meant to make this service hazardous. At Fort Pillow the Rebels, under command of Generals Forrest and Chalmers, massacred, after they had surrendered, nearly the whole garrison, consisting of about four hundred colored and white troops. They intended to prevent enlistment of colored troops by intimidation if they could.

In July, 1863, President Lincoln issued a retaliatory general order that "for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a Rebel soldier shall be executed." Yet in December, 1863, Jefferson Davis issued another proclamation to the same effect as the Act of the Confederate Congress before mentioned. It was in the spirit of these barbarous orders that colored troops and their officers who fell into Confederate hands were generally treated, whenever it could be done with impunity.

It is true, therefore, that the officers and men of colored regiments always felt that they were subjected to more than the legitimate hazards of war. Nevertheless, it was, I think, also true that this very additional element of hazard rendered the service more inviting to some at least of the men of the North, who loved liberty and hated slavery.

I may here add that the Twelfth United States Colored Troops did not lack abundant evidence of the extra hazard to which its officers were subject by reason of the color of its enlisted men. Three of its officers were murdered while prisoners of war. One, Lieutenant W. L. Clark, captured upon a railroad train, was made to kneel down, and

was shot in cold blood by his Rebel captors because he belonged to this colored regiment. Two others, Lieutenant and Quartermaster George Fitch and Lieutenant D. G. Cooke, accidentally captured after the Battle of Nashville in company with a captain of the Forty-fourth United States Colored Infantry, by a portion of Forrest's command, were led off, under pretence of being sent to that General's headquarters, and in a secluded ravine, without warning, shot down like so many dogs. Two of them were instantly killed; the third, with a bullet in his head, was left for dead, but subsequently recovered to tell the savage story. There was in the South a certain barbarism and ferocity, the outgrowth of slavery, which frequently found expression during the war, and which even since the war breaks out now and then in acts of outrage and violence unworthy of civilized men.

The work of making soldiers out of slaves was not, of course, immediately accomplished, no matter how great the incentive. It took time, patience, and hard work. But that the results were satisfactory, subsequent history sufficiently demonstrates. At the first, peculiar difficulties were encountered. The men, like some white soldiers, were superstitious. Near one part of the picket line at Elk River were the graves of several Rebel soldiers, killed in a skirmish a short time before. The ghosts of these departed Rebels frequently appeared to the pickets, who would persist, night after night, in shooting at these unsubstantial fabrics of their visions. The writer has a distinct personal recollection of this part of the line one dark night, when, as officer of the day, he inadvertently got on the wrong side of the picket line.

The men were very devotional. Some were preachers, and from the top of a barrel, for a pulpit, were in the habit of giving frequent specimens of that peculiar eloquence which used to arouse religious fervor in old plantation days. These services were accompanied with all the peculiar manifestations connected with slave worship.

Down in the company quarters, at first, it was not an uncommon thing to see a crowd of hearers worked into frenzy, here and there one dropping in a trance lifeless and rigid upon the ground, under the influence of some wild exhorter in language meaningless or unintelligible to Anglo-Saxon ears.

I have thus endeavored to give some idea of the organization and the kind of material out of which this colored regiment was formed. I propose now to tell, as briefly as may be, the story of the part which the Twelfth United States Colored Infantry, and the brigade with which it was connected, took in the campaign and battle of Nashville.

The brigade in question consisted of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and One Hundredth regiments of United States Colored Troops. It was commanded by Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Charles R. Thompson, of the Twelfth.

In November, 1864, these troops were guarding the Northwestern Railroad from Nashville to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee River,—an important line of supply to the Department of the Cumberland.

On November 28, 1864, the writer, then in command of a post on this line, received the following order, marked "Confidential and important:"—

The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding directs me to say to you to have your command in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and to report to headquarters the amount of ammunition on hand. It is reported that Hood is between Columbia and Pulaski, and that our forces are falling back. It is supposed we are to march to Clarksville.

Very respectfully,

J. A. DEMUTH,
Lieut. and Actg. Adj't.

Early on the morning of December 1, the expected orders were received, to hold the post until the last train from Johnsonville should pass. About noon, this train came along and sped away into Nashville, arriving just in time to escape capture by Hood's army, which was

then taking position to invest the city. Then the stores which could not be taken were destroyed, and the troops proceeded to the place before appointed for rendezvous. Six companies assembled that afternoon,— I think, about three hundred and fifty men. Nashville was only about twelve miles distant. All knew that a large Rebel force was in close proximity, but how near was uncomfortably uncertain. That night the weather, which had been mild and pleasant during the day, became colder, and it began to rain heavily. Without tents or fires, the troops bivouacked in a cornfield. About midnight, the writer was aroused from an exceedingly uncomfortable couch by an orderly. He found the officers assembling around a smouldering fire of corn-stalks, which gave just light sufficient to dimly see one another's faces. Beside it stood a man in citizen's dress, who proved to be a scout, with a despatch from General Thomas. He had left Nashville after dark, and reported that he had passed through the Rebel lines, and that ten thousand of Forrest's men were already between us and the rest of the army, only about twelve miles away. He brought orders to move directly to Nashville, if it could be reached before morning ; otherwise, to march to Clarksville, cross the river there, and proceed to Nashville on the north side of the Cumberland. A force of about three hundred and fifty men could scarcely expect to pass through a Rebel force of about ten thousand. It would be fortunate to get safely away in the other direction. The remaining companies of the regiment were not far off, and the rest of the brigade was on the march ; but this large Rebel force was considerably nearer. While still gathered around the smouldering fire, the camp was startled by the sound of rapid firing from the picket reserve on the turnpike leading to Nashville. It was soon over, but gave the by no means pleasing intimation that a Rebel scouting party had already found the detachment, and that a larger force might reasonably be expected, at least early in the morning.

The cheerless gloom and discomfort of the night were not enlivened by an apparently good prospect of capture, or worse. But, nevertheless, preparations were made to make it lively for visitors, if they came. The first gleam of misty dawn saw the detachment fording the cold waters of the Harpeth River, then rapidly rising, and already nearly impassable from the rain. All day, in rain and mud, and far into the night, the troops pushed forward before venturing to bivouac. During the forenoon communication was opened with the rest of the brigade, and that night all the detachments, including the brigade battery, were united, and matters looked brighter.

The next day but one, the Twelfth Infantry had the rear. Shortly after noon the column was within five or six miles of Clarksville. All felt safe from pursuit, and were perhaps a little careless. The rear company was in charge of a number of mules and horses picked up on the march, some of which the men had mounted without bridles or saddles. The rear-guard, a couple of mounted companies of the regiment, was at the time about a mile behind. The last three companies had just passed a cross-road which came through some timber near by, and the head of the regiment had disappeared around a strip of woods filled with underbrush. Suddenly, without any warning, came the rattle of carbines, the zip of bullets, and a squadron of Rebel cavalry charging down this cross-road upon the left. It was a complete surprise. Company B, with its frightened mules, dashed down the road, getting out of the way as rapidly as possible. But the other two companies stood their ground to a man. Not a sign of panic was visible. A rail fence happened to lie at right angles with the road. The two companies in question, Companies D and K, led by their captains, filed left and right on either side behind this fence, and opened fire on the Confederates, who were about to charge down the main road. The first volley of Company D brought down two horses, and emptied two Rebel saddles. The enemy

seemed to think they had made a mistake. The fire was returned, but without much effect. The place had become too hot for them, and they speedily withdrew down the cross-road by which they came. On our side one man only was wounded, owing doubtless to the fact that the enemy fired from moving horses. The whole affair was over before the rest of the regiment could more than form in line; but it furnished valuable evidence of reliability and coolness on the part of the men.

There being reason to suppose that the owner of a house on the cross-road near by had given the Rebels information and assistance in this attack, the rear-guard, when it came up, set fire to his house. The building was soon thoroughly ablaze, and the troops marched away, leaving the owner and his family standing by the roadside, gazing at the destruction of their home. It was hard treatment, but war is all cruelty; and in that part of the country, where the citizens not in the army were usually Rebel sympathizers, and often bushwhackers, it is to be feared that the quality of mercy was sometimes severely strained.

At Clarksville, gunboats lay in the river,—a welcome sight. Just before reaching Clarksville, Colonel Cooper's brigade of Schofield's corps, from Centreville, also cut off by Hood's advance, came up, *en route* for Nashville, like the rest. Crossing the river, the force pushed on to the city, marching on the north side of the Cumberland River.

On the 4th of December, General Hood's army had invested Nashville. His most advanced position on Montgomery Hill was within about six hundred yards of the centre of the National line.

Arriving at Nashville, Thompson's brigade of colored troops was placed in the left wing, under command of Major-General James B. Steedman. The right of the brigade rested on College Street, near the city graveyard. Colonel Morgan's brigade of colored troops were still further to the left, General Cruft's division of white troops intervening.

It was the 7th of December, 1864, when the brigade moved into this position on the southern edge of the city, near the Murfreesboro Pike and railroad. Two years before, some of us had marched down that same pike on the way to the battle-field of Stone River. Now on the surrounding hills Hood's Rebel army was at work on fortifications. The winter sunlight flashed back from Rebel musket and bayonet. The pickets were in close contact, and skirmishing was frequent.

On the night of December 8, a storm of freezing rain began, which rapidly covered the whole face of the country with a solid and slippery surface of ice. It was dangerous for men even to walk about the camp. Artillery and cavalry could not move at all. Horses were disabled by falling upon the icy ground. Meanwhile, General Grant was telegraphing General Thomas to attack at all hazards, without delay; but the latter, knowing the situation as General Grant in Virginia could not know it, declined to do so until the weather permitted. On December 11, the Twelfth Colored Regiment lost an officer and two men in a skirmish. On the night of December 12, orders came to be ready to move at six o'clock the next morning. The officers were quartered in a private residence. The writer slept that night on the floor in front of a fireplace beside Captain Robert Headen, a brave and cultivated man, a good soldier and good friend. It was the last night we spent together. The morning of the 13th came cold and icy as before. A general attack was clearly out of the question. But about noon the regiment was ordered to the front. Not far from the trenches it struck the Rebel skirmishers on the Rains' Place. Their pickets were driven in, and the fighting was warm and earnest. Captain Headen and the writer were with the reserve, standing together. The captain had returned from leave of absence at home only ten days before, and was telling some incidents of the visit, while watching the progress of the fight. In a short time he was ordered to reinforce the advance line

of skirmishers. Within five minutes he fell mortally wounded, and was carried off the field. He was unconscious as he was taken past, and we never saw him again.

The fight continued until dark. A number were killed and wounded. It seemed like a useless fight. Probably it was, in fact, useful. These repeated attacks on Hood's forces at this point, which seemed so unnecessary and fruitless at the time, may and probably did serve to give that general the impression that here was the point chosen by General Thomas for his chief assault, when the actual battle should begin.

That night before retiring to rest the writer sent a letter home, a sentence from which will illustrate the nature of the difficulties with which General Thomas and the Army of the Cumberland had then to contend. General Thomas was censured by General Grant, and has been censured since, for what his critics are pleased to call his "slowness" at this time. Those who were there know that it would have been impossible for the army to successfully attack at the time when General Grant ordered. The extract shows how the situation appeared to the writer at the time. "I supposed that daylight this morning would see . . . us trying to go up into . . . the Rebel works. We were under orders to move, and there seemed nowhere else . . . to go. But I could not believe it. . . . One can hardly walk on a level without slipping up, and to storm the Rebel works must have been perfect madness. We should almost have been compelled to stop and cut steps in the icy covering of the hillside to get up to them. . . . Skirmishing is tiresome work when you are on ice and cannot wear skates. I should have got along gayly *on skates* to-day."

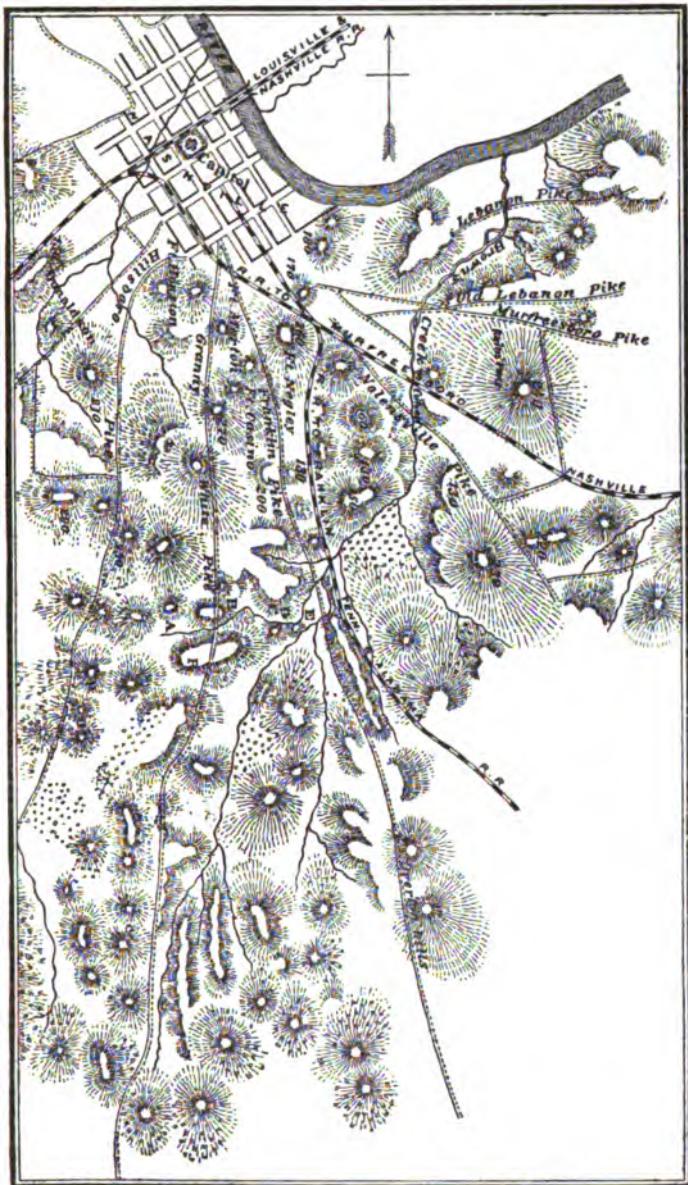
On the night of December 14, the officers of the Twelfth were roused after retiring by orders to be ready to move at six o'clock in the morning. All knew that this at length meant serious business. The weather had begun to moderate. The icy coating was melting from

the ground. It was evident we were to attack. At three o'clock that afternoon, December 14, Major-General Thomas had called together his corps commanders and announced the plan of battle. This plan appears very simple, when studied in view of its subsequent success; nevertheless, it has been considered worthy of careful examination by students of military tactics.

The plan intended that the main attack should be from the Union right against the Rebel left. General Steedman was to make a demonstration against the Rebel right which was expected to accomplish no more than to hold the enemy's attention and compel him to reinforce that part of his line at the expense of the remainder. General Steedman's attack, however, became more than a demonstration, and the plan succeeded admirably in all its details, under the direction of the master mind and genius of the admirable commander of the Army of the Cumberland, Major-General George H. Thomas.

That winter morning a heavy fog obscured the movements of the troops. Before six o'clock the brigade was in motion across Brown's Creek, between the Nolensville and Murfreesboro Pikes. Every one knew it could not go far in that direction without some one getting hurt. The direction of the movement brought the Twelfth Colored Infantry close to the Murfreesboro Railroad. Just at the edge of Brown's Creek, a small stream which there passes under the railroad, the regiment was halted until the troops on the left should get into position. Then, passing through a culvert and wheeling into line, we charged the works in front. The Thirteenth and One Hundredredth regiments then attacked and carried the left of the main line of the Rebel works resting on the Nolensville Pike, and held the position until the morning of the 16th. Some of the troops suffered severely in assaulting these fortified positions. The signal for this advance was the opening of a battery from Morgan's colored brigade on the left. The specific orders given to

NASHVILLE BATTLE-FIELD.



the captains of the companies in the Twelfth were, to take the rifle-pits in front and hold them at all hazards. Meanwhile, they were hidden, by the railroad embankment as well as by the slope of the hills, from Rebel observation.

At length, the roar of the signal cannon burst from the left. The companies entered the stream, there about two feet deep, waded through the culvert under the railroad, deployed, and moved up the steep hillside in front. On the top of the ridge they were at once exposed to the Rebel fire. I then thought, and still think, it probable that these troops that day received the first Rebel shot, and opened then and there the Battle of Nashville. In front were the Confederate rifle-pits. Beyond were the main works, probably not more than two hundred yards distant. From both these lines a heavy fire from infantry and artillery opened as soon as the men came in sight above the ridge. Not stopping to fire a gun in reply, they moved rapidly forward. As the colored troops drew near, the Confederates abandoned their rifle-pits, not choosing then to wait for close personal interviews with the dusky soldiers who, in slavery days, would have avoided even the frowns of the men they were now charging in battle. The tables were turned very decidedly.

The outer works were thus taken, and were to be held, according to orders, at all hazards. But they afforded almost no protection to the captors. The earth was thrown up so as to give protection to the Rebels, but was so slanted on their side as not to afford much protection *from* them. The fire from their main line was severe. Three or four heavy, partly hewn timbers had been placed one above the other just at this point. A few of the men very naturally sought shelter behind them. No sooner had they done so than a shell, glancing from the upper timbers, shook the whole pile in a very suggestive way. The Captain of Company D ordered his men away instantly. The order was obeyed with some hesitation. A moment

later, three or four shells seemed to strike all at once, and the whole pile came tumbling down in the place where just before the men had been. Meanwhile, a single gun from the brigade battery had followed at full gallop behind the charging line. But every horse was shot down, and the cannon partly dismounted before it could fire a shot. The dismounted piece lay there useless all the rest of the day. It was brave, but a useless exposure. The position was receiving the concentrated fire from a long range of the Rebel main line; there was no cover for the artillery, and a single gun could render no effective service in such a position.

The staying qualities of these colored troops were here well tested. It is doubtful if any men on that battle-field were placed in a more trying position than they were during the remainder of that day. The fire of the Rebel artillery was very annoying. Shells burst apparently just wherever it was desired they should. One shell exploded in a stump behind which an officer was for the moment sheltering himself, without doing him any injury. Special attentions were received also from sharpshooters by the officers, in addition to the general attentions lavishly bestowed upon the whole force alike.

Meantime, Morgan's brigade of colored troops of Steedman's division, which was on the left of Thompson's, made an attack upon the main intrenchment of the Rebel line. They gained a lodgment in the Confederate works, but were exposed to so severe a fire from General Hood's massed forces on their flank that General Steedman withdrew them. These attacks by Thompson's and Morgan's brigades of colored, and Grosvenor's brigade of white troops, completely deceived the Confederate general. Believing them the prelude to assault by a still larger force, he withdrew men from his centre and left, to strengthen what he supposed was the point of danger. This movement of the Confederates was clearly visible from the advanced position occupied by the Twelfth

Colored Infantry. Certainly it was no inconsiderable service rendered by these brigades, that they not only held the attention of the enemy's troops on that part of the line, but compelled General Hood also to weaken the left of his line for the purpose of reinforcing his right; thus enabling the right wing of the Union army to sweep grandly over the enemy's works, capturing position after position from the Confederates, with large numbers of prisoners and cannon, and with comparatively little loss. Some measure of the glorious success of that first day of battle was due to the bravery and skill of these colored troops in performance of the duty assigned them.

General Morgan, commanding the other colored brigade, in his report of this day's proceedings uses the following language :—

“ The general purpose indicated to me the night before had been accomplished. The enemy had been deceived, and, in expectation of a real advance upon the right, had detained his troops there while his left was being disastrously driven back.”

General Crutft, commanding a division under General Steedman, speaking in his report of Morgan's and Thompson's brigades, says : “ Their troops were disciplined, and behaved uniformly well. They are entitled to credit for demonstration of the problem that colored men can be made soldiers.”

The friendly curtain of night put an end to the first day's fighting. Spades were brought up, and the men set to work to fortify the position which they had held all day without fortifications.

Before dawn, it was discovered that the enemy had withdrawn from that part of the field. General Hood fell back some six miles, to his second line of fortifications; and General Steedman's divisions pressed forward before sunrise, in pursuit, connecting with the troops on his right. About the middle of the forenoon the Rebel skirmishers were met, and driven steadily back; and

early in the afternoon the division took position, connecting with the left of General Wood's (Fourth) corps, in front of a strongly fortified point known as Overton's Hill, which constituted the extreme right of the Confederate line.

It was probably their strongest position. The slope of the hill was obstructed by tree-tops. The approach was over a ploughed field, the heavy soil of which, clinging to the feet, greatly impeded progress. In front of the Twelfth Colored Regiment of Thompson's brigade was a thicket of trees and underbrush so dense as to be almost impenetrable, constituting a kind of wooded island, in the midst of the cornfield. This was found to be a serious obstacle later, and the method taken to avoid it proved unfortunate. After a delay of about an hour, the officers of the regiment were called together, and informed by General Thompson that the brigade was to assault the hill. As it was evident that the Twelfth could not get through the thicket of underbrush in its front, in line of battle, this regiment was massed in column by companies, right in front, and ordered to advance to the right of this obstruction, deploy as each company cleared the thicket, and double quick into line with the rest of the brigade, while the other regiments were moving to the assault. As I have said, the manœuvre was unfortunate. It would have been better, no doubt, had the Twelfth been moved to the left of this thicket, and allowed to advance in line with the rest of the brigade, from that position. The gap would not have been large enough to give the enemy any advantage, and the whole brigade could have mounted the Rebel breastworks at the same time. But under the plan adopted, the rear companies of the Twelfth were unable to catch up with the advance of the other regiments, or even with their own companies on the right; and instead of moving in straight, continuous line, this regiment came swinging around behind the rest, company after company, thereby

losing much of its momentum, the manœuvre taxing the strength of the men to no good purpose, and tending also to crowd them together slightly, in too close order as they wheeled into line. This proved a very serious misfortune, and I think is responsible chiefly for the failure of the first assault.

Meanwhile, General Wood, commanding the Fourth Corps, and General Steedman had placed five or six batteries in position, ready to open fire upon the hill towards which the assaulting column was directed, as soon as the movement should commence.

The arrangements for the assault were as follows : General Thompson's brigade on the left, and General Post's brigade of General Wood's corps on the right constituted the attacking force. They were supported by Colonel Morgan's brigade of colored troops, and Colonel Grosvenor's brigade of white troops.

There was now a brief lull for a few moments in the heavy firing on both sides. It was the calm preceding the storm. When everything was ready, one of the batteries gave the signal, and the troops moved to the assault. The supporting batteries at once opened over the heads of the advancing troops. Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon to rear of them, and last, but by no means least, cannon *in front* of them, volleyed and thundered. The roar was deafening. The air was filled with missiles. The brigade had not advanced fifty feet before it was smitten by the storm. A shell took a file of men from one company, burying itself in the ground at the feet of the company following. Men were falling on all sides. But the line moved straight forward without hesitation. The soft earth clinging to the shoes made every man's feet seem very heavy and hard to lift. On their way across the cornfield, the men fell very fast. A man in one of the companies staggered back and called out to his captain, "Captain, I am wounded ; what shall I do ?" He did not want his captain to think that he was

flinching. This was the universal spirit of the men. He was told to lie down. He died afterwards of his wounds.

The cornfield crossed, the line reached a low rail fence at the foot of the hill. Getting over that, we trod once more on a firmer footing of turf. But here were felled trees and other obstructions, which caught and held the weary men like flies in a spider's web. Most of the troops penetrated these and swept forward up the slope. A part of the Thirteenth Colored Infantry reached and mounted the Rebel rampart. But they were not properly supported by the other troops, for two reasons. Colonel Post had just been shot down, and his brigade of white troops, at that critical moment losing their commander, lacked just this sufficient impulse to carry them over the works. The Twelfth regiment, on the left of Thompson's brigade, having been obliged to deploy into line while advancing through the soft earth of the cornfield, had been unable to keep up with the Thirteenth, which had moved straight forward from the start, and it could not therefore reach the breastworks so soon. Furthermore, in coming into line the men of the Twelfth had crowded somewhat upon each other, and just when the tree-tops at the foot of the slope were reached, the order, "By the left flank," passed down the line. It was said afterwards that this order was given with the object of spreading the men out somewhat. They were so compact that every shot from the Rebel muskets and cannon was telling with fearful effect. But this order was a mistake. It produced hesitation just at the time when the men of the Thirteenth were mounting the Rebel breastworks. It was a time of all others when the attention of the soldiers should have been concentrated upon one object, and that object the Rebel batteries and breastworks in front. The order mentioned distracted attention, inspired hesitation and doubt, and prevented that final impulse which, I have no doubt myself, would have carried the brigade victoriously over the Rebel works. The result was, when

a portion of the Thirteenth mounted the breastworks by themselves, without the support of their comrades to the right and the left, the Rebel reserves rising up were able to give their undivided attention to them, and poured in so hot a fire as to mow down those on the works almost to a man. The others were obliged to fall back. I doubt if a man of those who actually mounted the intrenchments survived. The other men did not retreat in a body, but the assault was checked. While they hesitated, the decisive moment had passed. The success of that charge was no longer possible, and most of the men lay down in line on the slope of the hill, not far from the Rebel works, protecting themselves as best they might from the Confederate grape and canister.

It should be said that the tree-tops on the slope proved a most serious obstruction. It seemed as if the men were stuck in them almost hopelessly, or, as I have already said, like flies in a spider's web, while the Rebel grape-shot was mowing them down. Many who escaped serious wounds bore marks of the conflict. One officer, who had his naked sword in hand, holding it obliquely in front of his body, found it nearly doubled by a bullet which otherwise would certainly have gone through his lungs. Another had the tip of his sword scabbard shot away in his hand, while a piece of shell tore away a part of one of the tails of his overcoat. One captain, having got through the tree-tops, turned around to urge on his men. An orderly sergeant followed through the opening which the former had made, and turned around at the same time, facing the men who were struggling behind. A bullet lifted the cape of the captain's coat and penetrated the heart of the faithful orderly from behind. More than five hundred men of Thompson's colored brigade, consisting, as I have said, of the Twelfth, the Thirteenth, and One Hundredth Colored Infantry, fell in that one charge.

General J. D. Cox, in his account of the battle published in the Scribner series on the Civil War, says that

"the casualties in this assault were probably half of all that occurred in the battle," and that the loss of Thompson's brigade was fifty per cent more than any other on the field in the entire two days' battle. One hundred and fifteen officers and men of the Twelfth, two hundred and twenty-one of the Thirteenth, and nearly the same number of the One Hundredth, fell in that one charge. General Steedman says, in his report of the battle, speaking of the loss of his division :—

"The larger portion of this loss, amounting in the aggregate to fully twenty-five per cent of the men of my command, it will be observed, fell upon the colored troops. The serious loss of this part of my troops was in a daring charge on the enemy's left on Overton's Hill, on Friday afternoon. I was unable to discover that color made any difference in the fighting of my troops. All, white and black, did their duty as soldiers, and evinced bravery and resolution such as I have never seen excelled in any campaign of the war in which I have borne a part."

This attack promised success until the very moment of final issue. The leading men had already reached the parapet of the enemy, when they were met by such overwhelming numbers and exposed to so destructive a fire as to make it impossible to hold the works.

General Thompson, the brigade commander, uses the following language in his report :—

"The Thirteenth United States Colored Infantry pushed forward of the whole line, and mounted the parapet, but, having no support on the left, were forced to retreat. These troops were here for the first time under such a fire as veterans dread, and yet, side by side with veterans of Stone River, Missionary Ridge, and Atlanta, they assaulted probably the strongest works on the entire line, and, although not successful, vied with the old warriors in bravery, tenacity, and noble daring."

The failure of this assault, as we learn from Confederate sources, encouraged General Hood, for the moment, to

believe that he might be able successfully to resist General Thomas's attack, and that the tide was turning in his favor. But his exultation was short-lived. Almost immediately after this time General A. J. Smith's troops, on the right, successfully carried an important position in their front, while the cavalry on the extreme right flank of the Union army moved against the rear of the Rebel left. These successes were accompanied or immediately followed by a new charge along the whole line. The Rebels had already weakened their left in order to strengthen their troops on Overton's Hill. The colored troops, together with all Steedman's division and the entire Fourth Corps, swept forward, this time without repulse. The Confederate line gave way everywhere. The hill was captured, with its artillery, several stands of regimental colors, and a large number of Rebel prisoners. About five thousand prisoners, fifty-three pieces of artillery, twenty-five battle-flags, four Rebel generals, several brigade commanders, and thousands of small-arms were taken. Hood's army was destroyed. Its total loss in the campaign was over thirteen thousand prisoners, seventy battle-flags, and seventy-two cannon. That great Confederate army, which under Johnston had successfully resisted for more than three months Sherman's advance on Atlanta, ceased to exist as an army after this battle. And to General George H. Thomas, great as a man, great as a soldier, belongs the undying fame of the achievement.

It was evening when the victory was complete. A heavy rain fell all night. Pursuit was continued the next day. Thompson's brigade of colored troops, after reaching Franklin, were sent across the country to Murfreesboro, — a terrible march over bottomless roads. Thence, moving southward through Stevenson and Huntsville, Alabama, they crossed the Tennessee River, at Decatur, in face of an opposing force from Forrest's Rebel cavalry. They continued in pursuit as far as La Grange, Alabama, supporting Palmer's cavalry, which, on or about January 1, 1865,

ended the winter campaign by the capture and destruction of the Rebel pontoon-train among the mountains.

Who will say that men who fought and suffered as did these colored soldiers have not fairly earned for themselves and their race the freedom which the war gave them? Soldierly courage and self-devotion recognize no distinction of color or race. The colored soldier of the Union takes his stand by divine right side by side with all those who, in any age, have bravely fought and died for liberty.

WOMAN AND THE REBELLION.

By ALFRED T. ANDREAS.

[Read January 8, 1891.]

THE greatest disturbing element in the politics of the American Republic has been human slavery. It created sectional divisions and interests, led to bitter internal dissensions, and finally precipitated the most gigantic war the world has ever known,—a war which settled forever the only issue that has endangered the Union of these States.

In this great struggle women bore an important and essential part. They encouraged their dearest friends and nearest relatives to shoulder the musket; and it was through their inspiration that the most and the best of our young and middle-aged men left comfortable homes, congenial occupations, profitable mercantile and professional pursuits, and took upon themselves the privations and hazards of awful war.

While the soldier in the field was deprived of the conveniences of life, endured many hardships and at times great physical suffering, the women at home lived in a continual state of suspense, anxiety, and uncertainty, day and night, all those long years. The sleepless nights they endured, the tears they shed, their mental sufferings, form a chapter in that fearful war that is beyond the scope of the imagination to portray.

The present generation cannot comprehend how political differences and sectional strife in this now happy family of States could have advanced so far and reached such a stage as to bring about armed rebellion; or why, when a terrible and destructive civil war had begun,

some means were not devised to put a stop to its awful ravages. In this day of wonderful prosperity, when the differences between political parties is so slight; amid the busy hum of profitable trade, when the tiller of the soil reaps golden harvests; when the professions and the arts and sciences make such rapid strides between the rising and setting of every sun; when the world combines to make every day one of peace, happiness, and enjoyment; when self-interest, the accumulation of wealth, the desire for prominence, the quest of fashion and luxury, have full sway over the whole civilized world,—in times like these, it is absolutely impossible to comprehend that thirty years ago the reverse of the present conditions existed, and that gloom, depression, and stagnation prevailed in every section and every corner of this land.

Now a happy, contented people welcome the light of day, for all is peace and prosperity; but in those days of war, darkness only brought rest. All feared the rising of the sun, for every one trembled at what the day might bring forth. "Good news" signified that we had slain more of the enemy than they had of us, and bad news was that the reverse had occurred; but in either victory or defeat, the friends and relatives of the wounded were plunged in grief, and those of the killed were enshrouded in mourning, until there was scarcely a family in this broad land that some time during the war was not bowed down in deep sorrow over the loss of some one near and dear who had gone to the war with their blessing, but had found a soldier's grave.

In our creation, for a purpose we shall not know this side the grave, it was ordained that man should suffer, that disease and pain should follow him to the end, and that through wars should nations be purged of their social and political sins.

On this hypothesis, our war seemed a necessity.

The invention of the cotton gin, a hundred years ago, made slave labor valuable, causing the negro in the South

to be as oxen and horses in the North. When the great territories west of the Mississippi River were opened to the pioneer, the Northerner took to them his oxen and horses ; the Southerner, his mules and his slaves.

This great conflict was not only unequal, but unnatural ; and, as an inevitable consequence, border conflicts were continual, causing social and political dissensions over all the land.

The uncertainties and possibilities and probabilities of the period so paralyzed the business of the country that the peaceable North breathed a sigh of relief when the first Rebel gun boomed forth at Charleston harbor ; and hardly had its echo died away when the North sprang to arms, the peaceful avocations of life were cast aside, and in a day all was preparation for war. Drums beat from Maine to Kansas ; the cry was, Who can go ? Who will go ? and as the young, the middle-aged, the single, the married men faced southward, by their side were loving patriotic women bidding them farewell, and cheering them on 'mid smiles and tears, and tender words of hope and love.

There was nothing mercenary in those who responded to the call for volunteers, for ninety-five in every hundred could see only an enlisted man's pay and emoluments. A soldier's ration consisted of solid substantials, poorly cooked and badly served. He received thirteen dollars a month, and occasionally a monotonous, unbecoming, never-fitting suit of clothes.

No one could be so poor as to not have that much at home.

To-day our children ask us why we went voluntarily into that awful war ; and we cannot give what is to them a satisfactory answer. They cannot now feel as we then felt. They cannot imagine such conditions and such surroundings as existed in those days. They cannot see the beauties of the flag of their country, until enemies have trailed it in the dust and torn it into shreds. They can-

not know how patriotism sets one's soul on fire, until some armed foe is marching to destroy their government. In peace, patriotism has little significance; in war, it absorbs everything.

We did not enlist for gain, or for comforts, or for pleasure. Glory, if any, must come through great privations and hazards.

Our lot was cast in God's own country, and under the best form of government man had conceived. The only blot upon its good name was that human slavery existed within half its domain, and was cherished and protected by law; and when that institution struck at the very vitals of the government, every drop of patriotic blood that coursed through our veins boiled and seethed, until the quiet, humble, peaceful citizen left home comforts, friends, brothers, sisters, father, mother, children, wife, and everything that was the whole world to him, and put on the habiliments of war. The very atmosphere was charged with patriotism, and affected men and women alike.

At that time I was little more than a boy. Circumstances had drifted me into a little place in southern Illinois, some sixteen miles from any railroad, where I was getting a small salary for presiding over the rising generation of the neighborhood. In other words, I was a country school-teacher.

Several in that vicinity had the war-fever, and were determined to go at the first favorable opportunity,—I among them. Soon, we heard of a chance in a company that had gone under the first call, which was for three months. About half the members of this company had re-enlisted for three years more. We were wanted to take the places of those who had had enough of war in the two months they had already served.

Fourteen young men from our section enlisted as recruits. When the day for our departure arrived, we were escorted on our long drive to the station, where we were to join our company, by almost every one in the neighborhood. They came to see us off, and to say

adieu, as they thought, forever. There for the first time I saw those who were to be my associates in the trying times that were to follow. They were fine-looking, intelligent, mostly young fellows, and around all of them were anxious men and weeping women.

The parting was as painful as can be conceived. Sisters were clinging to brothers, mothers to sons, wives to husbands, maidens to their lovers. Some would not loosen their hold on their loved ones, others clung to the cars, while many gave vent to their feelings in pitiful moans. The train sped on amid deathly silence, and as I now remember my thoughts, they were that suddenly I had been transformed, that the world was vanishing behind me, and that I was entering a new life.

The close of the war found this company in North Carolina with Sherman's army, that had marched to the sea, and was making a "bee line" for Richmond. Four years of active service, during which we participated in nearly all the campaigns and battles of the Army of the Tennessee, had so depleted our ranks that few of the original one hundred and one of my company were left. Of the fourteen who had gone from our neighborhood, three had come home cripples, and three of us had survived the war unharmed. Of my pupils, two returned home, and five had been buried in Southern soil.

At a recent meeting of this order, General McClurg read an interesting and thrilling paper, entitled "An American Soldier."

It was of a young man he knew, named Minor Millikin, who, leaving a bride, a beautiful and happy home, and a lucrative profession, went into the army as a lieutenant, was promoted to be colonel, and at the head of his regiment, was killed at the battle of Stone's River.

Professor Swing, in speaking to me of him, said that Colonel Millikin had been a pupil of his in college, and that he knew him well, as he did also his wife.

Mr. Millikin wanted to go to the war, but had not the courage to suggest such a step to his young wife. She

knew by his actions that he was weighing his duty to her with that to his country; and seeing his ambition and his patriotism, she one day said, "Minor, you want to enter the army, don't you?" He answered that there was but one obstacle. "If it is I," she replied, "and you really want to go, you have my consent."

Then he said if she would promise, in case he did not come back to her, that she would not shed a tear or put on mourning, he would go.

And he went away, with an understanding between them that she was to be a brave woman, and he a brave man, "let come what may."

When the wires announced his death, Professor Swing, with the despatch in his hand, went to break the sad news to the bereaved wife. On reaching her home, without knocking, he entered. She was sitting in a chair in deep thought, but on seeing him, sprang to her feet, turned from him, and, waving her hand behind her, said in a firm voice, "Not a word! not a word!"

When General McClurg had finished, our commander, General Gresham, told of his hero.

When organizing his regiment, the Fifty-third Indiana, two brothers enlisted, aged eighteen and sixteen. One day their mother visited the camp and called upon Colonel Gresham. She said that she was a widow, teaching school to support her family. She was perfectly willing the elder son should go, but the younger, a mere boy, was not strong enough, she said, to stand the hardships he would be compelled to endure. The colonel left them to themselves for a time, and on his return found them all in tears. The mother said that her younger son was so enthusiastic for the service that she was willing he should go if Colonel Gresham would look after him, which, of course, he promised. After the unsuccessful attack on Kennesaw Mountain, General Gresham rode to the right of his division, where his old regiment had fought, and there saw this younger brother being carried off the field mortally wounded in the chest. The boy

motioning that he wanted to talk with the general, he was laid down at the foot of a tree. He referred to his mother's visit to the camp at New Albany, and, saying that he knew he must die, requested the general to write her that his last thoughts were of her and his country; that he had not forgotten her advice and had endeavored to do his duty, and that many better than he had died for their country. As his breath was becoming very short, he took from his blouse-pocket a small Testament which his mother had given him, and in doing so stained it with his own warm blood, and in low, almost inaudible words, requested that it be sent to his mother.

Then we all thought of heroes we had known, for our war developed thousands of them.

The story of one I knew seems suitable on this occasion:—

Among the many who were at the station on the day of our departure for the war, I noticed particularly a handsome, bright young fellow, with — as I supposed — his mother and sister clinging to him and sobbing aloud. I thought that mother's boy should stay at home. He looked so mild and gentle, and appeared so young, that it seemed being a soldier would be contrary to his nature and farthest from his thoughts. As he parted from them, an elderly man caught the young girl in his arms and carried her away.

This boy's name was Levi P. Ambrose. A few days after, while talking with him about our departure from home, and the many sorrowful scenes, I remarked that I had noticed how grieved his mother and sister were at parting from him. "Why," said he, "that girl is my wife." Then he gave me substantially the following interesting story:—

The company had been raised in that vicinity, and had come home after being over two months at the front. They paraded the streets and drilled every day, which aroused the patriotic impulses of the citizens so that the soldiers and those who were going to join them were the

heroes of the hour. The girl I had supposed to be his sister had been his schoolmate ; and a childish understanding had existed between them that when old enough they would become man and wife.

Wednesday was set for the departure of the company. The Sunday previous, while they were looking at the company manoeuvring, she expressed great admiration for those brave fellows who were going to take their chances in actual war, and made the remark that were she a man she would go with them, which made him somewhat envious, for he naturally wanted all her admiration bestowed upon himself. He replied that he was almost a man, and if they would take him he would go.

That evening he called upon her, and said he had his mother's consent, and would join the company next day, if she would promise him she would not admire any other during his absence. She replied that she would scarcely look on one, if he would gratify one sacred wish she would make known to him, after he had become a soldier.

The next day he informed her that he was bound to his country for three long years, or during the war.

She said, "Levi, are you really going?" "Yes, my name is down, and I shall go day after to-morrow."

"Then," said she, "my wish is this : I want to follow you with my whole heart, my whole soul, all through your hardships and dangers,— more than I can if I am only your little Mary ; and to-morrow won't you make me your loving wife? Then if anything happens to you I can go to you ; if you are maimed you will be more precious to me, and if you die your body will be mine, and your memory will fill my life."

And they were married the night before he started for the war. He was made fifer, and the surviving officers of my regiment will remember the handsome little fifer of Company G.

At the battle of Corinth, we were stationed in a fort which the Confederates carried by storm ; but at the bottom of the little hill our officers rallied the men, and

while so doing the captain of our company received a minie ball in the middle of his forehead and dropped dead. As we rushed up the hill and re-took the fort, I saw our young fifer lying on the ground with a badly shattered leg, caused by the bursting of a shell. My first thought was of his bride. As his eyes caught mine, he said that he was badly wounded, and asked me not to leave him. Procuring assistance, I had him carried a little way to the rear, where our surgeon, without hesitation, said his leg must come off. Levi looked up, and said gently, "Must it be done?" During the few minutes of preparations for the amputation of his limb, he whispered to me the last words he might say on earth,—words too sacred to be repeated.

It was the most pathetic scene in my whole army experience.

He did not think of himself, or of the loss of his leg, or of the pain he was to endure, or of the probabilities of his losing his life. His thoughts were all of her who was so far away, and of how broken-hearted she would be when she should hear that he was away down in Mississippi with a leg amputated, needing assistance, and she could not go to him. He was given anaesthetics, but could not be revived, and he died on the amputating table.

Many were killed, and as the troops followed the retreating enemy for several days, not enough were left behind to attend the wounded and properly bury the dead, which necessitated the burial of many in one grave.

It was a quiet, beautiful night when we buried those brave men, almost on the spot where they fell; and I can now vividly recall the mournful sound that came up from that grave as the stones and clods of earth fell on the loose pieces of cracker-boxes that covered them. And when my thoughts go back over the awful events of the war, that scene is among the first that comes to my mind, and with it the line,—

"We buried him darkly at dead of night."

A few weeks after, two ladies in deep mourning called upon me, and introduced themselves as the mother and wife of Levi P. Ambrose,—the wife holding in her hand a letter I had written her in regard to his death.

While we were walking to the spot where he fell, and to the grave, they said that a party of friends had permission from the military authorities to come to Corinth and disinter the remains of the captain of our company and take them home, and they had come along to take home also the body of their dear one.

When we reached the trench, and I was compelled to inform them that circumstances had forced us to make a common grave for all who fell here, the mother riveted her eyes upon me, and, with a voice full of pathos, said, “Why could you not have buried my dear boy by himself, as you would an officer, so we could also take him home, and bury him by the side of his father and sister, in our own little graveyard?”

The wife had passed beyond tears. Grief had exhausted them. She merely said, “I only wish I could lie down there by his side forever.”

You ladies who were not then born, or who were too young to have your hearts carried in a soldier’s bosom, cannot comprehend such heroism; but you who are old enough can,—you went through it all, and your thoughts must for the moment carry you back to those days when you were either young wives or bashful maidens, and these old men were, the most of them, beardless, awkward boys. They caught the infection of the hour; you smiled, they enlisted. That brave act made your hearts beat warm for them; for it is natural for women to admire and love brave, noble, self-sacrificing men. You shed tears over their departure, and your last words were a hope for a speedy and safe return, and a request that they should write to you.

Our principal pastime, when we first entered the army, was in corresponding with almost every one we had ever

known, and more especially with any young lady who had given us such permission.

In those days even the stationery was patriotic. The paper and envelopes were covered with pictures of camps, forts, cannon, sentinels, picket-fires, lines of battle, and the many incidents of a soldier's life; and over and around all, in bright colors, were the stars and stripes. The patriotic soldier, writing on patriotic paper to his patriotic girl, often allowed his enthusiasm to pen letters in keeping with his surroundings.

The following, which is a fair sample, is said to have been sent to a young Chicago girl:—

IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY,
4 A. M., June 30, 1861.

MY DEAR MISS SMITH,—A few minutes ago, just before daylight, our pickets were attacked; the long-roll beat. We formed into line of battle, and have advanced to the edge of a cornfield, across which we can distinctly hear the enemy making preparations to charge down upon us.

I remember my promise that in time of danger you should be in my mind; so on my cartridge-box, in the face of death, with my musket pointed toward the enemy, I am writing you these lines, and they may be my last on earth.

Yours, etc.,
— — —

P. S.—Later. It was a *false alarm*. The pickets shot a mule.

After a battle or two, girls did not get such letters.

We could hardly wait for our first march into the enemy's country; but the second was not in demand. We were impatient, and complained because we did not find a battle-field soon after crossing the Ohio or Potomac; but the first battle answered all purposes.

Soon the pleasant visions of war vanished, and the militia ideas of soldiering gave way to the practical duties of a soldier's severe life, constantly in the face of a brave, determined foe. The early bombast soon disappeared.

At first, one would hear and read continually about running from the enemy, or being shot in the back, and many similar expressions. But soon actual experience showed that to live to fight some other day it was often best to pay your adieu to the enemy, and that the necessary headway could not be made running backwards.

I once heard of an officer who saw a soldier running from his line just after the first volley had been fired.

He said, "Hey there! say, stop! what are you running for?"

"Because I can't fly."

An Irish soldier once gave a practical reason as to why he was not killed at the bloody battle of Bull Run.

A friend said to him, "Mike, were you in the battle of Bull Run?"

"Indade I was in the battle of Bull's Run."

"Did you run?"

"Begad, I did; and thems as did n't run are there yet."

Nearly all great calamities have in the end produced beneficial results. It is in the nature of things that the weak give way that the strong may be the stronger; that many must be swept from existence for the benefit of those who survive. Rivers of blood have flowed in order to bring about changes that bettered the social, religious, and political condition of the enslaved and downtrodden of past ages.

Passing over the numerous instances in history in proof of this theory, we have within our own recollections the wonderful prosperity of the civilized world during and following the Crimean, the Franco-Prussian, and the Russo-Turkish wars. Even the vanquished nations had unprecedented prosperity following the defeat and surrender of their armies, the enormous destruction of property, and the imposition of fabulous sums of money as war indemnities.

Following almost every sweeping epidemic in our large cities the survivors have shown almost superhuman

strength and energy, and, over the ruins of business and the graves of their townsmen, have in a few years so rebuilt that the calamity proved to be in the end a lasting benefit to their city and to those who survived.

Chicago was swept by flame in a few hours, leaving no business, and homes for but few ; yet who thinks for a moment that the Chicago of to-day could have ever existed, had it not been for the greatest destruction of property ever known, and by the greatest holocaust in the history of the world !

And so with our war. The most unnatural, the most destructive, the most stupendous this earth has ever known, it produced results that permeated and benefited every industry, every profession, and every civilized nation, and advanced us in a few years scores of years beyond what we could have been had the Southern Rebellion been again postponed for future generations to settle, as we settled it, by the sword, though at a cost of two billions of dollars and the loss of over a half-million lives.

To fill the gaps and ravages caused by the war was a great task, and man's powers, his energy, his genius, were set to work as they never were before. Man's brain will lie dormant, his muscle will be undeveloped, until something requires and demands their action ; and the more pressing the necessities of the hour, the greater the emergency, the better will his mind expand, his energies develop, his genius respond.

The greatest field ever offered the inventor, the artist, the business man, the professional man, the seeker of wealth, the aspirant for glory, was during and following the Rebellion. The people were depressed during the war ; but when peace came, there came with it great reaction. Every one was happy, and felt liberal. Money was plenty, though not valuable. The government was poor, but the people felt rich. The soldiers were back to their firesides, and the year of jubilee had surely come.

But what a contrast was there in the South! Surely, "she had sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind." She had compelled every man to enter her ranks. Few were too young, and none too old to carry a Confederate musket. As once was said, "They robbed the cradle and the grave to fill their depleted ranks."

When their armies surrendered, the old slave States were a social, a political, a financial wreck. One-half their male population had been crippled by Northern bullets, or had found death battling for a cause that must have fallen as man advanced in the line of humanity.

Their fields had grown to weeds, their live-stock was gone, their improvements were in ruins, tens of thousands of their buildings were in ashes, and their six million slaves were as free as the air they breathed.

No pen or tongue can describe the suffering and destitution of the Southern women. Proud, aristocratic, unaccustomed to work, always living in luxury, with slaves at their bidding, the war they incited as much as did the men came to their very doors, and hundreds of thousands of women and children either fell into the hands of their dreaded invaders, or were compelled to flee as our army advanced. Their loyalty and zeal to their cause has no parallel. The fire-eaters of the South kindled the fire that started the Rebellion, and the women kept it blazing hotly to the very close of the war.

When our armies had possession of their country, their cities, and towns, and even their homes, they never faltered in their devotion to their stars and bars. For years without male protectors, destitute, and sometimes nearly starving, they were always, and under all circumstances, female Rebels; true to their fathers, brothers, and lovers in the field.

And, whether right or wrong, they suffered as no intelligent women ever suffered before, and went through all the hardships and privations that woman can go through and live; and now, being sisters of whom we

are proud, we can at this time and for all time admire and praise them for their loyalty to what they believed to be their natural-born rights, and for their loyalty to those they encouraged to go battle for the perpetuity of slavery.

Who can but admire that chivalrous people, though they did precipitate a terrible war upon us? They thought their cause right; and none ever sacrificed so much and lost all, as did they in their struggle to establish, permanently and forever, slavery in the Southern States and Territories of this Union.

No people ever lost so much property, none ever sacrificed so many lives, none ever came so near annihilation; and yet, in the end, no people were ever so benefited by their defeat.

The greatest personal sufferers by the war were those who were the innocent cause of it,—the poor ignorant African slaves. Their ignorance and natural indolence made freedom a burden to them. In slavery they expected to work, and were compelled to work. In return, they generally had comfortable homes, and were furnished with the necessities of life. And they were probably as contented and happy as the average of mortals.

But human slavery was a relic of barbarism, and must be wiped from the face of the earth, in the interest of humanity. The freed American slaves, and their immediate descendants, must be the great personal sufferers from the revolution that made them free citizens, that their generations to follow may become educated, and learn to be thrifty, prudent, saving, and ambitious. One of the results of the war was the liberation of woman from the idea that her mission in this world was only that of wife and mother. The drain of men into the army compelled women to take their places in many business pursuits.

I can remember when public opinion would not allow a woman to occupy any business position. That feeling went so far that, with only now and then an exception,

women on the stage were ostracized, and on that account a great majority of people never in all their lives entered a theatre.

Disenslave woman, take her from the servitude under which man has always held her, and place her by his side, where she belongs, his equal intellectually and socially ; but she should no more be compelled to enter the business arena than men should be forced to be dressmakers, milliners, domestics, or perform any of the many other duties laid down for woman to do by the laws governing her sex.

It cannot be denied that the tendency of men to remain single in our cities, thus compelling woman to labor by his side in business pursuits, is demoralizing to society and to business. Every man who seeks his comforts and pleasures outside the marriage state, and ignores the claim that some tender female heart has upon him for support and protection, drives to the shop, the counting-room, or the factory some dependent, lonely, loving woman.

Had the tens of thousands of bachelors living in our large cities been soldiers for a time, or had their early days been cast away from the alluring excitement of the club, the play-house, the table of the epicure, or the many other ways of passing time easily in city life, most of them would not be long in finding out the wealth there is in a loving wife's embrace, and the music there is in the voice of a child.

For the first time, this Commandery has invited our wives and daughters to meet with us. And, ladies, these husbands, fathers, and brothers have a record in both military and civil life of which you may feel justly proud. When they were thirty years younger, "grim-visaged war," with all its awful forebodings, swept down upon this peaceably disposed nation. The government was entirely unprepared, and was compelled to call upon its

citizens voluntarily to plunge into the vortex. The very best blood of that day responded to the call for volunteers.

The Loyal Legion was organized soon after the close of the war, with a view to accept within its folds only those who on their merits had received rank, and who had no stain on their career as soldiers, or on their lives as citizens. The members and deceased members of this Commandery of the State of Illinois represent every Northern State, every arm of the service, every rank, every army corps, and they participated in every important campaign and battle of the Rebellion. Most of them entered the service as enlisted men, and all came home with insignia of rank which they had earned. They went away plain, youthful citizens, and returned bronzed, weather-beaten, developed men. They then cast aside the uniform you were so proud to see them wear, and became citizens in a day.

More than a million soldiers returned home, and gradually and almost imperceptibly drifted into business pursuits, and they have ever since been the most important factors in the social, the business, and the political affairs of the country which they had defended on so many bloody fields. There is no life that so brings out the bad that is inherent in man as soldiering. God made woman — tender-hearted, forgiving, indulgent, loving, pure woman — for him, and without her influence he naturally drifts into coarseness and depravity.

Most of those who enlisted in our army went from homes, and were kept more or less, through correspondence, under the influence of sisters and mothers, wives and sweethearts. Our enlisted men were given furloughs, and the officers leave of absence, and while they were at home, the women showed such devotion to them that they went back to their duties purified. The bad in them was weighed down by the good which had been engrafted into their natures by the patriotic ladies of the North, who had met them at every turn.

As you encouraged them to volunteer, so you followed them in your thoughts all through their soldier lives, and when they came home you received them with outstretched arms and open hearts. Your suspense as to what might happen, your anxiety when news came that a battle had been fought, your agony when some one near to you had fallen, so intensified your devotion to those in whom you had an interest that when they did get home, you looked upon them as great bulwarks behind which you and your country had found safety. And when they won your hearts and offered you their hands, you knew that they would be as true and faithful and devoted to you as they had been to their country.

A brave man makes a tender-hearted citizen, husband, and father. He who has charged up to the very cannon's mouth would never be cruel to wife or child.

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

That these husbands and fathers are members of the Loyal Legion, is an unqualified assurance that during their career in the army, and a quarter of a century in civil life, their acts and character and reputation have been able to stand the closest scrutiny. That record entitles them to wear the little rosette which is recognized and respected all over the civilized world; and, travel as they may, they are almost certain to meet through that rosette, companions. No introduction is needed. There is a common tie forged by bloody war.

It is a general belief that men never amount to much if they do not in their youth sow an abundant crop of wild oats. These men sowed theirs on the tented field, on hard marches, and on fields of battle. They came home to be as good citizens as they were good soldiers. With few exceptions, they obeyed God's mandate that man should not live alone. Amid discomforts, dangers, and sufferings, they had pictured in their minds a thou-

sand times, a wife, a little home, a fireside. No one can appreciate these blessings until they have been beyond his reach.

He who has lived out of doors, has marched tired and foot-sore, has slept on the hard cold ground, has been chilled to the very bone, has endured hunger and thirst, has been sick and wounded, has had nightly visions of mother, of wife, of sweetheart, can and has and does appreciate to the fullest extent a roof, a fireside, a bountiful table, a bed of down, a loving wife and prattling children, a home! God's earthly *paradise*, a Home!

OUR BOYS IN THE WAR.

By JOHN C. BLACK.

[Read June 9, 1892.]

ON a recent occasion I said, speaking of the men who entered the service: "They who first went forth to battle were the young, dedicated with more than Jewish fervor to the cause of the country; and after them went the stalwart fathers, whose hearts yearned for their brave boys in the field, and yet agonized for wife and children. I know of no sublimer character than the *American Husband and Father* of 1861-65, turning from the quiet and plenty his own industry had gathered, the home which was filled with the rewards of his toil, the summer of woman's love, and the prattle of baby voices; away from the city, the village street, or the fragrant solitude of the farm; away from the sanctity of domestic joy,—to the roar of camps and the whirlwind of war; standing in battle by his veteran son; folding him, wounded, in his arms, father's and comrade's at once; laying him down among the slain, when the horrible day was done, to rest in the long trenches under the stars and the flag, still and glorious forever; then, while the man within him cried for his mate far away, and the young hero gone, to turn to steel in the presence of duty, and solemnly, as became a man, renew the onward march to triumph, and perchance to death! No hireling service this; no substitute work for bounty, doled by the coward to the venal; no Hessian greed that matched blood against gold,—but manhood's work, sweet and becoming, for the land of his love. This is the greatest character,—the *American Husband and Father* turned to the volunteer. Compared

with this, all others in our history are colorless and uninteresting. And as time goes on, our admiration will increase and broaden, it will take on tenderer tones, and he will appear more and more majestic. The final typical group of the war has not yet been fixed in marble or bronze. When it shall be, we will have this figure I have sketched in the hour of his parting, while around him will stand the beloved of his life, urging yet withholding, and, over all, the solemn genius of home and country pointing onward to where the flag waves in the thunderstorms of war."

And of the truth of this statement I become more thoroughly convinced year by year as my own life shows, in its ripening relations, the awful burden laid upon the Man of Family who became a volunteer. I did not appreciate the situation while in the service, for many reasons.

I was myself a young man of twenty-two years; my brother, who served with me, was about eighteen. The company in which I enlisted in the Eleventh Indiana regiment, for the three months' service, consisted, among others, of thirty-three college boys from all the classes below senior, who had been, in the main, members of the College Cadets. The company I afterwards enlisted for the Thirty-seventh Illinois regiment, excluding perhaps eight or ten of its numbers, would hardly have averaged nineteen years; and the regiment itself, recruited in various parts of the State, in July, August, and September of 1861, would scarcely have raised that average to twenty-two years.

We had perhaps better dispose of some statistical matters at this point. There have been records examined, as to age, of 1,012,273 of the 2,750,000 enlistments in the Union Army,—about two-fifths of the whole number; and the doctrine of average will apply to all when such large numbers are involved. In other words, that which is true of two-fifths is practically true of five-fifths.

Now, of these 1,012,273 men, 133,447 enlisted at the age of eighteen and under, 90,215 at nineteen, and in about the same proportion up to those of twenty-five years old, of whom there were 46,626; decreasing rapidly to those of forty-four, of whom there were only 16,070.

Examiners have estimated, as the results of these figures, that twelve and a half per cent of all the army were boys eighteen years old and under; nine per cent nineteen and under, and so on. Of the boys of eighteen and under we know that some few enlisted at fifteen, many at sixteen, and thousands at seventeen; the pious frauds that were practised in this operation, let us hope, are all forgiven, and the amiable perjuries all wiped away by the bloody tears that fell like summer-rain on the false records.

Thirty per cent at twenty and under: 825,000 boys in the war!

On the other side the same proportions will, upon investigation, doubtless be found true. And indeed, owing to the false statements made as to age, I suspect, if we could know absolutely, that the proportion of youth on both sides was larger than my figures show. But they are vivid enough. Now, how did these "lambs of the fold," these beloved of American households, bear themselves? Like Cæsar's twin!

"Danger and I are brothers: twin lions whelped at one birth, and I the elder and more terrible." For, while I claim for the family man who became a volunteer the station and dignity of *the heroic*, yet I know that the boys furnished forth many of the individual heroes. And this is in the nature of things. Age is cautious; it treads dangerous ways with tentative steps; its visor is always down; its sword in hand. Its ranks are the phalanx knit together by the trust of years; or the Tenth Legion so long at Cæsar's side; or the Ironsides, whose *yea* was Cromwell's, and whose *nay* was Fate's; or the Old Guard, welded by the fire of fifteen years' campaigns

into a sentient, single mass. Age tests, and pauses on the perilous edge ; it has anxieties ; it judges the future by the past ; and knows that in war the sunset of battle-days is the solemn pyre builded by nature for the bloody dead !

But youth ! Who shall measure or describe it, when, under the flag it loves, for a cause it honors, with gay and gallant tread, it launches its speedy attack upon the foe ; who shall picture its daring, its rushing, splendid, exuberant advance ; its ringing shout of defiance ; its joyous challenge to the fray ; its gallantry in action ; its fervor in assault ; its chivalry in victory ! Who but youth can believe its dreams true, its splendid fancies real ; that its is the champion arm, and its the hand that wields the omnipotent thunder of truth and majestic purpose, and that if death come it would come only as the herald of immortality.

And so thought and felt our Boys in the War. They were out in front of the picket-lines ; they preceded the regular advance ; they were far off on the flanks ; they peered from every thicket, with curious eyes, for the first glimpse of the foe ; from the craggy tops of the mountains they surveyed plain and city ; and when the battle-line was formed, they were in place and obedient to orders. They died, oh, so many of them ! They lived,—thank God for their survival ! and having trodden all the mazy rounds of the mighty Rebellion, they piled their guns, sheathed their swords, turned peaceful citizens, and here they are, all about us, gray, but ready for duty ! Many of them are now a bit rheumatic ; they have so far compromised with treason that they have, on winter evenings, often in your hearing, borrowed the motto from South Carolina's palmetto flag, "Noli me tangere," or, in paternal English, "Boy, keep off my lame foot !"

Ah, well, on those winter evenings, and especially on the evenings the old Boys spend here, we have many communings with each other and with our comrade Boys that have gone before. We then can see again the flushing

cheeks and flashing eyes of the early camp days ; we see the cheeks bronzing in the Southern sun ; we note the roughening beard as it curls about the face, in the manly fringe all boys aspire to ; we note the deepening voice, the stronger look that puts by youth's mirth and takes on the stern air of camps. We recall their pranks, their pleasures, *our* follies, our glorious call to supreme exaltation. *We remember*, — O memory ! thou saddest servant of the mind ! — we remember, when the rush was ended, and the fire dead, and the clouds lifted, and the thunders stilled, — we remember the red rain on the grass, the pale face in the shadows, the still form whose animate self had flown to God and his mercies.

And what was the effect wrought by long service on the surviving youngsters ? As varied as the vicissitudes of their military lives and the metal of which they were made ! The sad truth is, that a vast multitude were wasted away in body and soul. Take the most gallant navy that ever sailed, and in long voyages some ships will sink ; and some, beaten in hull and rigging, torn and defaced by the elements, will enter port only to be condemned, or cherished as mementos, like Old Ironsides ; and while they may still carry the flag at mast-head, will never more bear the thunders of the nation into sea strife, nor be freighted with precious stores ; they will be broken up for old lumber, or abandoned on the deep, and the waves will rock them, and by and by the sands will clasp them, as they sink to unrelinquishing depths, while their stark timbers for a time point their resting-place.

Multitudes of the Boys acquired roving habits which drove them to foreign lands or to the adventurous life of the mines, or to the more perilous of civic pursuits in which they rapidly perished ; some, with young natures, bent and distorted by lack of home influences during the formative period of life, kept the wild and loose practices of camps and campaigns, and are gone ; and patriot silence closes and seals forever the later records of their

careers. But such were a minority ; the vast majority became among the most active and successful of our business men, and the account of their achievements is the story of a quarter of a century of most marvellous development in every line.

The war was a great educator in many particulars. It awakened the spirit of exploration, and indefinitely widened the horizon of youth. The Boys became Explorers, familiar with all pioneer wisdom, and ready to enter the trackless waste of the great West, with the result that mighty States, whose population was all but solidly ex-soldier, arose beyond the Mississippi. They became Geographers who knew how many States it took to constitute the Federal Union ; they thoroughly understood that it was impossible to make two out of one, or to stop the rivers by artificial boundaries ; they became statesmen who believed that in union was the only strength of this great people,— that we were so interlaced by belief, tradition, history, and the possibilities of a great future that our destinies were inseparable ; that on the lines of their march would be the connecting railroads of the future, and on the battle-fields where they fought would rise great monuments and splendid cities, and that from border to border there would be peace and prosperity, and the arena in which would be room for the development of the highest possible type of free citizenship. Yet these Explorers, Geographers, and Statesmen never could learn the difference between tame meat and game ; and as illustrative of this, I remember, upon one occasion, a mess of the Boys invited me to take a game dinner with them. I went. I sat down to their sylvan feast. Trees were our canopy, and the gurgling river near by furnished our attenuated drink. A rubber blanket spread upon the grass was our festal board, and on it was spread the flesh of the wild boar, deer, wild goose, prairie chicken, and such like dainties as would have pleased Nimrod or a British sport in Colorado.

Long before I had learned the apostle's injunction, to eat what was set before me, "asking no questions for conscience' sake ;" and although, at times, I did fancy that some neighboring farmyard had furnished forth that ample repast, I banished the base suspicion!

Another thing these lads could never learn was the difference between a political right wrapped in a black skin and in a white skin. They could never learn that the constitutional government formed for a "perfect union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," contained within itself the elements of dissolution and provided for its own destruction. They never could learn that the Fathers intended to make a perfect government, dissoluble at the whim and caprice of any disappointed politician !

As I turn from these generalizations, some individual careers and incidents of The Boys in the War occur to me, and I believe I can interest you in them, and in the magic of their lives and deeds.

Sylvanus Strang was an orphan boy of seventeen years who lived with his grandfather, and in the spring of 1861 had taken "on shares" the farming of forty acres of corn land not far from Chicago. He was under that strange spell of the fife and drum, however, which stirs more men to action than the noblest orchestras; and in August he turned over his work and its promise, and told the fond old man that he was welcome to all he had done, but that he, Sylvanus, was off for the wars. And to the wars he went, and in them he served gallantly and well, until, in 1865, at Barrancas, the white sands, like piled snow in their dangerous beauty, impaired his vision. Gradually through the year his eyesight grew dimmer, and last winter he came to me, abandoning the long and manly struggle in this climate, and bade me farewell as he took his way across the continent to try for rest, and easy

stages on through life, in far California. At the close of the war, and on his return, he found that the little estate his father had left him had been dissipated beyond retrieval in his absence. He had his uniform, his manly heart, and his industrious purpose, and he sought what he could find to do, and did that well; but never more for him will there be any *act* equal to his *recollections* of the big wars. And so, under a sunny sky and on a peaceful tide, he drifts to the ocean.

I wish you could have seen the grizzled old man, with his resolute face, with its hawk nose, its deep-set eyes and introspective look, who seated himself near me a few days since, and with the Yankee accent, modified by many years of service afloat, told the story of his life as a sailor. I cannot give it to you in the vivid, earnest fashion in which I heard it, but it is worth repetition.

"I was born in 1830. In 1845 I entered the navy of the United States, on board the old 'Cumberland,' and served three term enlistment, leaving her in 1858 to settle in Chicago. I married in the forties, and have had five children born to me. In 1861, when the call came 'to arms,' I entered the navy again, leaving my wife and children; and as I had become accustomed to her, I entered again upon the 'Cumberland,' because I knew her and her ways. They knew me, and they made me captain of a gun." Here the retrospective look on the old man's face grew stronger. "I tell you, General, that half our men were killed that day by shot in spar and mast. Nine men were killed at my gun. Signal was sent from the flagship, and the officer received it. Our colors was nailed to our masthead. He came on deck, his speaking-trumpet in his hand,"— and I noticed that the old man was only touching the salient points of his story, not fully giving all the details,— "he raised it to his mouth, and says, 'The order is that we are not to give up the ship. Possibly there is not any chance that one of you will go out with your life, but we must fight till we go down.' I tell you, I could see the despatches going back and forwards. We stripped off our shirts, tied our life-line about our waists, took off our shoes, and went at it. I tell you, if the 'Merrimac' had

been fought right she would have cleaned the whole coast. She was covered with railroad iron that lay like this," interlacing his fingers, "and it lay mighty smooth. Well, she licked us, and we went down, and I was saved, and the next day I was on board the 'Minnesota,' and we saw the 'Little Pumpkin' come in, and did not think she could whip the 'Merrimac'; but the 'Merrimac' went at her. She struck her. I thought she had capsized her, but she righted again, and then she run at the 'Merrimac' amidship, and she lifted her so that I thought she got in under her water line. *Biz—Biz*—she took twice, and after that the 'Merrimac' went off up-stream like she had a fire under her tail.

"Next ship that I served aboard was at the fight at Mobile Bay, when we bombarded the fort. Farragut was in command of the 'Hartford.' I tell you that 'Tennessee' was a terrible boat, but we got her and got the fort. I then was on the 'Mississippi' and on the 'Little Rebel,' and was made to carry her despatches in the latter part of the war; and along in 1865, after the fight was over, we passed over to Mound City,—the bone yard we called it,—and I had a despatch telling me my five children was dead. They died of diphtheria sore-throat. A little later I had a letter telling me my wife was sick, and I asked for leave to go home. I went to the Captain, and wanted to see the Admiral, because I had been with him on the old 'Constitution,'—Admiral Lee. And I knew if I could see Admiral Lee, he would let me go; but the Captain would not let me go." With a little half-ashamed laugh, he added, "I walked home. I would have walked home if I had had to go through the Rebel camp."

And then he went on to tell me about the hardships of his life since that time. His wife had died a little while after his arrival home, and the old man is fighting the battles of life in a great city. I asked him if there were any boys on shipboard. "Yes, lots of them."

I saw a gallant young officer who turned and faced a yelling charge of hundreds of men in gray, that he might personally rescue his brother, whose horse had fallen upon him and held him fast, within a few yards distance of the

advancing foe. Picking up a Colt's rifle, he emptied its five shots into the mass of gray, and turned and with his brother, left the open field, only to rally within a few yards, with the command to "renew the fight," finally made victorious. The rescuer was a lad of twenty years.

I had a boy in my command, a lieutenant and a captain. He was detailed for staff-duty with General B——, of Missouri. During one of the engagements in the southwest, the fight being scattered over a wide area, he was despatched with orders to a distant part of the field. Riding down the field beside a tall hedge, he came to where there was a cross-road, and, peering through a breach in the hedge, he saw there seven armed men of the Rebel force who had become separated from their command and were seeking to join their comrades. What to do, was the question. An older man would have probably tried retreat; but the splendid audacity of youth was his. He drew his revolver, and shouting to his orderly, still concealed behind the hedge, as though he had been a squad of cavalry instead of one solitary rider, to "come on," dashed upon the Rebel seven, confident, demanding immediate surrender, and that they lay down their arms. And they did. The orderly appearing, they two marched the seven as prisoners to the camp.

At the storming of Blakely Batteries, which took place on the afternoon of April 10, 1865, eight hours after the surrender of Lee, and which has always seemed to me one of the most gallant exploits of the war, we captured thirty-five hundred prisoners, thirty-eight pieces of artillery, more than a mile of breastworks, and several thousand stands of arms and many colors. The charge there was over the heaviest abatis I ever saw, and over a plain filled with torpedoes. The charge began at 5.50 and terminated at 6 o'clock, and six hundred men were killed and wounded in the advance. The advance on the extreme left was under my immediate command. The

first one who entered the breastworks at that point was a boy nineteen years of age. He mounted the embrasure of a forty-pound gun, before the smoke of its last fire had lifted a flag's height above the cannon's mouth.

Some few of the names of the youth of the war are immortal. Custer on horseback — a flaming sword in the right hand of Sheridan — won his greatest laurels when but a boy. And Cushing, the darling of the American navy, as Farragut was its glory and its hero, — Cushing, with his little boat amid the swamps and sinks of the Carolina coast, taught the world that the heroic spirit of the American navy survived in all its irresistible force and splendid personal daring, and that there was no danger so great, no darkness so profound, no labyrinth so intricate, no arm so treacherous, that the Boys in the War would not attack, enter, overcome, in the name of the country.

Who ever knew another great nation that gave its soldiers the affectionate appellation "Our Boys"? It was Mother's and Father's word on the lip of humanity, and one that, more than all records and statistics, marked the estimation in which the American public held their gallant sons. "Our Boys;" that is what they called us in the long-gone days, — the days when victory and defeat alternating filled the hearts of the public with pride and pain, — the days when the pillar of cloud had settled to the rear of the mighty hosts of America as they moved to the South, and none could tell how the army of the Lord was moving save by the thunder and lightning which marked its direction and progress.

"Our Boys" they were when they moved to the front; "Our Boys," when the bulletins announced their struggles; "Our Boys," when laid away in their unmarked but ever glorious graves.

Other lands have boasted of their trained soldiers, their mighty men of war; but the American will tell, first of

all, what "Our Boys in the War" did for our country and liberty.

The saddest chapter of "Our Boys in the War" was recorded in the homes far removed from the front. We must leave to others to indite its grief; for we cannot. A very famous group by one of the old artists represents the flight of Æneas with his family from burning Troy,— the little son by his father's side, pleased at the awful yet splendid conflagration whose devouring flames consume the palace of his father, and on his face the artist shows the curiousness and joy of excited childhood; Æneas and his wife show their rage and sorrow as the enemy prevail; but over the face of the aged Anchises, the sire of them all, is dropped a veil to hide the woe unutterable of age, whose past is destroyed and whose future is overwhelmed. Such a veil falls over the faces of the mothers and fathers whose boys went down in the battle, the march, and the hospital. And from behind its sacred pall broke now the plaint of manhood bewailing its successor, as David gave it voice long since, amid Judean hills, "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" — and now the tender plaint of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote of the Italian mother whose boys were killed under Garibaldi: —

"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me*."

She says, their mother-poet, that she has taught them to prize of liberty, just as our American mothers taught,—

"And when their eyes flashed, . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then, the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!"

"On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: — '*Shot,
 Tell his mother.*' Ah, ah, 'his,' 'their' mother, — not 'mine.'

"O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark
 To the face of Thy mother ! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
 Whose sons, not being Christs, stand with eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say."

"Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Both ! both my boys ! If in keeping the feast
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at *me*."

And for them, the American father and mother, there was and is but one comfort. The Boys did not die in vain. Where they triumphed and where they fell, arise the mighty spirits of Prophecy, of Righteousness, of Law and Liberty ; and we can say of our land : —

"There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,
 For Earth's down-trodden and oppress,
 A shelter for the hunted head,
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
 Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

"Oh, fair young mother, on thy brow
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of the skies,
 The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet."

Boys of the twentieth century, this is what the Boys of the nineteenth century, through their sacrifices and wounds and holy deaths, will leave you. To the altars of this great country we summon you. We will give to

you the sword of Shiloh and of Appomattox, the land of Vicksburg and of Gettysburg; the one lustrous, the other peaceful and serene. We charge you, as you are the sons of our strength, "See that no harm befalls the Republic."

THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER.

By WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS.

[Read November 12, 1891.]

WHEN the war-cloud burst upon the country in 1861, the great uprising of the North recked little of the millions throughout the Southern States held in the cruellest bondage.

The universal feeling in the loyal States, from the President in the White House to the proletariat of the great cities, was that the Union was in danger and threatened with disruption. If the negro was thought of at all, it was only as the firebrand that had caused the conflagration, the accursed thing that had created enmity and bitterness between the two sections, and excited the fratricidal strife. The few, here and there, who in prophetic vision saw that the war between the States must eventually lead to the abolition of slavery, hardly dared to declare their vision, or believed it better to accept the enthusiasm of the people and the war spirit abroad in the land, under whatever theory it had come into existence, without question or cavil, sure that, under the Power that works for righteousness, it would be turned to the best account; and willing to wait in patience for the coming of what they so long had hoped,—the acceptable year of the Lord, when the fetters would fall from the slave, and the land be cleansed of its sin.

Almost no one, even among those who had been the most steadfast friends of the down-trodden race, believed in the capacity of the negro to meet his master on any equal footing,—least of all, on the field of battle. For so many years had the black man cowered beneath the

lash of the oppressor, that his spirit was thought by all to have been crushed ; and a deed of heroism by him, except of the passive and suffering kind, was beyond the faith even of the Abolitionist.

True, it was not remembered that in all the wars of our country, waged upon and in defence of our own soil, the negro had shown that he was able to bear arms and was willing to fight ; that, strange as it would seem, patriotism burned in his heart, though he was looked upon and treated as only a chattel ; that at Bunker Hill, shoulder to shoulder with the white embattled farmers, the free negro had stood and borne his part ; that at New Orleans, in the War of 1812, Jackson had invoked, and been aided by, the patriotism of negro soldiers, and that the black man had always served in our navy on an equal footing with the white boys in blue. No one turned back the pages of history and recalled the story of the heroism and courage and military success of the blacks of Hayti when, under the generalship of Toussaint L'Ouverture, they defeated the heroes of Hohenlinden, the flower of the French army, and won for their leader the title of the Black Napoleon, with freedom and independence for themselves.

But if the Northern people, in their political blindness, failed to perceive the millions of recruits that might be gained to the cause of the nation from the enslaved race, that race itself seems never to have faltered in its faith that the result of victory to the North would bring to it enfranchisement. The negroes knew, as if by intuition, that their fate hung on the success of the Union cause ; and they waited in patience, and with prayers, ever ready for the day of jubilee. It is to their undying honor and credit that they did thus patiently wait ; no servile uprising, no barbarous slaughter of women and children in the rear of the Confederate forces, tarnished the good name of the enslaved ; and their first acts of hostility to their masters, and service to the government of the country,

were under the flag of that country when called upon by its highest authority to take arms for its defence. Not till the muskets of the Federal Government were placed in their hands did they presume to meet their rebellious masters in war ; but then they shrank not from any duty which a brave soldier should perform.

The negro was recognized as a possible military factor in the war, by the South far earlier than by the North ; and to his master the objection to arming him seems to have been that even by the Southerner it was recognized that military service must entitle the servant to emancipation, rather than any doubt as to his capacity to bear arms and do good service.

The editor of the "Intelligencer and Confederacy," a paper published in Georgia, as quoted in the "Nashville Union," May 24, 1862, says: "We must fight the devil with fire, by arming our negroes to fight the Yankees. There is no doubt that in Georgia alone we could pick up ten thousand negroes who would rejoice in meeting fifteen thousand Yankees in deadly conflict. We would be willing almost to risk the fate of the South upon such an encounter in an open field" (Rebellion Record, vol. v. page 22).

In the latter part of April, 1861, a negro company at Nashville, Tennessee, offered its services to the Confederate Government, and a recruiting office was opened for free negroes at Memphis (Charleston Mercury, April 30, 1861).

On the 23d of November, 1861, at a grand review of the Confederate troops stationed at New Orleans, a feature of the review was one regiment of fourteen hundred free colored men ; and of a later review, the "New Orleans Picayune," February 9, 1862, said : "We must also pay a deserved compliment to the companies of free colored men, all very well drilled and comfortably uniformed. Most of these companies, quite unaided by the Administration, have supplied themselves with arms without

regard to cost or trouble" (Williams's History of Negro Troops, page 83).

But the anomaly of negro slaves organized and fighting the battles of a Confederacy whose corner-stone its Vice-President had announced to be the institution of slavery, was not to be. The military value of the negro to the rebellious States was fully as great in the capacity of workman and farmer, to supply the commissary and the quartermaster, and to work on the fortifications required, while the white male population took the field *en masse*, as it would have been in the capacity of soldier; and the disinclination to lose valuable property by enlisting the slaves in the army, delayed the attempt to arm them until it was too late.

Had the South armed her slaves early in the war, giving freedom to the combatants and to their families, who can doubt that the war would have been prolonged for years, or that foreign intervention would have been added, to complicate the problem to be solved by the nation? Had the negro risen in the rear of the Confederate armies, who can doubt that while the war would probably have been over within a year, slavery would still have been hanging over the land, blighting its energies and shaming its citizens? The Power which works for righteousness, through the shortsightedness of the white man, and the patient nobleness of the down-trodden and oppressed African, brought our great civil war to a far more glorious result, confounding treason and rebellion, making the Union safe, and freeing the land from the curse of human bondage.

During the first year of the war, no voice was raised on behalf of the slave, no share in the duties of the moment was allowed to the negro. Generals issued orders returning fugitives to their masters, and excluding the black man from the lines of our armies in the field. Wherever the Union forces moved, the master did not hesitate to reclaim his chattel; and the free soldiers of

the North were expected to aid him in so doing. But this service soon became revolting to the sense of justice and humanity which the soldiers possessed, and here and there commanders began to connive at the escape of the slaves who had thrown themselves upon their mercy, or openly to protect them from recapture.

In March, 1862, Congress added a new provision to the Articles of War, and forbade officers and soldiers to return fugitive slaves.

In June, 1862, the slaves of Rebels were declared free ; and in July of the same year, Congress authorized the President to accept negroes for *any* war service.

The rank and file of the army was rapidly becoming educated to see in slavery the real cause of the war ; the conscience of the people of the North was as rapidly awakening ; and some of the first to take up the cause of the slave were those who, before the breaking out of hostilities, had been the strongest allies of the slave-power in the North.

But President Lincoln still held back ; and as late as September, 1862, in an interview with certain clergymen who called upon him to urge the emancipation of the slaves and the arming of the negroes, he is reported to have said, "If we were to arm them, I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the Rebels."

In May, 1862, General David Hunter, being then in command of the Department of the South, issued orders for the recruiting of a regiment of negroes ; and within a few months the First South Carolina Regiment of Infantry was full, and thoroughly equipped. To him belongs the credit of the initiatory step in the enrolment of the negro. Hunter had often applied for reinforcements ; he had less than eleven thousand troops under his command, and was charged with the duty of holding the whole sea-coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. But all his applications were in vain. All the troops which could

be gathered were not then sufficient for the operations going on in Virginia, and the War Department replied to all his requisitions that not a man from the North could be spared.

In this contingency, General Hunter announced his intention of forming a negro regiment, and compelling every able-bodied black man in his department to fight for that freedom which could not but be the issue of the war. On his own responsibility he caused all the necessary orders to be made, covering the requisite issue of arms, clothing, equipments, and rations. If his step should be recognized by the War Department, all would be settled ; but if not, he was himself amply able to reimburse the amount expended in his experiment.

On the threshold of the enterprise, the first difficulty was to find officers competent to take charge of the new recruits. Hardly one of the subordinate commissioned officers in his command would listen to the proposal of serving, though with increased rank, in the new regiment ; the thought of commanding negroes was an insult repudiated with scorn. But Hunter would not be prevented by such refusals. "The fools or bigots who refuse," said he, "are punished enough by their refusal. Before two years they will be competing eagerly for the commissions they now reject." Commissions were offered to deserving and reputable non-commissioned officers and privates who would volunteer, and were ready to submit to a proper examination ; and General Hunter's own nephew, Captain Arthur M. Kinzie, of Chicago, was detailed as colonel of the new organization.

It was slow work, but at last officers were found, the ranks were filled, and the business of drill and instruction in the duties of the soldier earnestly entered upon. Yet the movement was still, in the opinion of the Government, premature ; and in August, 1862, the regiment was disbanded, except one company, which later formed part of the reorganized battalion which, under the command of

Colonel T. W. Higginson, was mustered into service November 7, 1862. (See Williams's History of Negro Troops, pages 90-96.)

The next step in the movement looking to the service of negro troops was made in the Department of the Gulf. General J. W. Phelps, of Vermont, who was in command at Carrollton, Louisiana, sought the authority of General Butler, the Department commander, to enroll the negroes who were coming in crowds into his lines.

On the 4th of August, 1862, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, officially called on the negro citizens of his State to enlist as soldiers. This was the first step taken in the Northern States, and marks a distinct change in public opinion as to the propriety of calling upon the African to take his part in the conflict (Rebellion Record, vol. v. page 53. Documents).

On the 22d of August, 1862, General Butler appealed to the free negroes of New Orleans to volunteer in defence of the Union. His appeal was met with enthusiasm, and on September 27, 1862, a full regiment — known first as the First Regiment Louisiana Native Guards, and after June 6, 1863, as the First Regiment of Infantry Corps d'Afrique — was mustered into the United States service (Official Records, War of the Rebellion, vol. xv. pages 556, 557). A second regiment followed on the 12th of October, a third on the 24th of November, and on the 29th, a regiment of heavy artillery was added.

The change had fairly set in; four regiments of negro troops were regularly incorporated into the armies of the United States. The ill-fortune that had attended the Union arms during the spring and summer of 1862, the failure of McClellan's movement upon Richmond, the defeat of Pope's army and the retreat of its defeated divisions upon Washington, had exasperated the North, and convinced all of the necessity of neglecting no means to suppress the Rebellion.

In August, 1862, the Secretary of War for the first time authorized the raising of negro troops, by directing General Rufus Saxton to arm, uniform, equip, and receive into the service of the United States such number of volunteers of African descent as he might deem expedient, not exceeding five thousand; and to detail officers to instruct them and command them. (See Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, vol. xiv. page 377.)

In September, 1862, the victory of Antietam so strengthened the Administration that the President at once issued his preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation, which was to go into effect January 1, 1863; and after this step all logical objection to using the negro as a military factor ceased. On January 1, 1863, the final Proclamation of Emancipation was issued by the President, and the movement for making use of the negro as a soldier at once took on an increased activity.

As early as the month of July, 1862, Kansas, the youngest of the States, whose soil had been consecrated with blood to the cause of freedom, took the initiative of raising negro troops in the Northern States. The first regiment of Kansas Colored Volunteers was recruited from July to October, 1862; and on the 4th of January, 1863, it was organized at Fort Scott, Kansas, by Colonel James M. Williams. On the 2d of May, 1863, the regiment was ready to take the field,—*the first regiment of Northern negro troops raised during the war.*

On the 13th of January, 1863, General Daniel Ullmann was instructed by Secretary Stanton to raise four regiments of infantry, and a battalion of six companies of cavalry. He was to officer these troops by selection of men who had already distinguished themselves as soldiers; and he secured a large number of officers, taking with him to New Orleans, the designated field of his operations, over two hundred, among whom were officers of the regular army, a son of the Vice-President, and some who had served with distinction abroad. Nearly all were educated gentlemen.

On the 26th of January, 1863, authority was given to Governor Andrew of Massachusetts to raise negro regiments; and by the 12th of April the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was full, and two other regiments were in a fair way to be so (*History of the Fifty-fourth Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry*, page 2). No pains were spared to make these regiments as perfect organizations as possible, and no regiments ever went to the front with a finer set of officers. The colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was Robert Gould Shaw, who accepted the position which the Governor tendered him, from the purest motives, and with the most unselfish determination to devote himself to the work which duty and patriotism, principle and the inherited convictions of his family, all combined to induce him to undertake. The lieutenant-colonel and the major were two brothers from the city of Philadelphia, members of a family of Friends which had long been well known for its anti-slavery principles. The first, Norwood Penrose Hallowell, was almost immediately promoted to the command of the Fifty-fifth regiment; and the second, Edward Needles Hallowell, became, on the death of Colonel Shaw, the colonel of the Fifty-fourth regiment, though he never thoroughly recovered from the wounds received in the bloody assault on Fort Wagner, and died in consequence thereof after the close of the war. The colonel of the third negro regiment raised by Massachusetts (the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry) was Henry Sturgis Russell, a cousin of Colonel Shaw.

Harvard was strongly represented among the officers of these three regiments, most of whom had also seen previous service during the war. The rank and file too was exceptionally select; indeed, the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth regiments contained the flower of the negro population of the Northern States,—for recruits had come to Massachusetts to join their ranks from all the country north of Mason and Dixon's line, including

Canada. Altogether, these regiments compared well with any that had ever volunteered ; and when they left for the front, their march through Boston was a triumphal parade, attended by the cheers of thousands and the prayers of all lovers of their country.

The tide had fully turned, and was rushing to its flood, when at last the Government itself undertook the business of recruiting and organizing the new military force. On March 31, 1863, General Halleck, at the head of the armies of the United States, in a long letter to General Grant, then near Vicksburg, outlined the new policy, as follows :—

“ It is the policy of the Government to use the negroes of the South, as far as practicable, as a military force for the defence of forts, etc. If the experience of General Banks near New Orleans should be satisfactory, a much larger force will be organized during the coming summer. . . . It is the opinion of many . . . that they can also be used as a military force. . . . In the hands of the enemy they are used with much effect against us ; in our hands we must try to use them with the best possible effect against the Rebels. . . . It is expected that you will use your official and personal influence to remove prejudices on this subject, and to fully and thoroughly carry out the policy now adopted and ordered by the Government.”

General Grant assured General Halleck that he might rely on his carrying out to the best of his ability any policy ordered by proper authority ; and in General Orders No. 25, on the 22d of April, 1863, he directed corps, division, and post commanders to afford all facilities for the completion of the negro regiments organizing in the department, and to specially exert themselves in carrying out the policy of the Administration, not only in organizing colored regiments and rendering them effective, but also in removing prejudice against them.

More thoroughly to put the new policy into immediate and effective operation, General Lorenzo Thomas, Adju-

tant-General of the army, was sent to the Mississippi region. He had full powers, being authorized to dismiss and commission officers, without reference to Washington officials. On the 8th of April, 1863, he addressed the army at Lake Providence, Louisiana, and explained fully the policy of the Government. The troops received his words with enthusiasm, and their officers fully indorsed them; and under his first efforts ten regiments of negroes were at once provided for, while General Banks increased the number of the colored regiments in his command to eighteen, making three divisions of three brigades each, the brigades being intended to contain two regiments each, and the whole to be organized into an army corps known as the *Corps d'Afrique*.

The work soon grew to such proportions that special machinery became necessary in order to control and systematize it; and on the 22d of May, a bureau was established, under general orders, for the conduct of all matters pertaining to the organization of negro troops. Boards of officers were convened at sundry points, designated by the War Department, to examine applicants for commissions in colored regiments, and these were ordered before them by the Adjutant-General. Those who were recommended by the examining board received appointments, signed by the Secretary of War, and stood on the same footing as officers of the regular army, previous to confirmation by Congress.

The work of recruiting was now carried on with greater or less energy in all the Northern and border States. Camps were established in Pennsylvania near Philadelphia, in Maryland, and elsewhere, and separate regiments were raised in many other parts of the Union. At Camp William Penn, near Philadelphia, five regiments — the Third, Sixth, Eighth, Twenty-second, and Twenty-fifth United States Colored Troops — were raised, organized, officered, and equipped, between June 26, 1863, and January 16, 1864. The first regiment was

full in less than a month, and entered upon active service on the 13th of August, 1863.

General William Birney raised several regiments in Maryland and Delaware; and during the next year (1864) General Augustus L. Chetlain organized sixteen regiments or more in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The number of negro troops in the Union Army during the war reached the grand total of 178,975. Every Northern State east of the Rocky Mountains, except Nebraska, is credited with them; and nearly one hundred thousand were raised in the rebellious States.

In considering the qualifications of the negro for service as a soldier, all authorities admit that he is quick to learn the manual of arms and the evolutions of the drill. In these he took great pride and pleasure, and when well uniformed his appearance was always good. The negro troops endured the hardship of the camp and the march with a cheerful patience which was a great satisfaction to their officers; and especially was it noticed on many occasions that the percentage of stragglers on the march was exceedingly small. Their long training as servants made them obedient and docile to their officers, and they were almost never guilty of insubordination or of undue familiarity toward those in command of them,—although it was perhaps difficult at first to convince them of the necessity of obedience to the orders of their non-commissioned officers, who were of their own race, and whom they seemed to find it hard to consider as their superiors.

In a very interesting article in the "Anthropological Review," vol. vii. p. 190, it is said that they were not so able to endure the fatigue of a long march as is the white soldier; but I am not willing, in the light of my own experience, to admit this statement, and the fact that they straggled less, certainly tends to contradict it. They endured hunger more patiently than other troops of our army, and were found to be as healthy generally, though

rather more liable to the zymotic diseases, which were also more likely to be fatal to them than to whites. I noticed that when once sick they lost ground more rapidly than it seemed to me the white soldiers did, losing hope of recovery more easily and quickly ; and the article above mentioned states that they did not take medicine willingly, so that when sick they frequently failed to recover because the doctor or nurse did not personally see that their prescriptions were taken and their orders carried out.

The regiment in which I held my first commission was organized at Camp William Penn, near Philadelphia, and most of the men were free negroes from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. I found that those of my company were generally neat and cleanly in their habits, that they took a pride in keeping their arms and equipments in good order, and soon made themselves comfortable in whatever place they encamped. Many of them sent home a part of their pay ; and yet they were good patrons of the sutler, through whom they obtained additions to their rations. When the regiment reached Morris Island, where their first military service was performed, they were put to much fatigue duty for which they ought not to have been detailed ; but they soon gained their rights, and before many weeks they were favorites with several of the regiments, who not unfrequently preferred to serve with them rather than with other white commands.

Their first service was under the fire of heavy ordnance from the Rebel fortifications around Charleston ; and I do not remember that we had any serious trouble from cowardice, and none at all after the first few days. Yet they were constantly subjected to heavy fire, and to sharpshooters at every exposed angle of the works. Indeed, while I recall but one case where timidity seems to have affected them, and that on the first tour of duty in the advanced trenches in front of Wagner, I remember

many occasions when courage, not to say absolute recklessness of danger, was shown, and that, too, without any bravado whatever, while there was always cheerfulness and joking among themselves.

The negro soldier may be admitted, then, to be fairly equal in all respects to the soldier of other race and color, if he is shown to stand the supreme test of battle in assault and defence, when protected by fortifications and when fighting in the open field; and to demonstrate his capacity in this important part of a soldier's duty, I shall call attention to the records of some of the principal actions during the War of the Rebellion in which negro troops took part, and to the comments and criticisms which were made upon their behavior on those occasions.

On November 12, 1862, General Rufus Saxton, commanding the Department of the South, reports as to an expedition of Company A, First South Carolina Colored Volunteers, along the coast of Georgia and Florida, as follows:—

"I had two objects in view in sending this expedition. The first was to prove the fighting qualities of the negroes (which some have doubted). . . . I am happy to report that in every point of view the expedition was a perfect success. . . . It is admitted upon all hands that the negroes fought with a coolness and bravery that would have done credit to veteran soldiers. There was no excitement, no flinching, no attempt at cruelty when successful. They seemed like men who were fighting to vindicate their manhood, and they did it well."

Colonel Beard, the officer in command of the expedition above referred to, reports:—

"I have tried a portion of the First South Carolina Volunteers. . . . The colored men fought with astonishing coolness and bravery. For alacrity in effecting landings, for determination, and for bush-fighting, I found them all I could desire,—more than I had hoped. They behaved bravely, gloriously, and deserve all praise."

In another report, of a later expedition, the same officer says:—

“At the first fire one man was dangerously wounded, and a momentary panic seized the men; but it was only momentary. They speedily rallied and opened fire. . . . This fire they kept up with great regularity and coolness, until ordered to retire. They retired, firing as they went, with a slowness and deliberateness that could not have been surpassed by veteran troops. On the last expedition the fact was developed that colored men would fight behind barricades; *this time they have proved by their heroism that they will fight in the open field.*”

Colonel T. W. Higginson, of the First South Carolina, in a report of still another raid (the expedition up St. Mary's River), February 1, 1863, says:—

“The men have been repeatedly under fire; have had infantry, cavalry, and even artillery arrayed against them, and have in every instance come off, not only with unblemished honor, but with undisputed triumph.”

On the tenth day of March, 1863, Colonel Higginson, commanding his own regiment (the First) and a portion of the Second, captured Jacksonville, Florida. According to the report of General Finegan, the Confederate commander, the occupation of the town was effected so quickly and secretly that the Federal pickets had been thrown out all around the town before the people were aware of Colonel Higginson's presence. The panic created was great.

Of the attack of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Colored Regiment on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, a sergeant of the regiment wrote as follows:—

“Regarding the assault on Fort Wagner, I recollect distinctly that when our column had charged the fort, passed the half-filled moat, and mounted to the parapet, many of the men clambered over, and some entered by the large embrasure, in which one of the big guns was mounted, . . . and the Rebel

musketry firing steadily grew hotter on our left. . . . The Rebel fire grew hotter on the right. . . . Men all around me would fall and roll down the scarp into the ditch. . . . I was with Hooker's division, cooking for Colonel B. C. Tilghman, in the Battle of Fredericksburg. I traversed the Hazel Dell Marr, the Stone House, when all the enemy's artillery was turned upon it; but hot as the fire was there, it did not compare to the terrific fire which blazed along the narrow approach to Wagner.

"I care not who the man is who denies the fact, our regiment *did* charge the fort and drove the Rebels from their guns. . . . We had possession of the sea end of Battery Wagner. Indeed most of the colored prisoners taken there were captured inside the battery." (See Williams's History of Negro Troops, pages 196-198.)

Colonel Shaw led about six hundred enlisted men and twenty-two officers. Of the enlisted men, thirty-one were killed, one hundred and thirty-five were wounded, and ninety-two were missing. Of the twenty-two officers, three were killed, and eleven were wounded.

Lieutenant Iredell Jones, of the First Confederate Regiment, Regulars, in a letter dated Fort Sumter, July 20, 1863, says of the assault:—

"I have seen a desperate battle fought. . . . The enemy kept possession of the portion [of the fort] they had taken for three-quarters of an hour, were there in force even after all the rest of their comrades had retreated. . . . They had two negro regiments, and they were slaughtered in every direction. One pile of negroes numbered thirty. Numbers of both whites and blacks were killed on top of our breastworks, as well as inside. The negroes fought gallantly, and were headed by as brave a colonel as ever lived. He mounted the breastworks waving his sword and at the head of his regiment, and he and a negro orderly sergeant fell dead over the inner crest of the works" (Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. xii., p. 138).

Captain Luis F. Emilio, in his monograph on the assault on Fort Wagner, says:—

"General Seymour stated that the Fifty-fourth was given the honor and danger of leading the assault because it was believed that the regiment was in every respect as efficient as any other body of men ; and as it was the strongest and best officered there seemed no good reason why it should not be selected for the advance. Without a regular issue of rations since the evening of the 16th, having been deprived of rest for two nights and exposed to drenching showers and a blazing sun, the Fifty-fourth was still in excellent temper and spirit. . . . It was understood that the work was to be taken by the bayonet. . . . Minutes passed, and the twilight deepened, until the delay became almost unbearable. . . . At last the signal was given, and at the command 'Attention !' the men sprang to their feet, and when the word came, advanced in quick time to the storming. . . . To pass the defile, the line was necessarily somewhat broken. This disturbance was precisely what the enemy had calculated upon, and . . . in a moment Wagner became a mound of fire vomiting shot and shell. . . . But the Fifty-fourth paused not ; its only response . . . was to change its step to the double quick, that it might the sooner close.

"Rushing over the short distance, . . . the regiment reached the deep ditch. . . . Every cannon-flash lit up the scene and disclosed the ground strewn with victims. But over the sanguinary field the indomitable Shaw, ever in advance, had led the stormers, then down and through the ditch and up the parapet of the curtain. There he stood a moment, waving his sword and shouting to his followers pressing on, and then fell dead. As the Fifty-fourth, depleted in numbers, mounted the parapet, they were met with a gallantry and determination by the brave garrison, many of whom stood on the work. Repulsed, the assailants fell back upon the slopes of the work. Hardly a shot had been fired by the regiment up to this time, but now was heard the report of the officers' revolvers, soon followed by the louder musket-shots as the men capped their pieces and fired at the dark figures of men standing out against the sky above them.

"The color-guard was almost annihilated, and the losses among non-commissioned officers were very great. One black hero sat on the slope, his wounded and broken arm lying across his breast, upon which he piled cartridges for an officer

using a musket. Another, tired and weary of the enforced conflict, though certain of death, sprang up the parapet, but to roll down, a corpse, one moment later."

General Taliaferro, the commander of Battery Wagner, has stated that "the greatest part of our [the Rebel] loss was sustained at the beginning of the assault, and in front of the curtain ; although we suffered some additional loss from the troops who gained the bastion." He also has said : "We did not know, until after the fight,—for it was night,—that there were colored troops engaged."

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, in a letter to Governor Andrew, mentions that General Strong, who commanded the brigade, said of the regiment : "The Fifty-fourth did well and nobly ; only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate" (*Rebellion Record*, vol. viii. *Documents*, page 216).

Milliken's Bend, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, some little distance above Vicksburg, was held by our forces during the campaign against that city, it having been General Grant's point of departure in making his move, south of Vicksburg, against Port Gibson and Grand Gulf. Later, it was held during the siege by a small force of negroes, it being regarded as a good post for the organization and drilling of colored troops. In his personal "*Memoirs*," vol. i. page 544, General Grant says :—

"On the 7th of June, our little force of colored and white troops at Milliken's Bend were attacked by about three thousand men from Richard Taylor's command. . . . This was the first important engagement of the war in which colored troops were under fire. These were very raw, having all been enlisted since the beginning of the siege ; but they behaved well."

Captain Matthew M. Miller gives the following account of this fight, in which he took part:—

"We were attacked here on June 7, about three o'clock in the morning, by a brigade of Texas troops about twenty-five hundred in number. We had about six hundred men to withstand them, five hundred of them negroes. I commanded Company I, Ninth Louisiana. We went into the fight with thirty-three men, had sixteen killed, eleven badly wounded, and four slightly. . . . I never more wish to hear the expression, 'The niggers won't fight.' . . . The enemy charged us so close that we fought with our bayonets hand-to-hand. I have six broken bayonets to show how bravely my men fought. . . . Under command of Colonel Page, I led the Ninth Louisiana, when the rifle-pits were retaken and held by our troops, our two regiments doing the work. . . . It was a horrible fight, the worst I was ever engaged in, not excepting Shiloh. . . . What few men I have left seem to think much of me. . . . I can say for them that I never saw a braver company of men in my life. Not one of them offered to leave his place until ordered to fall back. A boy I had cooking for me came and begged a gun, and took his place with the company; and when we retook the breastworks I found him badly wounded. . . . A new recruit I had issued a gun to the day before, was found dead, with a firm grasp on his gun, the bayonet of which was broken in three pieces. So they fought and died. . . . They met death coolly, bravely; all were steady, and obedient to orders."

Another account says:—

"Before the colonel was ready the men were in line, ready for action. The Rebels drove our men toward the gunboats, taking colored men prisoners and murdering them. This so enraged our men that they rallied and charged the enemy more heroically and desperately than has been recorded during the war. It was a genuine bayonet charge, a hand-to-hand fight. . . . Upon both sides men were killed with the butts of muskets. White and black men were lying side by side, pierced by bayonets, and in some instances transfixed to the earth. In one instance, two men, one white and the other black, were

found dead side by side, each having the other's bayonet through his body." (*Vide* Rebellion Record, vol. vii. page 15. Documents.)

Lieutenant-Colonel L. J. Hissong, a captain in one of the negro regiments engaged at Milliken's Bend, gives me the following account of the fight:—

"At the first break of day the Rebels fired upon and drove in our pickets, and soon made their appearance in double column [I think this should be line], moving upon our little band. . . . According to instructions so often given, our troops withheld fire until positive orders were given. On came the foe, with all the pomp of a field-day show; they came easily, at right-shoulder-shift arms; the commands of their officers became more and more distinct; yet under the strain we withheld our fire until, at close range, the order was given, and with great precision the volley was delivered, with the best possible results. Staggering and reeling, the first line was checked; the second came quickly on, just in time to receive our second volley, at about ten or fifteen yards, with most deadly effect. At this, the Rebels, being so near the Levee, which was our fortification, sprang rapidly to the front and lay down close outside the embankment, being thus sheltered as well as ourselves.

"But a few moments could elapse in this temporary cessation of action, with but a twelve-foot levee between us; and now, first here and there along the line, began that hand-to-hand conflict, the like of which, for vicious, hellish ferocity, had not a parallel during our Civil War. The fight, in all its terrible intermingling of both parties, quickly became general. Colored soldiers with their officers mixed up with the Rebels; clubbing with muskets, stabbing with bayonets and swords, shooting with pistol and musket. These brief moments, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I believe to have been the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting that took place during the war. It could not last long; the superiority in numbers of the Rebels, though met with a stubborn tenacity that could only be displayed by men fighting with the certainty of death staring them in the face, drove our force back to the river's bank, fifty

yards or so in our rear. There we rallied our little force for a final struggle. It was a choice between being driven into the river, or forming a new line and fighting to the death. The latter course was chosen; and like magic the word was given to mount the bank and charge the foe; when the gunboats came to our aid, and the Rebels, already inclined to waver, now thoroughly demoralized by the new enemy, received our charge feebly, and then went pell-mell for western Louisiana, carrying off what few of the wounded they were able to.

"Seventeen out of twenty-three officers were killed or wounded. The loss of the colored soldiers was at least one hundred, and we buried about one hundred and fifty Rebels."

Negro troops were employed in the siege of Port Hudson, conducted by General Banks in the early summer of 1863, the contingent being made up of regiments which were recruited from the free negro population of New Orleans. They were officered by men of their own color, except the field officers, who were white. General Banks, in his account of the siege furnished to the Committee on the Conduct of the War (printed in the Series of 1865, vol. ii. page 311), thus writes of the assaults,—the negro troops forming the extreme right of the Union lines:—

"On the 27th of May a desperate attack upon the works was made. The attack upon the right commenced with vigor early in the morning. Had the movement on the left been executed at the same time, it is possible the assault might have been successful. . . . The conduct of the troops was admirable. . . . On the 14th of June a second general assault was made. . . . Our lines were advanced from a distance of three hundred yards to less than fifty yards, at some points, from the enemy's line. . . . During the siege, the colored troops held the extreme right of our line on the river, and shared in all the honors of the 27th of May and the 14th of June, sustaining at other times several desperate sorties of the enemy, particularly directed against them, with bravery and success."

The diary of the Louisiana Guards thus speaks of the fight : —

" May 27th. Storming the batteries. To-day was fought one of the most desperate battles on record. . . . When within pistol-shot of the fortifications, to their dismay they were stopped, not by Rebels, but by a back flow of the river, . . . forty feet across, but over eight feet deep. . . . The slaughter was now becoming fearful, . . . Colonel Finnegan asked Captain Quinn if he could cross the water ; Quinn called on volunteers to follow him. The whole that was left of his company and of Company E responded to his call. . . . The water was too much for the men, and only thirty-five or forty succeeded in crossing. This handful actually followed their reckless leader up to the very cannon's mouth, and for fifteen or twenty minutes held the whole Rebel battery in their hands. . . . The whole regiment now fell back about six hundred yards. . . . Six times we advanced, hoping to find some spot where the men could cross. We entered the fight with 1080 men, and lost 371 killed, and 150 wounded."

General John A. Logan, in his work, "The Great Conspiracy," chapter xxi., page 501, gives the following testimony : —

" At the attack on Port Hudson, where it held the right, the Black Brigade covered itself with glory. Banks, in his report, speaking of the colored regiments, said : ' Their conduct was heroic.' No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made during the day three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their positions at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line."

Shifting the scene now to Virginia, I would call attention to the affair of the Rebel attack upon Fort Powhatan, at Wilson's Wharf, on the south side of the James River, May 24, 1864. The fort was garrisoned by a brigade commanded by General E. A. Wild, composed of two regiments of United States colored troops, and a battery of

colored artillery. The attack was made by Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry. General Wild, in his report of the fight, says :—

“The attack was evidently made in earnest, with a design of rushing in upon us suddenly ; but they received so decided a check from our pickets that a large portion of the force dismounted and made their approach more cautiously. . . . After fighting an hour and a half, they sent forward a flag of truce, with a note containing a summons to surrender. . . . I declined. We then went at it again. They massed troops on our extreme right, . . . and made a determined charge, at the same time keeping up a steady attack all along our front and left flank. This charge approached our parapet, but failed under our severe cross-fire. They fled back into the ravines, and after another hour gradually drew off. . . . Within my own command all behaved steadily and well. Especially, the conduct of the pickets and skirmishers was very fine.”

In acknowledging the soldierly qualities which the colored men have exhibited, General Wild says that his troops “stood up to their work like veterans.”

On the 15th of June, General W. F. Smith's corps, the Eighteenth, crossed the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and moved south. A brigade of General Hincks's negro division was ordered to clear a line of rifle-pits in front of Smith's corps. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the Black Brigade went forward with a brilliant dash. They carried the rifle-pits with the bayonet. General Smith, who watched the black soldiers fight for the first time, declared that they were equal to any troops. The brigade moved on, when the defences of Petersburg were confronted ; until evening the negroes skirmished. At about sunset the Black Brigade charged the intrenched enemy. In a few moments the negro troops were within the works, cheering. An officer in one of the regiments says :—

“Our brave fellows went steadily through the swamp, and up the side of a hill at an angle of nearly fifty degrees, rendered

nearly impassable by fallen timber. . . . We took, in these two redoubts, four guns. . . . Other colored troops advanced against works more to the left. The Fourth United States Colored Troops took one more redoubt, and the enemy abandoned another. . . . There is no overrating the good conduct of these fellows during these charges ; with but few exceptions, they all went as old soldiers, but with more enthusiasm. . . . We can bayonet the enemy to terms on this matter of treating colored soldiers as prisoners of war, far sooner than the authorities can bring him to it by negotiation. . . . I know, further, that the enemy won't fight us if he can help it."

General Smith, in his order of the day, said :—

" To the colored troops comprising the division of General Hincks the general commanding would call the attention of his command. With the veterans of the Eighteenth Corps they have stormed the works of the enemy and carried them, taking guns and prisoners, and in the whole affair they have displayed all the qualities of good soldiers." (See Williams's History of "Negro Troops," etc., page 235.)

General Hincks, in his report of this action, says :—

" In the gallant and soldierly deportment of the troops engaged on the 15th inst., under varying circumstances,—the celerity with which they moved to the charge, the steadiness and coolness exhibited by them under heavy and long continued fire, the impetuosity with which they sprang to the assault, the patient endurance of wounds,—we have a sufficient proof that colored men, when properly officered, instructed, and drilled, will make most excellent infantry of the line" (Official Records, vol. xi. pt. i. p. 723.)

General Samuel A. Duncan, who commanded one of the brigades of colored troops in this battle, in an address delivered before the Society of the Army of the James, in 1871, says :—

" It was in that day's fighting that the colored troops of the Army of the James first had opportunity to show their true

mettle. Nobly did they bear themselves in the morning attack upon the outlying works on Baylor's farm. Emerging from the edge of the woods in regular line of battle, the leaden rain of musket-balls and the storm of grape and canister at short range smote full in their faces ; but, undismayed by the havoc which this well-directed fire made in their ranks, they raised a tumultuous shout, rushed upon the breastworks of the foe, and swept the position. But a severer test awaited them. At half-past one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day they were lying in line of battle in front of the main works, with orders to be ready for instant response to the signal for attack. The position was an exposed one, being swept by no less than four of the enemy's batteries. There they lay, powerless of action, through all the tedious hours of that blazing afternoon, and one after another was struck down by shot and shell and bullet until the list of casualties had grown to alarming figures. It was the severest trial to which inexperienced troops could be subjected ; and yet as the sun sank low towards the western horizon and the bugles rang out the signal for advance, up sprang those dusky warriors, nothing daunted, and swept like a resistless tide over the formidable works before them. That day's work demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that it was not for nought that in the hour of her extremest peril the Republic had summoned to her aid two hundred thousand of the emancipated race."

This success has a peculiar value and significance for the thorough test it has given of the efficiency of negro troops. In the thickest of the fight and under the most trying circumstances they never flinched. (See vol. ii. *Rebellion Record Documents*, p. 571 *et seq.*)

General Smith, speaking of this fight, is reported to have said : " No nobler effort has been put forth and no greater success achieved than that of the colored troops " (Same volume and page).

On June 30, the negro division of the Ninth Corps, under General Burnside, took part in the affair of the Mine, and in the disastrous fight in the crater caused by the explosion.

It had been intended by General Burnside that this division should, as soon as the mine had exploded, lead the advance upon the enemy, and its troops had been specially drilled for the service. But at the last moment, Generals Grant and Meade insisted that one of the white divisions of the corps should be given the advance, and the negro troops were sent in after the enemy had recovered from the unnerving effect of the explosion, and had encircled the crater filled with a disorganized mass of men, threatening a counter-attack upon our works.

The negroes went in with spirit, and seem to have been almost the only troops which behaved thoroughly well.

General Grant, in his report to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, states that Burnside wanted to put his colored division in front, and expressed the belief that had he been allowed to do so the affair would have been a success.

Again, at Deep Bottom, Virginia, from the 14th to the 17th of August, the negro troops of the Tenth Army Corps sustained the reputation they had already gained. On the night of August 18, the enemy assaulted vigorously, but the negro soldiers were cool and determined, and met the blow with courage. General Birney, next day, in orders, spoke as follows: —

“The enemy attacked my lines in heavy force last night and was repulsed with great loss. In front of one colored regiment eighty-two dead bodies of the enemy are already counted. The colored troops behaved handsomely, and are in fine spirits. The assault . . . would have carried any works not so well defended.”

On the 29th of September, 1864, in the course of one of the numerous attempts of the armies under Grant to advance toward Richmond on the north bank of the James River, carried on by the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, under General Butler, the attack on Newmarket Heights

was intrusted to the colored division of the Tenth Corps, which successfully accomplished the work, though with very considerable loss. General Samuel A. Duncan, at one of the reunions of the Army of the James, spoke of the behavior of the negro troops in this action, as follows :—

“ You saw them when the movement upon Richmond was made upon the James ; saw them, in the early gray of the morning, march with steady cadence down into the low grounds in front of Newmarket Heights, when the mists of the morning still hung heavy ; saw them disappear, as they entered the fog that enwrapped them like a mantle of death ; saw them struggling bravely forward through the almost impenetrable abatis that protected the enemy’s works, and saw them receive the deadly fire of the foe, recoiling once, but re-forming the columns, dashing forward again, sweeping over the hostile intrenchments, and driving the enemy back to his inner line nearer Richmond. And later in the day, you were witnesses to the special prowess of the troops of one regiment, — the Seventh United States Colored Troops, — that was sent against one of the Rebel forts . . . Those brave men rushed to the attack with an impetuosity that refused to be checked, until company after company was actually entrapped in the very moat of the work.”

Lieutenant Spinney, who was one of the officers leading these companies of the Seventh, thus describes the attack :—

“ The charge was made in quick time, in open order of about three paces, until we could plainly see the enemy ; then the order was given by Captain Weiss to double-quick, which was promptly obeyed, the line preserving its order as upon drill. Upon arriving at the ditch, there was no wavering, but every man jumped into the trap. . . . Captain Weiss gave orders to raise men upon the parapet, which was done by two men assisting one to climb. Captain Weiss, having from thirty to forty men up, attempted to gain the inside of the fort ; but all were knocked back killed or wounded into the ditch. A second and a third attempt were made, with no better success. . . . Upon

arriving at Libby Prison, an officer in charge asked the commander of our guard if the 'niggers' would fight. His answer was, 'By God, if you had been there, you would have thought so! They marched up just as if they were on drill, not firing a shot.'"

Major-General C. W. Field, of the Confederate service, in an account of the campaign of 1864 and 1865, in vol. xiv. Southern Historical Society Papers, p. 555, thus speaks of the attack on Fort Gilmer, where the Seventh United States Colored Troops lost so heavily: —

"As I got in sight of the breastworks I saw beyond them two lines of the enemy (the leading line of negroes) moving up to assault Gilmer. . . . Fire was opened along the line, but the enemy . . . continued to advance beautifully. . . . It is worthy of remark that some of the negro troops got up to our breastworks, and were killed there."

And General Lee is reported to have said, "Fort Gilmer proved the other day that they [the negroes] would fight. They raised each other on the parapet, to be shot as they appeared above."

In the great victory of General George H. Thomas, gained at Nashville, December 15, 1864, negro troops, under General Steedman, took part, and did valiant service. It was not daylight, on the morning of the 15th of December, when the army began to move. General Steedman, on the extreme left, was the first to draw out of the defences and to assail the enemy. Two of his brigades, chiefly colored troops, kept two divisions of Cheatham's corps constantly busy. Steedman maintained the ground he occupied till the next morning, with no very heavy loss.

On the next day, in the attack on Overton Hill, Steedman had promised to co-operate in the assault, and accordingly Thompson's brigade of colored troops was ordered to make a demonstration at the moment Post's

advance began. These troops had never before been in action, and were now to test their mettle. The colored brigade moved forward against the works east of the Franklin pike and nearly parallel to it. As they advanced, what was intended merely as a demonstration was unintentionally converted into an actual assault. Thompson, finding his men rushing forward at the double-quick, gallantly led them to the very slope of the intrenchments. But in their advance across the open field, the continuity of his line was broken by a large fallen tree. As the men separated to pass it, the enemy opened an enfilading fire on the exposed flanks of the gap thus created, with telling effect. Nothing was left, therefore, but to withdraw as soon as possible to the original position. This was done without panic or confusion, after a loss of 467 men from the three regiments composing the brigade. (*Vide Hood's "Invasion of Tennessee," "Century" War Articles.*)

Colonel Thompson, in his report, as given in vol. ii. *Rebellion Record Documents*, p. 106, says:—

"These troops were here for the first time under such a fire as veterans dread; and yet, side by side with the veterans of Stone River, Mission Ridge, and Atlanta, they assaulted probably the strongest work on the entire line, and, though not successful, they vied with the old warriors in bravery, tenacity, and deeds of noble daring. The loss of the brigade was over twenty-five per cent, and was sustained in less than thirty minutes."

The Fourteenth United States Colored Troops, one of the regiments of the First Brigade of the negro division at Nashville, had previously won a good name at Dalton, Georgia, on the 15th of August, 1864. This regiment had been sent as part of the relief column despatched by General Steedman to the aid of the garrison at Dalton. It held the left during the engagement, and behaved nobly. General Steedman had sent Captain Davis, of his staff, to observe and report upon the conduct of the black

soldiers, who were in perfect line of battle, firing regularly and effectively; and the captain rode back to his general and reported that "The regiment is holding dress-parade over there under fire."

These instances, all well authenticated, should satisfy any one that the negro troops, recruited and organized by the Government to aid in the suppression of the Rebellion, were fully as capable as the troops of other races to perform all the duties of soldiers. If in some respects the inferiors of the white volunteers, and from their long-continued servitude and lack of education naturally inferior to the educated white citizens of the North, yet in other respects they were, from that very inferiority, better fitted to fill the ranks of a regiment as part of that complicated human machine called an army. In physical bravery, steadiness under fire, and discipline to do what was ordered without question, they were certainly, when decently officered, equal to any troops which the Civil War produced, short of those organizations in which the high state of educated intelligence had actually created the spirit which would refuse to criticise, and took a pride in absolute obedience to orders, because the reason had first decided that a soldier never should do anything but obey.

The cases I have cited are but some of the many in which our colored volunteers played a most honorable part, and, though it would not be true to say that they always behaved well, yet the occasions in which they did not do as well as they ought to have done are not proportionately more numerous than those when white soldiers have failed; and I believe there was no occasion on which they were smitten as a body with a panic like that unreasoning panic of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville, or that of the army in general at the first battle of Bull Run.

Finally, the fact that ever since the Rebellion there have been four regiments of negroes, two of cavalry and two of infantry, constantly in the service of the Govern-

ment, forming part of the regular army, is perhaps the best answer that can be given to any one who doubts their capacity as soldiers. During all the four years of the war, the regular regiments were considered the choicest troops of the Union, and the greatest praise that could be given to a volunteer regiment was to compare it favorably with a regiment of regulars ; yet the standard of intelligence was probably in few volunteer organizations not very much above that of the regulars. I am informed by those who have had full opportunity of judging, and who ought to know, that the negro regiments of the army, since the Rebellion, have borne a creditable, and in many cases a gallant part, in the services which our little army has been called upon to perform, that they serve in conjunction with the white troops without trouble, and that their officers make no objections to commanding them because of the color of their skins. It is safe to say that they will always henceforth be accepted as soldiers, and will continue to form a part of the forces on which the nation depends. In the words of General Duncan, who had known and commanded negroes, and knew their soldierly qualities,—

“It is my verdict, and I believe that you will all coincide with me, that the colored troops deserved well of the Republic ; and when the artist-historian of the coming age shall seek to represent in enduring marble or bronze the magnificent events of the period of the Great Rebellion, high among the crowning figures of the structure will he uprear a full-armed statue of a negro soldier, and the Muse of History, with truthful pen, shall inscribe at the front of that statue the legend : ‘The colored troops fought nobly.’”

THE UNREMEMBERED SOLDIER.

By WILLIAM SOOY SMITH.

[Read October 13, 1892.]

DURING the great war in which we participated, the American people were a nation of "hero-worshippers," glad to sound the praises of the armies that fought, and perhaps still more delighted to heap honors on the heads of those who led them. The heroes of the hour were generally the commanders of armies, or at least of corps. Now and then the commander of a division, or even of a brigade, a regiment, or a company, favored by circumstances, rose to the surface, and was proudly tossed on the waves of popular applause. The people were pleased to bestow honors, and their favorites were no less pleased to receive them. And this was right, when great services were really rendered, and the honors given fairly won.

But how often did the soldiers at the front feel indignant at the columns of fulsome falsehood they read in the newspapers that reached them, describing unimportant skirmishes as great battles, and lauding to the skies, for their bravery and skill, officers who perhaps had not even sniffed the smell of "villanous gunpowder," when their handful of men had won the great victory? How often did they know that some straggling newspaper correspondent had found his way to the camp, and been furnished with tent and blanket, poor cigars and worse whiskey; and in the plenitude of his gratitude, with his blood and his imagination heated by his generous entertainment, and wishing to please the boys and their friends at home, and make popular the journal he served, had

written spread-eagle nonsense, utterly regardless of truth? And even when great battles were really fought, who that took part in them would even have recognized the actual engagements from the written descriptions of them?

I remember, after the battle of Perryville, reading of a certain general who, as the correspondent had it, rode from end to end of his wavering line, and rallied his troops by brandishing his glittering sword above his head, and shouting so that his voice was heard by his whole division above the roar of the battle! And this was not enough, but his sword had been broken, and he flourished the hilt with only a diminutive piece of the blade attached to it. Yet the real fact was that he moved his division in column of fours until its head was beaten off by the enemy's fire, and then deployed it on a hillside sloping down toward the Confederate line, where every man was exposed, instead of forming behind the crest of the hill, where his line would have been protected and its fire effective. The result may easily be guessed. His loss was terrific, and that of the enemy in his front slight. This officer was brave to a fault; yet he was guilty of a blunder that cost the lives of many an unremembered soldier as brave as he.

At the battle of Shiloh, on the second day, my brigade consisted of four regiments, three of which were in line, and one was in reserve in a sheltered position a couple of hundred yards to the rear. On our right was Barnett's Battery, supported by my strongest regiment. This regiment had just come to the front a full thousand strong. It was perfectly green, and without drill, discipline, or experience. It had received its arms but a few days or weeks before the battle; but this I did not know, as it was assigned to my brigade only the day before the fight. In the morning we were fiercely attacked by the enemy, and this regiment broke and ran away in spite of every effort that could be made to rally it. Barnett's Battery was left without support, and was for a time in imminent

danger of capture. My reserve regiment, numbering about five hundred men, was brought up as quickly as possible, and took its place in the line, opening fire just in time to repulse the enemy. I saw nothing more of my big regiment of raw recruits during the fight. A year or two after the war closed, I saw in the principal hotel of a neighboring city a large picture representing a regiment charging in gallant style. Its alignment was perfect, and all its company and field officers were in their proper places. And what was my surprise when I read the legend, "Gallant charge of the — regiment at the battle of Shiloh," the very regiment whose conduct I have described !

Later in the day it was the good fortune of my brigade to capture Standiford's Mississippi Battery of six guns. We bivouacked on the field that night about the position that had been occupied by this battery. The next morning it was found that two of the guns had disappeared. Search was made for them, and it was discovered that one of the pieces had gone to replace a gun that had been lost by one of our batteries during the first day's fight. No trace of the other could then be found ; but I have since been informed that it is now at the Capitol of the State from which my big regiment came, bearing the inscription, "Captured at the Battle of Shiloh," by this very regiment. I could perhaps pardon the conduct of the regiment on the field ; but the lying picture and the theft are without excuse or palliation. And yet, without knowledge of the facts, hundreds and thousands of people have doubtless given to this regiment the homage of their admiration and gratitude.

By this time I fear that you may all be thinking that I am afraid of my subject, and that I am calling your attention, not to the unremembered soldier, but to those who are too much remembered. I crave your indulgence for yet a little while, hoping that you will find all that you have thus far heard quite appropriate in an introductory way.

We all know that during the war there was a very large class of officers who studied and used every available means for getting all the notoriety and praise they could for what they did, and even for what they did not do. Many of them had friends at court, and did more at Washington to get promotion than they did in the field to earn it. We know that men were made brigadiers, and even major-generals, who had never been in a single battle, and knew little of military affairs theoretically, and absolutely nothing of them practically. We know what war horses they bestrode, and what wonderful plumes and epaulettes they wore.

And even some of the most deserving were praised, as they felt and acknowledged, far beyond what was due to their actual services. When the purpose of the Government to create the rank of Lieutenant-General and confer it on Grant was first made known to him, he disapproved of it, and stated that up to that time he thought no one had demonstrated his superiority over all the rest sufficiently to make it advisable to create this grade for his benefit. How refreshing was this modesty, contrasted with the scramble for promotion in which so many were engaged!

As time goes on, the great public drops from its recollection the many, and exaggerates more and more the merits of the few. And even now, when but about a quarter of a century has elapsed since the close of the war, there are just three men who tower far above all the rest,—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. And it is not only probable, but almost certain, that in 1965 few will hear of two of these,—Sherman and Sheridan,—and the great world will remember the name of Grant alone, and that with an admiration approaching the idolatry which we bestow upon Washington, of all the Revolutionary heroes. And really, with all due respect to the opinions of zealous friends, it is fair to say that there were others who were entitled to as much praise as either Sherman or Sheridan,

whose names are now seldom mentioned ; for example, Meade and Thomas. Sherman, with many opportunities, hardly ever won a decisive victory in a single great engagement, certainly none equal to that won by Meade at Gettysburg, or by Thomas at Nashville. And surely, while we all appreciate and admire "Little Phil," we know that his services were not so great as those of Meade or Thomas. His promotion came too late and his opportunities were too few. And now let us see whether all this is digression, or is directly pertinent to our subject.

If it has been shown that our people, in their eagerness to praise, have bestowed their praises unfairly, to just that extent the deserving have been defrauded ; and what makes it worse and more aggravating, the unworthy have also filched from the truly great the fame they fairly earned but were too modest to claim.

How can our country ever undo the wrong that was done to Buell, Warren, Fitz John Porter, and many others who rendered gallant, efficient, and meritorious service on many hard-fought fields, from the Potomac to the James, and from the Ohio to the Gulf and the sea ?

We each know a whole class of officers, belonging to all the grades, from second lieutenant to major-general, who were always with their commands, exerting themselves faithfully to keep them well equipped, drilled, disciplined, and in the highest condition of efficiency ; who were always present to command and lead them in battle, in obedience to a strict sense of duty and to the inspiration of a pure and lofty patriotism ; who did much and said little ; who were known by all of us as noble men and first-class soldiers ; and who are already unremembered, or almost forgotten. Such men as T. J. Wood, Kearney, Griffin, Charles Woods, Stanley, Crocker, Sill, Terrill, Heintzelman, Reynolds, Ord, A. J. Smith, will easily be recalled, and there are dozens and hundreds more. I cannot resist the temptation to support what I have maintained in this paragraph by the following statements : —

For more than a year prior to the battle of Stone River Sill was in command of a division of the Army of the Ohio (afterwards the Army of the Cumberland), and was idolized by his command. A few days before that battle he was removed and given a brigade under a division commander whom he ranked in the army, but not in the church to which the general commanding that army belonged. He accepted his humiliation uncomplainingly, led his brigade into action, where it broke, and he was killed while gallantly striving to rally it. Quiet, modest, faithful, brave, and skilful, he fell lamented by all who knew him, and his name to-day sounds strange in the ears of the American people.

Terrill, a Virginian, proud of his native State, but prouder still of our great nation, and grateful for the education he had received at West Point, stuck to the flag, and, with tears in his eyes, told me, but a few days before the battle of Perryville, that for so doing he had been disowned by his father. He was mortally wounded in that battle while bravely fighting his brigade; and he too is unremembered, except by those of his many warm personal friends who still survive him, and appreciate his patriotic devotion to his country.

I need not multiply such instances to fortify the general statement that there were dozens and hundreds of Sills and Terrills whom you can recall, who laid down their lives in like manner, and now sleep with the unremembered soldiers.

It is the misfortune of the common soldier to be remembered only in the mass. He can get no distinct individual fame. The phalanx of Philip, under him and his illustrious son, conquered the world; but the name of a single one of the heroes who held one of the spears that formed that glittering and resistless wall, no man knows.

The world may never forget the brilliant Corsican who tore through Europe like a cyclone; but it has not, and never had, acquaintance with those who, stretched on

Afric's sands, turned their sightless eyes to its burning sun, or, frozen stiff and stark, made food for wolves on Russian snows.

It was the valor and patriotism and sterling character of the soldiers of our Revolution, even more than the energy, bravery, and skill of their commanders, that made them successful in their seven years' struggle with one of the most powerful military nations of the world. And it is so in all wars. The quality of the rank and file of an army is the prime cause of its success or failure ; and the Greek proverb that "An army of stags with a lion to command is better than an army of lions with a stag to command," is not and never was true. The simple truth is, that the historian, chronicling the events that mark the birth, growth, and downfall of nations, mentions only the names of the most prominent actors, and with a mere stroke of the pen disposes of the thousands who suffer and die.

We remember how eloquently, during the great war, orators promised immortality of fame to the men who donned the blue, shouldered their muskets, left their mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, their wives and their children, and went to the front to suffer by millions, and to die by tens of thousands. They and their children's children to the latest generation were to be held in grateful remembrance, and, like Jefferson and Adams, "their names were to endure as long as if written in letters of living light betwixt Orion and the Pleiades."

How they marched through dust and mud and rain, bearing the burdens of pack-mules by day and by night, often on short rations, enduring the pangs of hunger and thirst ! How often did they lie in bivouac in their wet blankets, drenched with rain or covered with snow, getting up to a hasty breakfast of hard-tack, bacon, and coffee, long before daylight, to form in line and fight in bloody battles the live-long day ! And who can adequately describe the picture which their blood painted

on the field strewn with their mangled bodies, or the scenes which our hospitals presented after a fight?

"Sad, sad indeed are the sights of a foughten field." And sad, too, were the home scenes after a battle. Breathlessly the soldiers' dear ones waited for tidings from them, and tremblingly they scanned the long lists that were published of the killed, wounded, and missing.

In our pension-offices, custom-houses, and post-offices throughout the country, and in the departments at Washington, many old soldiers and many widows and children of soldiers are employed. More should be. And even as employees in our private business, other things being equal, they should have preference. Our wonderfully generous provision of pensions for soldiers and their widows proves that they are collectively held in grateful remembrance by our people; but the truth still remains that as individuals they are not honored as they should be.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, passing through the palace, I saw stately columns covered from base to capital with the names of thousands of common soldiers and officers who had fought gallantly and died for their country. And I thought, this much-abused Russia here sets an example to the world in giving as far as possible to the common soldier lasting recognition for his merits, and a record to which his descendants may point with pride.

The real heroes of our war were John Smith and William Jones and the thousands of nameless ones who were shot down as they fought standing on blistered feet with empty stomachs, and were buried somewhere. No monuments mark their resting-places, only cheap little slabs soon to fall down and disappear.

I wish that our Government would erect at the seat of government a shaft as high as the Washington monument, and cover it with non-corrodible bronze on which should be inscribed the name of every officer and soldier who during the war won special mention in official reports for gallant and meritorious conduct in action.

On all great civic occasions, in the midst of pomp and pageantry and ceremonial,—such as the celebration of the anniversary of the discovery of the American continent,—prominent places should always be reserved for the surviving veterans, common soldiers as well as officers; and dear as is our starry banner to the sight of our people should be that of their furrowed cheeks and snow-white hair.

I wish that every position in the civil service of our country, at home and abroad, were filled by an old soldier, as long as one could be found suitable in every way to fill it. I wish that every veteran might have enough of this world's goods to place him beyond want, and make him comfortable in his old age. And I especially wish that all whose conduct in life is worthy should be held in such esteem, and receive such kind and generous treatment, that they would be made to feel that their services are appreciated, and that they are respected and honored by the country they saved from division and destruction.

There are many who have the pleasant consciousness of long and arduous service cheerfully and faithfully rendered, who have not had the experience of Cincinnatus while living, and who cannot hope for perennial fame when dead. But that consciousness, and the glorious privilege of living as free men in our beloved country, and the pride and satisfaction that we feel in the fact that, united and great and powerful, we hand it over to our children and their descendants as their richest and best heritage, is our ample and soul-satisfying reward. And so, with no envy toward those who have filled and still fill the public eye, let us enjoy all the well-earned viands that our memories spread before us, and, rejoicing that we fought and still live as American citizens, march down the hill and lie with those who sleep at its base,—the "unremembered soldiers" of all the centuries.



Geo. H. Thomas

SOME CORRECTIONS
OF GRANT'S MEMOIRS AS REGARDS GENERAL
GEORGE H. THOMAS.

BY JOHN H. SHERRATT.

[Read November 8, 1888.]

IN attempting some corrections of the "Personal Memoirs of General Grant," I shall confine myself wholly to those portions that reflect upon the military reputation of General George H. Thomas.

To defend the memory of General Thomas is not only a duty, but a labor of love, to every old soldier of the Army of the Cumberland; and an opportunity for such a service finds us, as of old, eager and earnest volunteers. He who led that army so often to victory, and never to defeat, has long since been touched by the lips of everlasting silence; but we, his surviving comrades, would speak for him, and for his perfect vindication would refer to his record alone.

Grant and Thomas first met, during the war, at Shiloh, the one in command of the Army of the Tennessee, the other in command of a division of the Army of the Ohio that came so opportunely on that hard-fought field. A year and a half later, in October, 1863, they met again,—this time at Chattanooga,—one in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi (a deserved recognition of his matchless campaign of Vicksburg), the other in command of the Army of the Cumberland, that he had saved at Chickamauga. A grave crisis demanded united counsel; and the part borne by General Thomas in those troublous times should be read, not in the Memoirs of 1884, but in the official reports of 1863, written when all the facts were fresh. To those reports we shall appeal.

In the Memoirs, Grant states that he arrived at Chattanooga October 23, and that on the night of the 24th he issued orders for opening up the route to Bridgeport,—“a cracker line,” as the soldiers appropriately called it. The matter is a small one; but he should have stated that orders for this identical movement were issued ten days before. This is shown by a telegram of October 23 from C. A. Dana, Assistant-Secretary of War, then at Chattanooga, which stated that the pontoons were completed for a bridge across the river to Lookout Valley, and complained that Hooker was waiting at Bridgeport for his wagons, though ordered ten days before to occupy Raccoon Mountain and Lookout Valley. It is also shown by a despatch from Grant himself, of October 26, to Halleck, wherein Grant says: “General Thomas had also set on foot, before my arrival, a plan for getting possession of the river from a point below Lookout Mountain to Bridgeport. If successful, and I think it will be, the question of supplies will be fully settled.” The movement was, in fact, conceived by General Rosecrans before he was relieved of command, and to him due credit should have been given.

The “cracker line” being open and guarded by Hooker’s men from the Army of the Potomac, our position in Chattanooga was secure. Starvation had been our chief menace, and the hopes of the enemy faded as our commissary stores increased. Bragg, recognizing now his inability to capture the place, allowed Longstreet with fifteen thousand men to march away to the siege of Knoxville. Then began a flood of telegrams from Stanton and Halleck at Washington, to Grant at Chattanooga, urging him to relieve Burnside and save east Tennessee. With this end in view, Grant decided upon an immediate attack upon Bragg’s position. I quote now from the Memoirs:—

“On the 4th of November, Longstreet left our front with fifteen thousand troops, besides Wheeler’s cavalry of five thou-

sand more, to go against Burnside. . . . On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas peremptorily to attack the enemy's right, so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, or animals wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not see how he could possibly comply with the order."

This order of November 7th was (I quote from the order itself) "to attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge, and when that was carried to threaten, and attack if possible, the enemy's communications between Cleveland and Dalton." This meant, of course, a general engagement. It was identical with the movement attempted eighteen days later, when Sherman with six divisions failed to carry this very point; and in the light of that experience, who shall say that Thomas was not right in his judgment as to this movement, and, in prevailing upon Grant to revoke his order, that the army was not saved from a great disaster? The revocation of this order, according to a recent letter of General W. F. Smith, came about in this way: Upon its receipt, Thomas said to General Smith, his chief engineer, "If I attempt to carry out this order, my army will be terribly beaten. You must go and get the order revoked." And after a reconnoissance by them and General Brannan, chief of artillery, from a hill on the north bank of the Tennessee River, opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek, Smith reported to Grant that, in their judgment, nothing could be done until the arrival of Sherman. That this conclusion commended itself to the military judgment of General Grant is evidenced by his official report made at the time. In it he says: "Directions were given for the movement against Missionary Ridge, with a view to carrying it. . . . After a thorough reconnoissance of the ground, however, it was deemed utterly impossible to make the move until Sherman could get up, because of the inadequacy of

our forces and the condition of the animals then in Chattanooga."

Here, then, in Grant's official report is no charge whatever against Thomas; and the failure to attack does not rest alone upon the want of animals to haul the guns, but upon the weightier fact of the "inadequacy of our forces."

Coming to the 25th of November,—that memorable day at Missionary Ridge, when the rank and file of the Army of the Cumberland distinguished itself forever,—I read this from the Memoirs:—

"His [Hooker's] reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge. But Sherman's condition was getting so critical that the assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer. . . . I now directed Thomas to order the charge at once. I watched eagerly to see the effect, and became impatient at last that there was no indication of any charge being made. . . . Turning to Thomas to inquire what caused the delay, I was surprised to see Thomas J. Wood, one of the division commanders who was to make the charge, standing talking to him. I spoke to General Wood, asking him why he did not charge as ordered an hour before. He replied very promptly that this was the first he had heard of it. . . . I told him to make the charge at once. He was off in a moment, and in an incredibly short time loud cheering was heard, and he and Sheridan were driving the enemy's advance before them to Missionary Ridge."

General Wood, to whom I wrote in regard to this, replied as follows:—

DAYTON, OHIO, Sept. 22, 1887.

COMRADE J. H. SHERRATT:

DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed favor of the 21st inst., giving extracts from General Grant's Memoirs in regard to the assault on Missionary Ridge, is received. The extracts are not correct so far as I am concerned; and I am sure General Grant's memory was at fault when he wrote the narrative.

Truly yours, THOMAS J. WOOD.

See also how this grave charge of disobedience of orders by Thomas, made by Grant in 1884, melts away in the light of the following, from Grant's official report of 1863 :—

" This movement of his [Bragg's reinforcement of his right] being plainly seen from the position I occupied on Orchard Knob, Baird's division was ordered to support Sherman ; but receiving a note from Sherman that he had all the force necessary, Baird was put in position on Thomas's left. The appearance of Hooker's columns was at this time anxiously looked for and momentarily expected moving north on the ridge. His approach was intended as the signal for storming the ridge in the centre with strong columns ; but the length of time necessarily consumed in the construction of a bridge over Chattanooga Creek detained him to a later hour than expected. Being satisfied from the latest information from him that he must by this time be on his way from Rossville, though not yet in sight, . . . determined me to order the advance at once. Thomas was accordingly directed to move forward his troops constituting our centre, Baird's, Wood's, Sheridan's, and Johnson's divisions, . . . and carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge ; and when carried, to reform his lines with a view of carrying the top of the ridge. The troops moved forward," etc.

Here, then, it appears from Grant's official report that Thomas was not ordered to move until the latest information from Hooker placed him "on his way from Rossville." Now, Hooker did not leave Chattanooga Creek until after 2 P. M., and there was no good ground to expect that he would be "on his way from Rossville," though not yet in sight, before 3 P. M., as a march of several miles was necessary. It also appears that the charge on Missionary Ridge was not ordered until Baird was put in position on Thomas's left. Thomas's official report fixes that time at about 2.30 P. M. It says : " Owing to the difficulties of the ground, his troops [Baird's] did not get into line until about 2.30 P.M. Orders were then

given to move forward on Granger's left, and within supporting distance, against the enemy's rifle-pits on the slope at the foot of Missionary Ridge. The whole line then advanced," etc. General Baird, in a letter, states : " I reached there, got my troops in position just as the gun was fired directing the assault ; " and we all know that the whole line moved at the sound of the signal gun. Sherman's official report fixes the time of advance at 3 P. M. It says, " About 3 P. M. I noticed the whole line of musketry fire in front of Orchard Knob extending farther and farther, right and left, and on."

The evidence, then, from all the official reports agrees that no movement in the centre could have been ordered by Grant before about 2.30 P. M. ; and as the line was well under way and engaged by 3 P. M., there could not have been an hour's delay on Thomas's part, as charged by Grant in the Memoirs. Indeed, there could have been no delay at all. Thomas was nothing if not a soldier ; and with Sherman engaged to the death at the tunnel, he needed no second order to advance in the centre to his relief. And that army, disciplined by him, and infused with his martial spirit, made the most magnificent charge in all history. It went to the foot of the ridge, to the top of the ridge, and beyond, and was stopped only by the early gathering shades of that November night. It outran its orders, and was carried on to victory by its impulses. The army and its commander should live in story and in song as long as great deeds find expression by tongue or pen.

Though not necessary for the defence of Thomas, it is proper to state in this connection that Grant's order for the battle, Thomas's official report, and the testimony of all in position to know, negatives the assertion of the Memoirs that " His [Hooker's] reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge." No assault of the ridge by Thomas was contemplated until success had come to

Sherman on our left,—an event that never happened. An advance in the centre was ordered, but the assault of the ridge was a private matter of those immediately concerned, and for which no general officer of high command was responsible. In a recent conversation with General Wood, he told me that his orders were to go to the foot of the ridge and stop. Indeed, it is the testimony of General J. S. Fullerton that when the troops began the ascent of the ridge, Grant turned to Thomas and angrily inquired who gave the order, and stated substantially that somebody would suffer for it if all did not go well. In Grant's plan of battle, the few troops left with Thomas were to play a very minor part. One-half of all the forces at Chattanooga were given to Sherman, and to him was intrusted the main attack. That attack having failed,—not from any lack of gallantry on the part of those who made it,—a demonstration was ordered in the centre for their relief. It was wholly an accident that the demonstration became the victorious assault ; and all credit should be given here, as at Orchard Knob two days before, to the men who ran away from their generals and won the victory in spite of them. For troops who needed the “inspiring example of an initiative by the Army of the Tennessee to get them out of their trenches,” they did well.

The Memoirs also state, in substance, that Thomas was to have Granger with the Fourth Corps, reinforced to twenty thousand, ready to move on Knoxville after the battle at Missionary Ridge ; that on the 27th he (Grant) sent back word from Ringgold to Thomas to start Granger at once ; and that on the 29th, when he returned to Chattanooga, Thomas had not yet started him ; but that Granger had decided for himself that it was a bad move to make.

As I have been unable to find anything in the official reports accessible either to confirm or to refute this, I have had recourse for testimony to some of the living

actors in that drama. General J. S. Fullerton, chief of staff to Granger at that time, writes me from St. Louis, under date of Dec. 9, 1887, as follows : —

"Grant's order to Granger was to come down from Missionary Ridge, get ready to go to Knoxville, and wait further orders. This he did at once, and reported fully ready. . . . After waiting until his patience was exhausted, . . . there came the order to start, and he started immediately. Grant sent a messenger from Ringgold to Granger at the Hiawassee Crossing, thanking him for his *prompt and energetic movement*. After Granger had been removed, . . . Garfield showed this note to Lincoln and Stanton, . . . and both said he should be assigned to any command desired. He was sent to Mobile."

I have also a letter, dated Cincinnati, July 16, 1888, from Captain J. G. Taylor, A. D. C. to General Granger at the time of the battle of Missionary Ridge, with reference to this note of Grant, referred to by General Fullerton. Captain Taylor writes : —

"The autograph note mentioned was not seen by me until in New York city, where General Granger was ordered to report after he had been relieved from the command of the Fourth Army Corps. . . . It was given to General Garfield, who was then in Congress, and he went with it and other papers to have General Granger restored to active service. In this he was successful, and Granger was ordered to New Orleans, and subsequently to Mobile Bay, where his part in those campaigns is well known."

If, then, Grant, while at Ringgold, sent a messenger to Granger at the Hiawassee Crossing, the Memoirs are certainly wrong in stating that on the 29th, when he returned to Chattanooga, "Thomas had not yet started him." And if this messenger conveyed an autograph note from Grant, thanking Granger for his "prompt and energetic movement," no further evidence is needed that the reflections cast upon Generals Thomas and Granger were undeserved.

Passing over the succeeding twelve months, I again read from the Memoirs this dreadful indictment:—

"Thomas made no effort to re-enforce Schofield at Franklin, as it seemed to me at the time he should have done, and fight out the battle there. He simply ordered Schofield to continue his retreat to Nashville, which the latter did during the night and the next day. . . . Hood was allowed to move upon Nashville and invest that place almost without interference. . . . He, Thomas, had troops enough to annihilate him in the open field. To me his delay was unaccountable, sitting there and permitting himself to be invested."

Here are charges of inefficiency so colossal as to imply either imbecility or treachery, and made, too, against an officer who, two weeks later, won the most magnificent and complete victory of the war. For a complete vindication of General Thomas in this connection, a short review of the events leading up to the battles of Franklin and Nashville is necessary.

Previous to Sherman's start on his holiday march to the sea, Thomas was sent back to Nashville to defend Tennessee. Sherman with sixty-two thousand men, as well appointed and perfect an army as ever marched, turned his back to the foe; and, so far as the campaign in Tennessee was concerned, might as well have been in the moon. With him he took the horses, the pontoon-trains, the serviceable wagons, and the field equipment of the whole army, and turned over to General Thomas the dismounted cavalry, the convalescents, the various detachments performing garrison duty, and two small corps, the Fourth and Twenty-third, aggregating twenty-two thousand men. Two divisions of A. J. Smith's corps were promised him, but were long delayed, the first division of five thousand men reaching him too late for the battle of Franklin, and the second division not arriving at Nashville until December 2d. And this was the force that, according to the Memoirs, was enough to "even annihilate him [Hood] in the open field."

In order to gain time for concentration and organization, the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, Schofield in command, were pushed to the front at Pulaski, to oppose and delay the enemy's advance. The battle of Franklin was fought by them, November 30, and was won by virtue of the strength of our position against a direct assault, and by the splendid valor of those two veteran corps. It was Thomas's idea to hold the field at Franklin, and he telegraphed to Schofield to know if he could maintain his position for three days, until Smith could arrive. Schofield replied : "I do not believe I can ; would hazard something in holding him [Hood] one day. . . . Ought to take position at Brentwood at once." Thomas, of course, deferred to the judgment of the officer immediately in command ; and, if the Memoirs are just in their criticism of the retreat from Franklin, General Schofield should bear the blame. But are they just? On November 9, Hood had at Florence, Alabama, 41,185 infantry, and 3,544 cavalry ; and on November 15, he was joined by Forrest with nine thousand more cavalry. To oppose these forces we had at Franklin less than twenty-five thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry ; and there was great danger that by remaining longer there we should be cut off from Nashville, — from our reinforcements and supplies.

On December 2, 1864, Grant, at City Point, began that remarkable series of telegrams to Thomas at Nashville, beseeching, urging, ordering an attack. It was an attempt on his part to conduct a campaign a thousand miles away, — something that had never yet successfully been accomplished. Thomas replied as best he could, regretting and explaining the delay, and offering to submit to removal rather than move before he was ready. On December 9, the order for removal was issued, but was suspended, as it now seems providentially. At the same time, Thomas announced himself as ready. In addition to the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, Smith was on hand with ten thou-

sand men. Every post south of Nashville, except Murfreesboro and Chattanooga, had been abandoned ; and from this source had come five thousand men, commanded by Steedman. A division of five thousand more had been formed from convalescents and men whose regiments were with Sherman. Horses had at last been secured for the cavalry, and the attack was ordered. Then began that storm of sleet, lasting for three days, and covering hill and plain with a sheet of ice, that made the movements of men and horses dangerous, if not impossible. Again impatience reigned supreme at Washington and at City Point. Logan was started westward to relieve Thomas of command ; and so great was Grant's anxiety that he himself started for Nashville.

Clearing skies and melting ice enabled Thomas to strike on the 15th. Logan was stopped at Louisville and Grant at Washington ; and, in his own good time, in his own way, and with an army organized for the emergency, the "Rock of Chickamauga" won a victory that should have thereafter disarmed criticism. He annihilated Hood's army,—an army that had resisted our combined forces for six months,—and put an end forever to armed opposition in the West. He did more. He saved the military reputation of General Sherman ; for had disaster come to us at Nashville, the March to the Sea would have gone down in history as the great blunder of the war. Grant frankly and manfully recognized at the time this great service, and bravely said that the victory fully vindicated General Thomas's judgment as to the necessity of the delay. Had the Memoirs been equally just in speaking of Thomas's services at this grave crisis, no cause for criticism would exist.

Later in the Memoirs we find complaints that Hood was not pushed with that vigor that the circumstances would warrant. To this, no better answer can be made than General Thomas made at the time. In his letter to Halleck, of December 21, 1864, he said :—

"General Hood's army is being pursued as rapidly and as vigorously as it is possible for one army to pursue another. We cannot control the elements, and you must remember, to resist Hood's advance into Tennessee, I had to organize and almost thoroughly equip the force under my command. I fought the battle of the 15th and 16th inst. with troops but partially equipped ; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the partial equipment, have been enabled to drive the enemy beyond Duck River, crossing two streams with my troops, and driving the enemy from position to position without the aid of pontoons, and with but little transportation to bring up supplies of provisions and ammunition. I am doing all in my power to crush Hood's army, and, if it be possible, will destroy it. But pursuing an enemy through an exhausted country, over mud-roads completely sogged with heavy rains, is no child's play, and cannot be accomplished as quickly as thought of. I hope, in urging me to push the enemy, the department remembers that General Sherman took with him the complete organization of the military division of the Mississippi, well equipped in every respect as regards ammunition, supplies, and transportation, leaving me only two corps, partially stripped of their transportation to accommodate the force taken with him, to oppose the advance into Tennessee of that army which had resisted the advance of the army of the military division of Mississippi on Atlanta, from the commencement of the campaign until its close ; and which is now, in addition, aided by Forrest's cavalry. Although my progress may appear slow, I feel assured that Hood's army can be driven from Tennessee, and eventually driven to the wall, by the force under my command.

"But too much must not be expected of troops which have to be re-organized, especially when they have the task of destroying a force in a winter's campaign, which was able to make an obstinate resistance to twice its numbers in spring and summer. In conclusion, I can safely state that this army is willing to submit to any sacrifice to oust Hood's army, or to strike any other blow which may contribute to the destruction of the Rebellion."

This was General Thomas's answer at the time. If further answer is needed, let the shattered remnants of

Hood's army speak for him. Of all that magnificent army that defended Atlanta, and later marched to Franklin and Nashville, scarcely five thousand ever again came together. We have the testimony of the Memoirs that Thomas's movements were always "so deliberate and so slow, though effective in defence." The enemy can bear witness to the rest.

The Memoirs were written under the stress of personal financial embarrassments, and amidst the shadows of impending death. They are the recollections of a dying man. There was no time for searching records or gathering data; and we all know what a treacherous thing is memory after the lapse of twenty years. The marvel is, not that they contain mistakes, but that there are so few. If, in the light of the records, which the author of those Memoirs had no time to consult, we can point out errors, we would not do it in a spirit of hostility to him, we would not do it in a spirit of controversy or unkindness, but merely that others may not suffer from statements whose only value comes from the prestige of his great name. With the name of Grant are associated the proudest recollections of the war. On his head rests, as a halo, the wreath of well-earned victory. With entire loyalty to him, without detracting one iota from his great fame, we would defend the memory of him whom we trusted as a leader and loved as a father,—General George H. Thomas. In the religion of Rome there was room for all the gods of every conquered province. In the American heart there is a place for all its honored names.

Before closing, permit me to add a few words more, not in further defence of General Thomas, but that, through the mists of a quarter of a century, we may catch glimpses of the greatness of his services and of the nobility of his character.

When the war began, he was one of a remarkable group of men, constituting the field officers of the Second United States Cavalry,—Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, and Majors Hardee and Thomas. He was forty-five years of age, and so in the full vigor of life. A born soldier, a graduate of West Point, and a veteran of twenty years of active service, he was thoroughly equipped for the impending conflict. It is not necessary to follow him through all the trying events of that great struggle. His is the history of the Army of the Ohio and the Cumberland. He organized and commanded the force that won our first important victory at Mill Spring; and three years later, at Nashville, he destroyed the last armed opposition in the West. During those three years, men came and went, fields were lost and won, but he was always on duty, never made a mistake, and "so ordered his command as to retrieve it from the mistakes of others." He never sought a command and never shrank from responsibilities. He had confidence in himself, in his plans, and in his men. He was a believer in organization and preparation. He had that foresight which prepares for emergencies. He had the military instinct to discern the weakness of an enemy, and to tell him when and where and how to strike. He was never unduly elated or depressed. His fixity of purpose and unbending will were stamped upon every line of his face. "We will hold the place until we starve," was his telegram from Chattanooga to Grant at Louisville. And yet this stern man of duty, who rarely smiled, was genial and humane, and from his great kindness of heart, from his ever-watchful care, was known to all his "boys" as "Pap" Thomas. Growing in strength as his burdens increased, he was at the close of the war everywhere recognized as one of our four great commanders. He was not ambitious. When ordered to relieve General Buell, he asked to have the order suspended; when urged to be a candidate for President, he refused. He never complained. To officers who were overlooked in the organization of new regiments in the regular army, he said: "I have taken great pains to educate myself not to feel;" and

though his sensitive soul must have often suffered from injustice and neglect, he was as silent then as now. He served without a murmur under General Rosecrans, his junior, and gave to him the most loyal support. He never boasted ; nor was he jealous of the success of others. He never asked a favor for himself, and he never lobbied for himself or friends. He declined a sum of money about to be raised for him by friends in Cincinnati, and proposed that it be given to the widows and orphans of soldiers. He was not a member of any church, but from his Welsh father and Huguenot mother he inherited the firm belief in an overruling Providence, and in those great truths of Christianity that underlie all the churches. He enjoyed stories ; and, if of the proper kind, would listen to them for hours ; but he rarely told one. In his thoughts and actions he was as pure and modest as a girl. This commander, so great in his simple modesty, so great in his honesty and humanity, so great in all the elements of a successful soldier, was great also in his loyalty. Born in Virginia, he was one of the few officers of the regular army from the South who remained true to the Union. What it cost him cannot be measured by our poor experiences. To him it meant the sacrifice of the associations of a lifetime, of the ties of kindred and of home ; and to this day he is throughout the South regarded as a traitor to his State. For this, if for no other reason, his name should be remembered lovingly to the latest generations.

In June, 1869, General Thomas arrived in San Francisco and took command of the Department of the Pacific. It was his last assignment. On March 28, 1870, at noon, he was attacked, while in his office, with fainting ; he was not conscious after three o'clock, and at 7.15 P. M. he died. His body was borne by loving hands across a continent to Troy, N. Y., where, eighteen years before, he had been married ; and on April 8, under bright skies and amidst the newly awakening life of spring, he was forever laid at rest.

Standing on the Pacific's shore and looking out through the Golden Gate to the West, we see again the East. We look across an ocean where the new and the old come together, where the days with the meridians meet, where time and eternity seem one, on its ever changing, ever changeless waters. From that shore, on that March evening eighteen years ago, the spirit of our old Commander passed through other golden gates to other shores, where, on the peaceful waters of God's eternal love, all things are ever new, the days are a perpetual morning, and time and its mutations are unknown.

THE SOLDIER'S PLACE IN CIVILIZATION.

By FRANCIS A. RIDDELL.

[Read April 11, 1889.]

A STUDY of military events, the consideration of the causes and consequences of war, of the services and fortunes of heroes, the vicissitudes and victories of armies, the results of battles, and the successes, achievements, and fate of great captains,—these have been, in all ages, subjects of supreme fascination to men of all classes, creeds, and conditions.

The principle of war is inborn in man. It lurks with sleepless rancor in the evil nature and destructive tendencies of the human heart. Its form is evoked and its terrible forces set in motion by the most dreadful necessities of human society. It is a storm-cloud forever rising and never completely dispelled. The spirit of peace may hover timidly in the distance, but the form of war is always near. War is the dark background of all the human passions. It fascinates, it appalls, it destroys; and civilization has never yet found a charm to repress its terror nor to obviate its necessity. It enlists in its service the best and the meanest; it recruits its ranks from the bravest and the noblest of earth, and in its pitiless sway immolates upon its altar the good and the bad, and sacrifices without a shudder the guilty and the innocent alike.

The spirit of war originates in sin. It feeds on hate, fattens on revenge, rejoices in cruelty, exults in ferocity, triumphs through oppression, outrages justice, reviles truth, stamps out generosity, and revels in villany.

And yet this fiendish spectre casts its mighty spell over the race of man, marshals him in its bloody train, and drags him along, a charmed and chained captive, at its chariot-wheels, by a power which no human agency can evade, and with a will which no circumstance can subdue.

Such is the black spectre of war, and such are its vicious tendencies. But the soldier who does battle in its name may none the less be a benefactor to his race.

The employment of military force and the aid of a trained soldiery have been, through all history, under all forms and in all stages of civilization, one of the first necessities of a well-ordered and progressive society. No form or system of government has ever yet been able to obviate the inherent difficulties which make the profession of arms an essential safeguard to the preservation of social order. The service of the soldier and the art of war are as needful to the protection and defence of liberty and free institutions as they are to the support of despotism and the rule of tyranny.

But the character and value of the soldier is either elevated or degraded according to the motives and purposes which call him into service and actuate him in the discharge of his duty.

The same virtues must be ascribed to military men as to those of any other class or profession. Society has not only ordained and exalted the military art, but it urges men into its profession by every impulse that ennobles ambition and dignifies manhood.

The soldier sees behind him not only the great achievements of illustrious heroes, but the approval and benediction of the past. His calling is sanctioned by the almost universal voice of public opinion, and upheld by all the forms of law. Before him is the scroll of fame upon which he may write his name in fadeless glory. Hence, justice demands that we acquit him of any peculiar devi-

ations from the line of duty, or of falling below the level of society, either in moral worth or private virtue.

It is a source of just pride to those whose fortunes have led them, either for long or short periods, into the ranks of war, to know that the soldier, in all ages and under all conditions of civilization, has reflected at least *the average standard* of the ethics of the society in which he lived and which gave him his commission and authority.

It was justly observed by Gibbon that so long as mankind continue to shower greater applause upon their destroyers than upon their benefactors, the thirst for military glory will ever be the vice of exalted minds. This fact does not, however, imply that those who give their services to the art of war are less worthy, as a class, than those who devote their time and talents to the arts of peace, but rather that the soldier is, in moral worth and purpose, what is demanded by the moral sentiment and purpose of the society whom he serves.

And because this is true, men of the most gifted minds and of the highest and noblest purpose have, throughout the ages, sought renown in the serried ranks of war and on fields of bloody conflict. And, for this reason, the military art has been a just measure of the progress of all true civilization. The great battles of earth are the costly milestones that mark the weary way along which men of splendid genius and courageous hearts have led the nations of earth toward the temple of liberty.

It is the spirit and motive of the soldier which give character to his calling, dignify his manhood, exalt his deeds, and make him a factor for good or evil in society.

Let us inquire into the purposes and sentiments which have actuated armies and prompted military chieftains in ancient and modern times, and discover, if we may, the value which the services of the true soldier have been to mankind.

In ages when war was an end, and not merely a means to the accomplishment of a worthy object, we find among the world's soldiers many examples of heroic devotion to principles of right, and many wars in which the sword was drawn only in defence of truth and the rights of man. This is true of many of the Hebrew wars, and of their great leaders. Occasionally the chosen ones of God fought for plunder, and sometimes made war for the unholy purpose of revenge; but as a rule they buckled on the armor of battle only to defend their manhood and drive away the spoiler. Joshua and David are as much renowned for their valor and their deeds of heroism on the field of battle, as for their piety and gifts of prophecy; but they fought only that their people might be free, and their homes and their altars unprofaned. Hezekiah led the army of Jerusalem with dreadful fury against Sennacherib and the Assyrian hosts; but his purpose was to protect the homes of Israel from desecration, to drive back the invader, and to punish the assassins of his nation's liberty. So it was among the earliest Greek states. Athens may fairly be said to have made war a science, and certainly to have created the art of military strategy; and yet many of her great military leaders, not only on account of their exalted virtues, but as well for their victories in war, have ever received the gratitude of mankind. Their soldierly genius, their moral worth and heroism in battle, have proved a blessing to the race, and their deeds and their fame will live forever.

It is rare indeed that an army of brave men has gone into battle with a loftier devotion or a holier purpose, than that which Miltiades lead to deathless fame and enduring victory, against the Persian hosts on the plain of Marathon. The Greeks in that conflict of arms defended their homes; they vindicated their manhood, they bled for liberty, they died for their country. Darius, with insolent pride and despotic purpose, had assailed the Greeks upon their own thresholds, and threatened to make

them the sport of his ambition and slaves to his power; but the sons of Athens counted life as nothing when weighed in the balance against submission and servility. These manly soldiers joined the Grecian phalanx with a patriotic courage never surpassed. They fought, they fell, they triumphed in the cause of freedom,—a cause as dear and as glorious then as it is to-day.

As long as Athens continued to respect the manhood of men, and prosecuted war only upon principles of justice, just so long did her people grow in prosperity and strength as a nation. They were first among the nations in the grandeur of their achievements, and none surpassed them in the race for glory.

But the race which gave birth to Pericles and Xenophon, to Plato and Alcibiades, to Socrates and Aristotle; the people who nursed the genius that built the Parthenon and made Greece the mother of arts,—where are they? What has befallen the institutions they founded, the government they established, the society they cherished, and the hopes they breathed? These once real pulsating entities now “glimmer through the dream of things that were,” and that is all, except a name! Athens trained her soldiers first to defend her liberties, and her heroes made her the marvel among nations. But the lust of power and the dream of conquest transformed these manly patriots into soldiers of fortune and instruments of oppression. Their military prowess enabled them to trample upon the rights of the weak and defenceless. Their motives became corrupted by the hope of glory and the spoils of war. The lustre of their fair name was dimmed by internal dissensions. The liberties of Athens were easily subverted by the Macedonian Philip; the mad ambition and restless energy of Alexander soon placed the yoke of bondage upon the necks of her people; and while her poets were still singing the praises of her illustrious heroes, the shadow of decay settled forever about a nation whose dazzling splendors have never been equalled or eclipsed.

And what of Alexander,—the mightiest chieftain, the most heroic leader of armies, in all history? What was his purpose, and with what spirit did he organize military forces and prosecute war? Not to defend his country, nor to protect the liberties and property of his people. Not for this, nor for any cause or purpose that can justify war or excuse its hardships, did this military chief carry on the bloody trade of the soldier.

The people over whom he held despotic sway were half crazed by the general craving for a military career, and the hope of plunder and the promise of promotion transformed the soldier of heroic Greece into the servile minions of an ambitious tyrant. The wild dream of Alexander was the conquest of the world. His avowed purpose was the establishment of Grecian institutions throughout all the nations; and it may be that some good to mankind has resulted from his genius for war, and from the wonderful success of his military campaigns. But if such be the case, the benefits secured to the world as a result of Alexander's career did not flow from the spirit of conquest which actuated the leader, nor the hope of pillage which prompted the army that overcame Darius and destroyed the power of Persia. It was rather because the Greek, bad as he was, was better than the Persian in his best estate. Had Alexander lived until all the Eastern world had become grecianized, and until Greek customs, learning, and philosophy had become firmly established, we might find some reason to justify his mercenary conduct; but the fascinating wine-cup of the luxurious Babylonian was a host whose conquest he attempted but could not accomplish, and he went prematurely, not from a broken heart, but from a brutal debauch, to a drunkard's grave. The great empire which had been the dream of his ambition was broken into fragments, and the valorous soldiers of Greece went down in the ascendancy of conquering Rome.

And what of the mighty warriors of imperial Rome?
“Rome, that once sat upon her seven hills, and from her

throne of beauty ruled the world." Her spirit too was one of insatiate conquest. The supreme purpose of her statesmen and rulers was, likewise, the dominion of the world. The Roman idea was not to create a state, to succor the weak, to advance and elevate society, to promote honest industry, nor to establish and protect the arts of peace. But she marshalled her armies, equipped her legions, and manned her fleets with men who esteemed physical courage an equivalent for every moral virtue, and sent them forth — for what purpose? In a few instances, it is true, to defend the homes of her people and to drive back the invader; but chiefly, in her long and mighty reign, she waged malignant war to subdue rival nations, appropriate alien territory, devastate peaceful homes, destroy cities, overawe the weak, and place the badge of humiliation and servitude upon free men.

Such was Rome in the days of her greatest glory and power. Her soldiers followed her victorious chieftains in unnumbered triumphs; but their motive was plunder, and their career was cruelty. The wars they waged filled the treasury of the Eternal City; but in trampling under foot every generous impulse of humanity, and stifling every sentiment of justice, she invited a fate more miserable than any she had visited upon the victims of her avarice. Her ruling passion increased with indulgence, and her armies fed upon the blood they shed. She gave to the world the first example of the plantation system, and the haughty armies that bore "S. P. Q. R." on their shields and standards lent their power to the slave-catcher.

The Romans prosecuted unholy wars for the purpose of carrying as captive to their proud capital the unfortunate victims of their brutal strength; and the blood of unnumbered gladiators and spearmen fattened the dust of the arena, while the death-throes of the innocent furnished amusement for her populace.

The Roman legions were able to overcome the brave

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soldiers of Mithridates and Zenobia, but they could not survive the enervating influence of their unjustifiable conquests.

The Greeks could conquer Asia, and Alexander with a handful of daring men under Macedonian captains could win miraculous victories over his hereditary enemies; but the short Roman falchion at last triumphed over the serried ranks of spears, and the impetuous phalanx of the Greek was borne to the earth by the majestic tread and irresistible force of the Roman legion.

But the people of Rome became debauched by the spoils of robbery; and when the world lay prostrate at her feet, the mad ambition of her chieftains preyed upon itself, until, torn with internal discord, she became the spoil of barbarians and a by-word among the people of the earth. And there she stands, "The Niobe of nations, crownless in her voiceless woe."

And who and what were they who conquered Rome? Were they soldiers in the cause of human freedom, fighting the battles of liberty, resisting the malignant grasp of the tyrant, or defending the rights of man and the sanctity of home?

Those bold and warlike savages, the Huns and Goths, were the fit successors of Roman outrage, cruelty, and oppression. The Vandals fought and slaughtered and pillaged with a fiendishness and fury unequalled in all history. Their hope of immortality was to die on the field of battle, and be translated to the halls of Odin, where, in a paradise of terrors, they might forever drink refreshing draughts from the skulls of their enemies. The story of their triumphs is a black spot upon the page of history, and the nameless crimes committed by them under the guise of war is an unspeakable stain upon humanity. And yet they subdued Rome, sacked her cities, slaughtered her people, and silenced forever the stately language of Cicero and the Cæsars. They overran the fair plains of Italy like wolves, to feed and

fatten upon Roman plunder; but they sickened and died like locusts in a north wind. They had no purpose but to destroy, no trade but war, no sentiment but conquest and pillage.

So much for Greece and Rome. As long as their soldiers drew the sword to defend their firesides and guard their liberties, the nations that sent them forth to battle rose in glory, and their people grew in virtue and strength; and when they waged war even for conquest and plunder, they revelled for a while indeed in puissant splendor. But the corroding influences of their vices and injustice sapped the foundations of the mighty nations their true manhood had established, and from the topmost round of earthly empire they sank into a night of deepest infamy and dishonor.

Upon the wreck of Rome was founded that strangest mixture of good and evil, of mercy and cruelty, of selfishness and generosity, ever known among men,—Chivalry. Out of the gloom of the Middle and Dark Ages—that almost voiceless abyss in time which was alike the grave of ancient and the cradle of modern civilization—grew this knightly order.

Beginning with the sixth century and stretching downward a thousand years, was a period across whose distance we look at picturesque institutions and fantastic customs. We recognize men of great virtues and of gigantic crimes. It was an era marked by frequent revolutions and incessant change. The steady progress of government, the equal and just administration of law, the supremacy of right ideas, and the even pursuit of peaceful vocations, were almost unknown.

But the Chivalry of the tenth and succeeding centuries was not without an example analogous in many respects. The brilliant sun of Grecian civilization rose out of the dim twilight of the age of Orpheus and Hercules, and of the mythical heroes of the Trojan war. This also was an age of convulsion and anarchy, when men were impatient

of the wholesome restraints of law, and when ambition, avarice, and lust stalked abroad to ravage at their will. Hector and Agamemnon, Achilles and Ulysses, were the feudal chiefs of their day, and the typical forerunners of Christian knighthood. They exhibited the same daring and prowess, the same fantastic sense of honor, and the same thirst for adventure and military glory so characteristic of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Tancred, and of Richard the Lion-Heart. The spirit of the Greek differed from that of his Christian imitators, but it was because the purpose was different. The object of the ten years' crusade of Grecian knighthood was to rescue a popular wanton from the arms of her chosen paramour; while the Christian knight battled with a heroism never surpassed in any cause or in any age, to rescue from the grasp of the infidel a city which had witnessed the marvellous demonstrations of the Nazarene, and which contained the sepulchre of the stainless Prince of Peace.

It was in the crisis which followed the death of Charlemagne that Chivalry first began to take on the form of order. The poor and weak barons, who had suffered by the predominance of might over right, banded together, throughout the vast empire bequeathed by Charlemagne to his feeble descendants, for the express purpose of redressing outrages and protecting the helpless and innocent.

This manly purpose appealed strongly to every generous impulse. The Church gave its benedictions to an undertaking so noble, and thus Chivalry became at once clothed with the sanctity of religion. The people of all classes regarded with reverent enthusiasm those who, with no motive of selfishness, stood forth as the champions of innocence and right. The spirit of the new order rapidly spread, and from being a simple engagement of fidelity among a few brave men, Chivalry soon expanded into a mighty institution. Its influence dominated Europe for

centuries ; and whatever vices and excesses may have been committed in its name, the genius of its many virtues has given form and power to much that is noblest and worthiest in the civilization of the present day.

The exalted position of woman in modern life is due chiefly to the manly and generous bearing accorded to her by knightly grace and heroic devotion. Among pagan nations, woman had been either a slave or a rare flower to be set in a costly vase. But when the spirit of Chivalry rose up to defend the innocent and the weak, the claims of woman upon knightly duty and obligation grew with the strength of the order, and she was regarded with a mingling of tenderness, love, and reverence. Her condition was exalted, her name was honored. Before the age of Chivalry, no matter how potent may have been her influence over those who were alive to her charms, she had no defence against the violence of brute force. But in the firmament of the true Templar, she was "a bright particular star," whose inspiration ennobled the characters and subdued the vices of those rugged and intrepid heroes.

Allied as it was with the Church and the feudal system,—the two principles of society which in the eleventh and twelfth centuries dominated Europe,—it needed only one thing to make it the supreme authority; and that one thing was some great enterprise of which Chivalry itself should be both the origin and the moving cause. This was found in the supreme necessity of rescuing the Holy Land from the unrighteous rule of the Saracen. The daring knights were awakened to a sense of duty by the fervid eloquence of Peter the Hermit, who had been first a soldier and then a monk. The City of Zion must be redeemed from the sacrilegious Moslem; and Godfrey and his successors led the bravest and noblest of the men of their day in crusade after crusade, until the earth reeled with the shock of conflict.

It is true that in the wars undertaken by the gallant Crusaders, the riot of evil passions was sometimes indulged, and many acts of shameless outrage were committed in the name of Christianity. It was claimed, too, that the glory of God required cruelty to the infidels as a means of promoting his fear in the hearts of men. But the spirit, the purpose, the exalted sentiment of the Crusaders, should be considered an honor to soldiers in any age or in any cause.

It is fashionable at the present day to say that the object of these wars was frivolous and their pretext unworthy; but if wars are ever to be justified, these splendid campaigns of the eleventh and twelfth centuries were certainly of that character. The spirit which arrayed Europe against Asia in that day was the irrepressible conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity; and the object of these wars was to wrest from a savage race a territory which it held only by the power of the sword. The dreadful scourge of Islam cast its shadow over all Europe; and to roll back the hopeless night of this encroaching barbarism, the wars of the Crusades were carried on and their battles were fought. They were waged at an immense cost of treasure and blood, but they were battles against a people and a system whose only alternative to the conquered was the Koran, bondage, or death.

Compare the purpose of those gallant and intrepid knights with that of the wars between Englishmen to determine whether a white or a red rose should bloom upon the brow of English royalty; or with that of the war between Frenchmen, in which millions of lives were sacrificed, upon the question as to whether a weak and vacillating Bourbon, or the reckless ambition and selfish depravity of Bonaparte, should stifle the spirit of liberty in France,—compare the spirit and object of the soldier in wars like these, with the spirit and motive of a war to which men were urged by pity and indignation for

the wrongs suffered by others of their race and faith,— and then tell me where the honor lies, and in which cause the victor was worthy of the reward due to duty.

But with the termination of the Crusades, in the thirteenth century, the star of Chivalry began to wane, and the lustre of knighthood grew dim. The fair dream of glory, which was its early inspiration, was dispelled by the rewards and favors bestowed upon the order by cunning and ambitious princes. The valiant knight became the subservient adjunct of kingly power and the political engine of designing politicians. The knight, so brave and yet so gentle, in the battle-shock so like a tower of iron, whose courage and honor had been so easily moved by the faintest breath of beauty, passed into history; but his chivalrous spirit still lives in the heart and purpose of every true soldier. The purposes of Chivalry were gradually assumed by the orderly forces of government and law; the functions of the knight were discharged by the civil magistrate. But it must not be forgotten that the Templar's bravery, strength, and skill in arms had preserved to mankind that form of civilization which makes the existence of free institutions and constitutional liberty possible to-day. Chivalry had been warlike, from the necessity of the times which produced it; but it did not present itself as the advocate of any war of conquest, plunder, or oppression. It stood rather as the harbinger of peace to come. It grasped a rod of punishment for the spoiler and the tyrant; but as an order, it fought only as the champion of the weak, the defenceless, and the down-trodden. It cast the sword upon one side of the scales of justice, but it did so because cruelty and crime weighed down the other.

The institution of Chivalry, with all its virtues and all its defects, has passed away; but its soul still dwells among men. The strain which gave it birth and vigor was immortal,— immortal in the cause it defended, and immortal in its progeny. It now wears, not one form, but a

thousand. Whenever we witness generous endeavor put forth in behalf of men, there we discover impersonated the true spirit of Chivalry. Wherever we behold the true missionary, with no breastplate but righteousness, no shield but faith, no helmet but salvation, and with no sword but the spirit of truth, encountering the giant forms of superstition, plunging into the depths of danger, braving the infections of hospitals, penetrating the squalid recesses where hopeless poverty hides its face,—there we may discern a silvery beam from the star of this gallant order of knighthood. And wherever we find a Lafayette forsaking all that is dearest to his heart, exiling himself from the land of his nativity, disdaining the accident of noble birth, turning away from the smile of fortune with unselfish fidelity to the cause of liberty, staking the hopes and aspirations of youth, and placing life itself in the breach, for the purpose of breaking the oppressor's rod and setting the stranger free,—there rises before us the incarnate spirit, the shining example, the manly heroism, the sacred purpose, of the splendid, glorious knight of the olden time.

But the introduction, early in the fourteenth century, of gunpowder for military purposes, marks the grandest triumph ever achieved by the art of war. The first thunder of artillery sounded the doom of feudalism. Coats of mail and plated armor were no longer a shield for the robber chief against the weapon of the humblest peasant. The common people discovered in gunpowder the means of defending themselves against the usurpations of lordly scoundrels and privileged assassins. The meanest serf in the ranks, half naked and trembling with fear, became equal in physical power to the steel-clad gladiator boasting of courage and fearless in danger. Firearms became at once the most efficient means of civilization. From every cannon's mouth there went forth a demand for liberty, and every musket-shot was an effectual protest against outrage and bondage. The

prince and the peasant at once stood upon the same level. Hence physical prowess became of less consequence, and military strategy and soldierly genius accomplished in war what before could only be attained by superior endurance and brute force. The struggle between the common people and their oppressors has been long and bloody; but the people have won. Liberty has bled, but tyranny has died. The majesty of kings is no longer a thing of substance, and wherever its shadow is permitted to fall, the monarch who casts it now "trembles in his capital." Dynamite seems to have been invented as an unfailing cure for imperial pretenders. It is a thing of great utility in the arts of peace, but full of danger when placed near a throne.

But to return to the soldier: It would be pleasing, if time permitted, to dwell upon the shining examples and brilliant services of many distinguished captains and gallant armies who battled for truth, suffered in the cause of human freedom, endured the privations of war, and fell on fields of honor, from the rosy dawn of liberty at the close of the thirteenth century, until we now behold its meridian splendor at the close of the nineteenth. Their names are legion, and their glorious deeds will live on forever, to bless, elevate, and dignify mankind. What lover of his race would not delight to repeat the story of Joan of Arc, of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and of William the Silent? Can we recall the stories of their victories, and the lasting benefits secured to mankind through their heroic struggles, without feeling that the world was made better through their prowess and fidelity as soldiers?

Examples of high purpose and noble daring are not few in the religious wars which made Europe one vast military camp for nearly two centuries, beginning with the revolution ushered in by the conflict between Luther and the Church. They were chiefly conflicts between men of unreasoning prejudices. They had their founda-

tion, as a rule, in theological fanaticism, and were sustained and carried on by religious zealots. But while this is true, it is just to those who were engaged in the fierce battles covered by the period of the Reformation to draw the line fairly between those soldiers who fought nobly for that freedom which is the inalienable right of all men, and those who through blind adherence to hereditary dogma enlisted under the banner of ecclesiastical despotism, and waged merciless war for the purpose of repressing the growth of intellectual liberty and reducing all mankind to the condition of vassals, through a system of religious feudalism.

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the protest of the sixteenth century against the priestly tyranny of that day had its origin not so much in diverse views of Christian doctrine as in the tendency of the sacerdotal order to appropriate to itself every personal right of the individual, and make man a serf, not only in his physical being, but in his mental and moral life. Nor can we doubt seriously the beneficence of the result of that great struggle. The world is better to-day for the triumph of the people against the assumptions of the Church, and the Church is grander and sweeter in its influence and holier in its mission because its misguided ministers were defeated in their efforts to stay and turn back the rising tide of human liberty. Better was it for the world that the cause of Luther and John Knox and Cranmer should triumph, than that the despotism of Charles the Fifth should have been permitted to cast its blighting shadows over struggling humanity for all time.

Oliver Cromwell is not the model for a high Christian character, nor the best type of a true soldier; but he is far above Francis Pizarro and the Duke of Alva. Cromwell was the great military chieftain developed by the Reformation; and while he was a champion of fanaticism and the leader of religious bigots, he braved the sullen frown of kings, and stood upon the side of the common

people against the unjust assumptions of hereditary rulers.

We must remember that while liberty originates in truth, it is a plant of tedious growth. It was more than a century after Englishmen, under the splendid generalship of Cromwell, triumphed over kingly usurpations in England that their descendants in America made war against the despotic arrogance of another of England's kings. But the lapse of time had brought with it a nobler conception of liberty and a broader definition of the rights of man. The armies under Washington and Gates and their comrades had no thought but of home, no purpose but freedom. It is the first war in history where the sole object was to establish the self-evident truth that all men shall stand absolutely equal before the law.

To the American patriots — that immortal band whose deeds of valor gave us our national existence — war was the very symbol of liberty. They suffered the privations of the camp and braved the carnage of battle, not for fame or power, but to resist injustice and oppression, and establish a commonwealth of freemen upon a basis that would endure as long as the genius of liberty should abide in the human heart. Their illustrious victories were for all time and for all men. They appreciated the objects of government and the purpose of freedom ; and to create the one upon the principles of righteousness and promote the other on the fair plane of equality, they battled with integrity of purpose and heroic devotion never equalled, never approached.

How different the objects and results of the French Revolution of 1793 ! The American drew the sword as a result of deliberate conviction ; but the French Revolution burst like a thunder-shock upon all Europe. The peasantry of France, so long oppressed by the iron rule of the privileged classes, rose under the Jacobin leaders, in the name of liberty, and murdered their king, herded

their nobles in prison only to secure their presence at the guillotine, pillaged and burned the palaces of their hereditary rulers, and in the mad riot of freedom defamed the very temple of religion. They ignored every precept of justice, and, without a knowledge of the methods by which liberty was to be secured and its blessings enjoyed, they pursued it with a frenzy that insured its destruction, although it came within their grasp. Their pent-up wrath, like the torrents of a cloud-burst, swept away every remnant of established order, and left the marks of ruin where they had hoped for peace, equality, and independence. In some poor sense, the spirit of liberty animated their hearts ; but the calm judgment of educated republicanism they neither understood nor possessed. Unable to control themselves, it was impossible for them to establish and direct a government for the protection of all ; and so at last, weary and baffled, and unable to perceive the cause of their failure, they welcomed first the Consulate, and then the glittering Empire of the First Napoleon. And of what advantage to mankind was this dazzling military genius ? Was he the hero of truth ? Did he draw the sword to defend the liberties of France, or to redress the galling and unnumbered wrongs of the French people ? In the splendor of his military achievements, in his supreme genius for war, in the qualities of a superb leader, in his power of command over men, in the gift of impetuous valor in battle, he stands matchless in the constellation of heroes. But what was the legacy of his fascinating career ?

“ His game was empire, and his stakes were thrones ;
His table earth, his dice were human bones.”

And in pursuit of the mad purpose of his life, he slaughtered, he pillaged, he destroyed ; but he built no bulwark for liberty, he left no beacon for freedom.

But while we recall the glorious deeds of the dauntless soldiers of other days, may we not linger for a moment

over the splendid achievements of the brave and manly soldiers whose living hands we have touched, whose voices we have heard?

Genius is immortal, and the brave and righteous deeds of heroes never die. Noble sacrifices result only from ideas that sparkle as the dew in the morning sunlight, from motives clean and pure as the gleam of diamonds. The star of human hope, which rose in resplendent glory with the majestic triumph of the American army at Yorktown, flashed its lustre into the dungeons of the dazed victims of oppression throughout the earth. Liberty thenceforth had a new meaning, and governments took on a new, a loftier, a holier purpose. Equality of manhood was no longer the dream and vision of philosophers ; it was now a reality, to be possessed and enjoyed by men of every kindred and of every clime. And yet there was one alien upon the glad shores of America which our fathers had not wholly vanquished. The more gladsome the smile of liberty, the more terrible the frown and the fiercer the growl of this savage alien of a barbarous age. At last, frenzied with rage, and menaced by the sweet fresh breath of freedom, this alien, slavery, rose in malignant fury and poured its wrath upon the nation's life. The war of 1861 startled the world, and for a brief hour revived the waning spirit of despotism ; but it did not dishearten the hopes or change the purpose of American freemen. From every mountain-top and from every plain in this broad fair land there came the "Battle-cry of Freedom." You who have marched to victorious battle with the music of its immortal strain making melody in your heroic hearts, know too well the deathless story of that noblest and grandest of all the grand armies of earth. It rallied at the call of him who, "with charity for all, and with malice toward none," proclaimed the year of eternal jubilee to a race. It marched, it fought, it triumphed. Its courage was exalted by its deeds of valor, and its purpose was ennobled by the holy mission in

which it was engaged. In its victorious march there was no conquest, there was no spirit of pillage; but as it grew in strength and discipline it gathered up all the dreams and all the aspirations of all the poets, and of all the sages, and of all the heroes, and of all the martyrs of every age and every clime, and put them upon its banners. It fashioned the ideas, which were its watchword in the battle, into forms of law, and wrote them with its blood upon the corner-stone of the republic.

The flag that was flung to the winds at Appomattox was at last clean. There was blood upon it once, not a stain now. Its stars once had behind them the background of barbaric slavery, but they are now the untarnished stars of the freeman's hope. Its stripes are no longer an emblem of cruelty, but have become the auroral lights of freedom. Upon the valiant leaders of this heroic army will rest the benedictions of untold millions for all time. To have obeyed the commands of the illustrious chieftain of Appomattox would be an honor to any soldier that ever drew a sword in manly battle. The glory of our nation, our genius for war, the valor and devotion of our soldiers, are impersonated in the resplendent achievements of Ulysses S. Grant. His deeds are the nation's fame. Through the thunder of many battles he led our armies to enduring victory; but in the wake of war he left no foes, and when at last he laid down his life, the brave men who had felt the keenness of his blade in battle bowed their heads in affectionate reverence for his great name, his great heart, and his great deeds.

Is there no hope for humanity in the splendid achievements of the glorious Army of the Union? Aye, upon the wings of time its great deeds, its lofty patriotism, its heroic faith in the cause of justice and humanity, will be borne onward forever. Under their benign influence the horizon of human hope is broadened. A purpose which sanctifies all human experience is disclosed. With impet-

uous and tireless force the great tide of humanity sweeps on. Girded with liberty and crowned with intelligence, man approaches the summit of human excellence. The united effort of a mighty nation inspires the steady pace of freemen in their triumphant approach to the sublime heights of a perfect manhood. A new faith kindles within the man whose life is sanctified by the breath of freedom.

The contemplation of defeat is impossible to a soul made for eternity, and marching without fetters in the advancing train of an exalted civilization. His weapons are justice and truth. His conquests mark the open way to the temple of divine equity enthroned amid the stars.

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